THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

An Illustrated Weekly M gazine
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NOVEMBER 2, 1907

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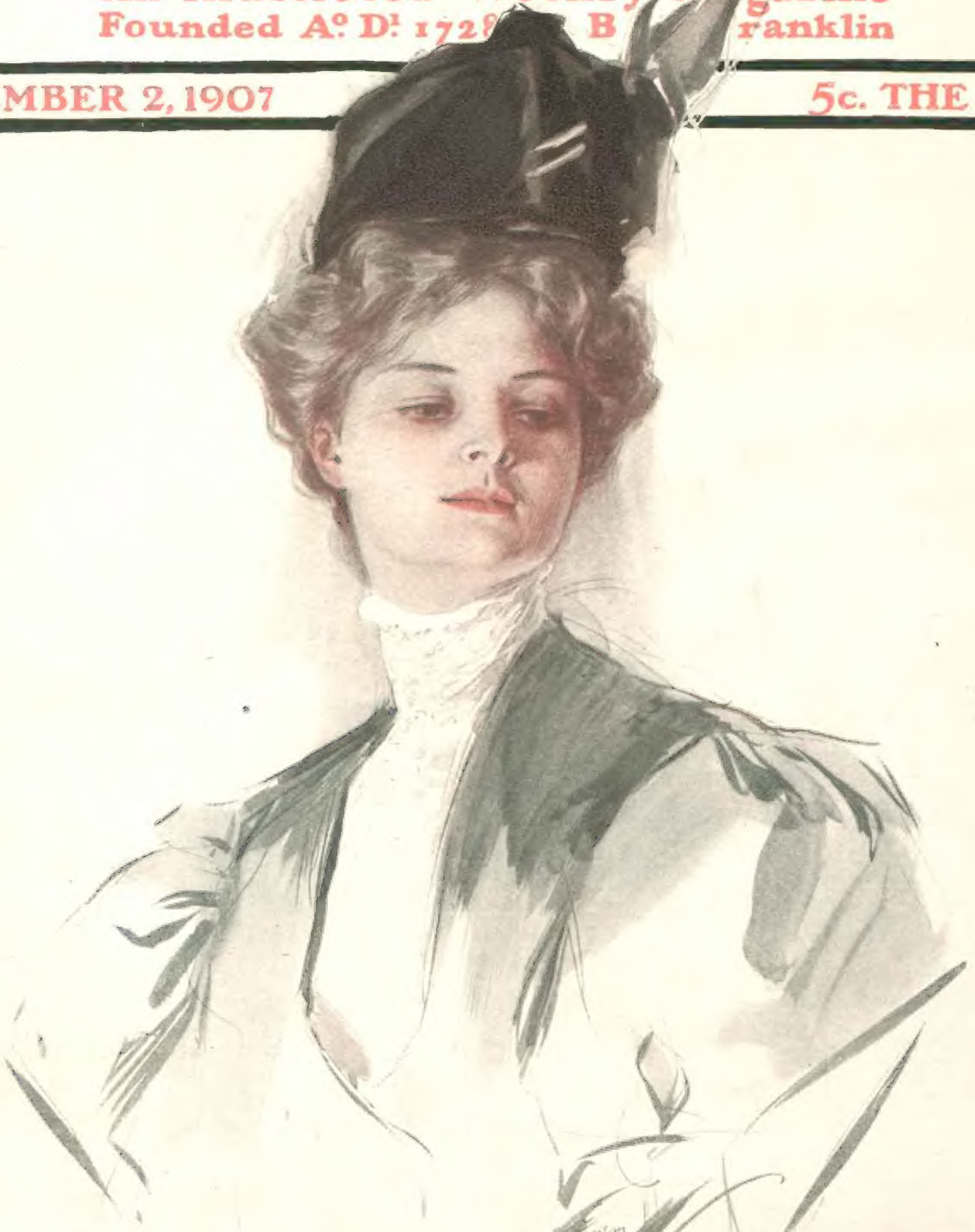
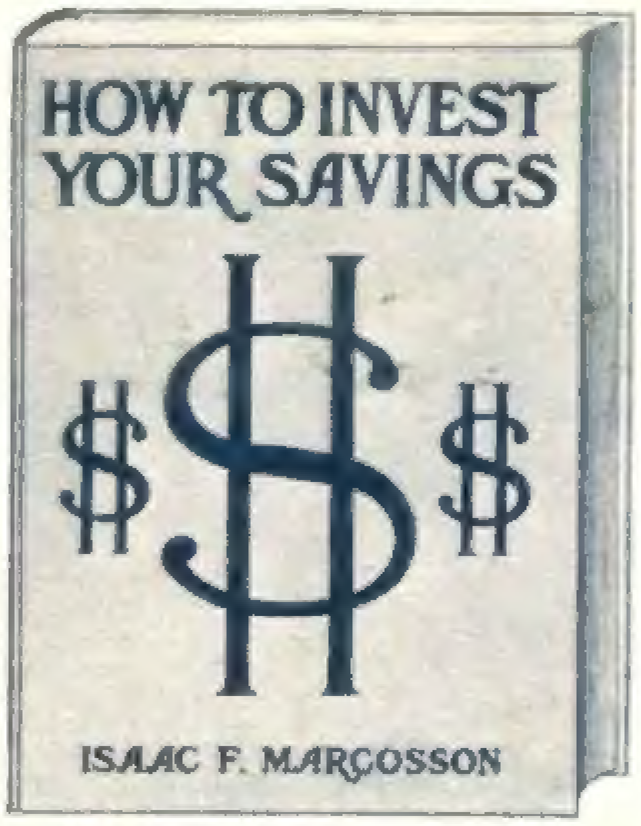

Harrison Fisher
1907

THE CURTIS PUBLISHING COMPANY, PHILADELPHIA


HOW TO INVEST YOUR SAVINGS
$ $ $
ISAAC F. MARCOSSON

Your Savings

How to Invest Them

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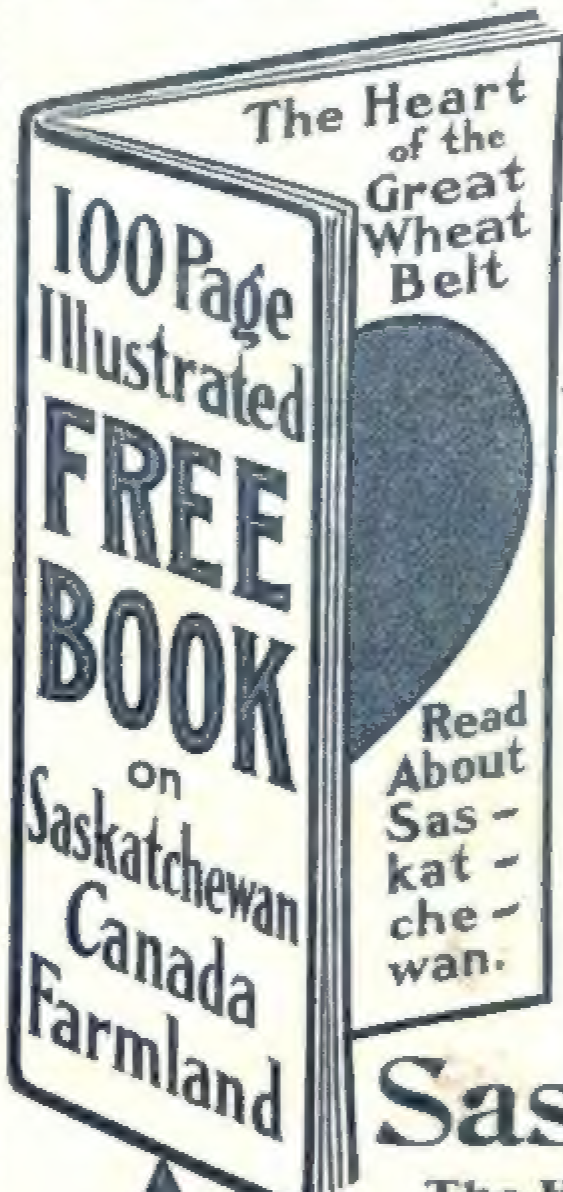
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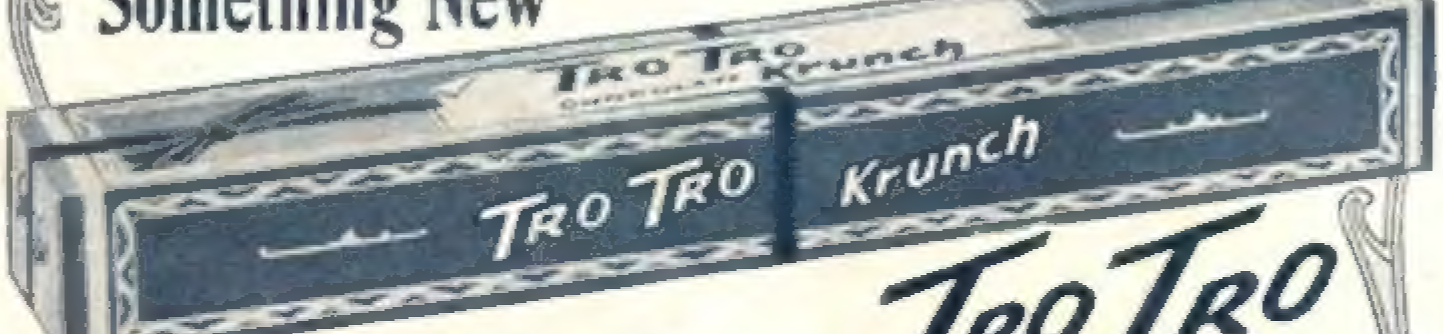

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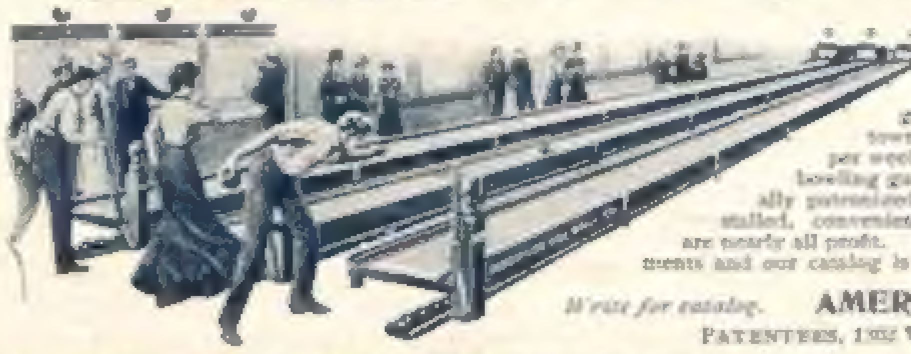

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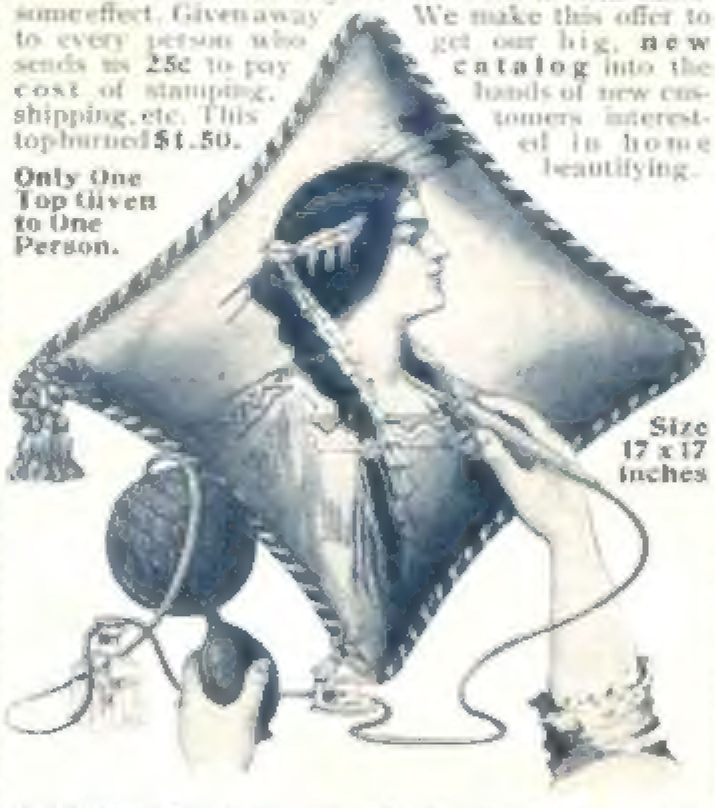

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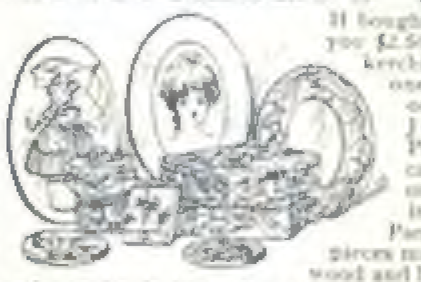

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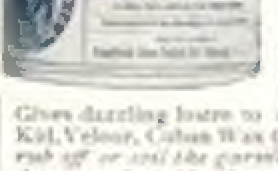

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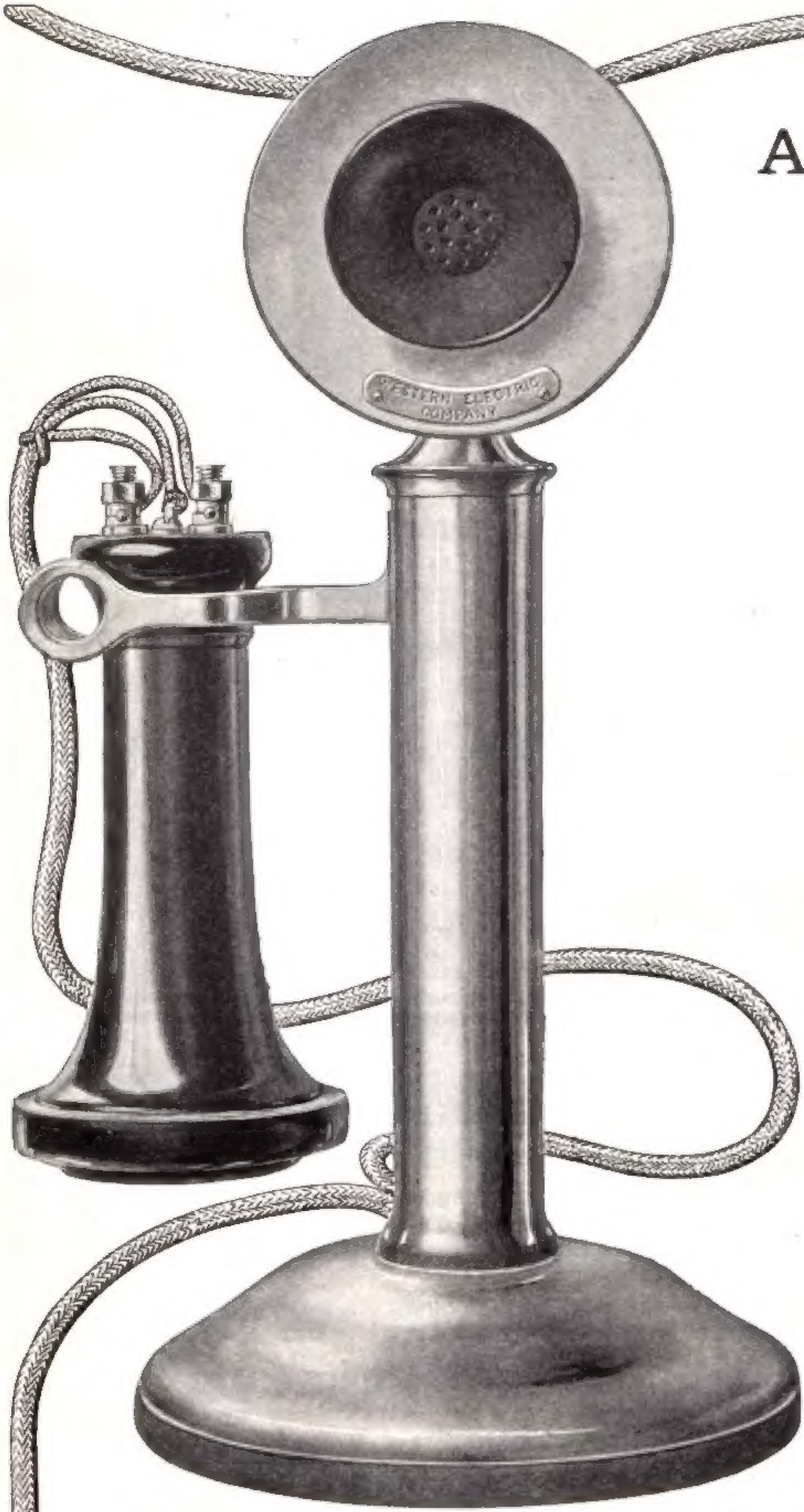

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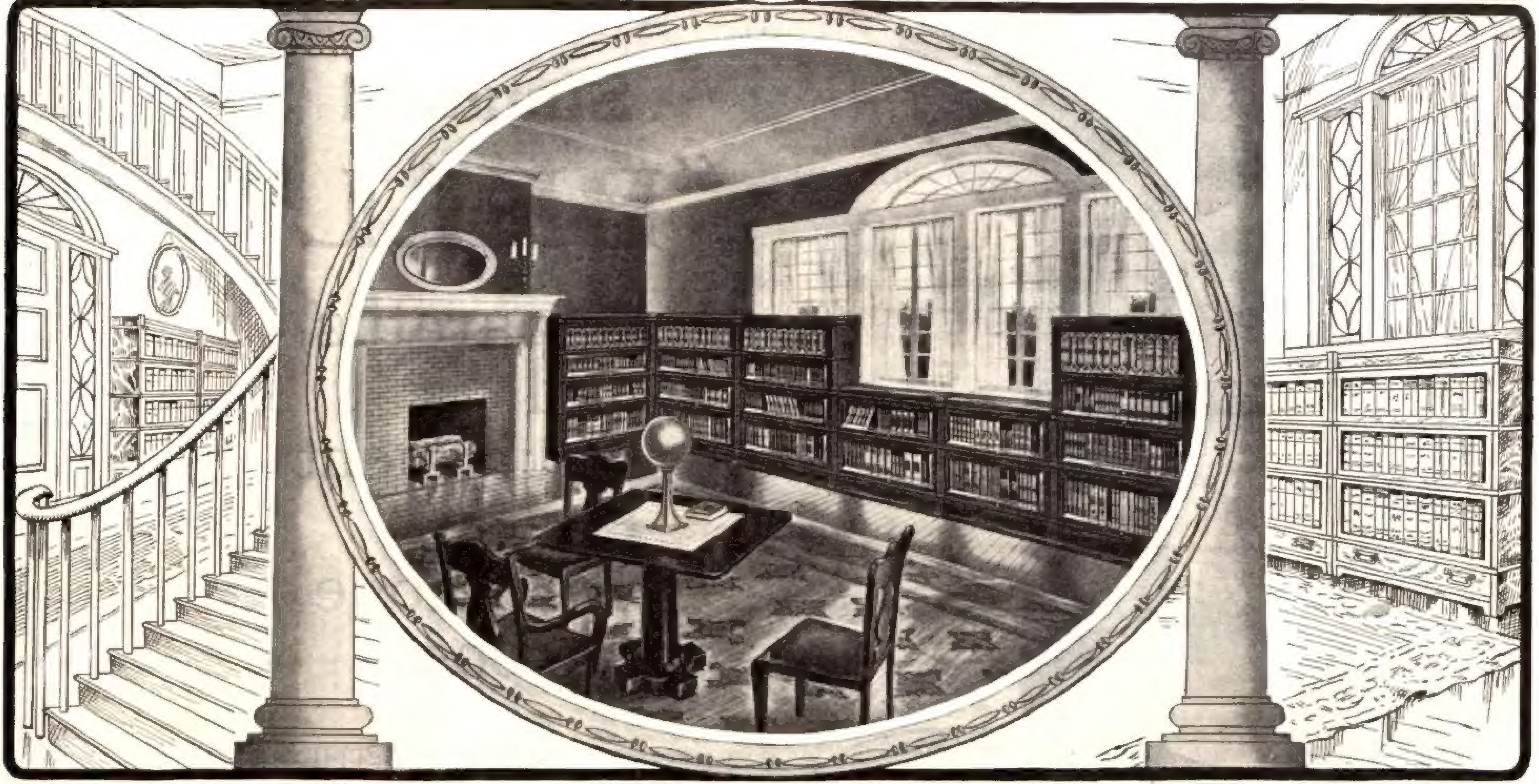

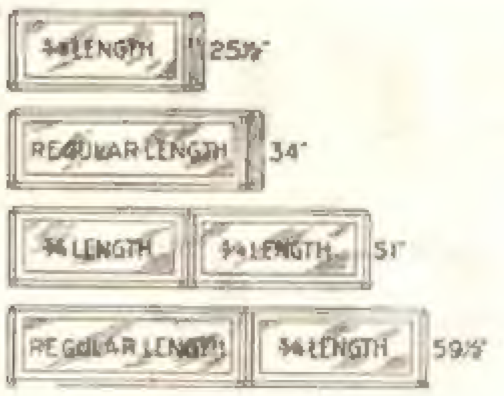

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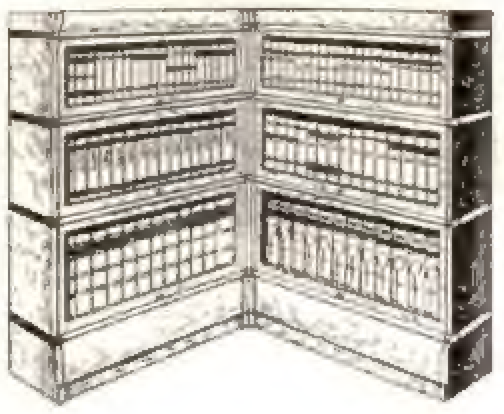

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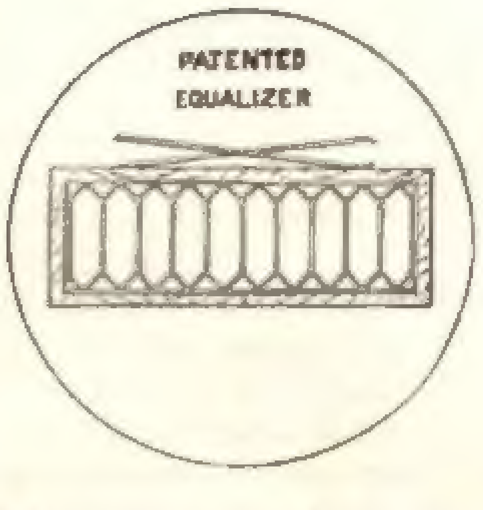

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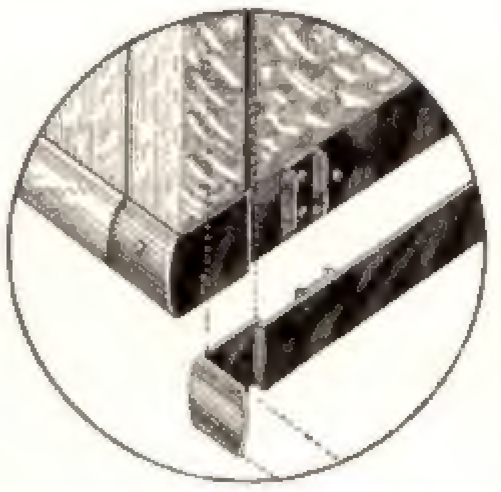

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BEAR-HUNTING—THE SPORT OF PRESIDENTS

By EMERSON HOUGH

Mamma Bear and "Little Boys"

Members of the Grizzly Bear Company, Limited

INTROSPECTION is not good for human beings. It leads to neurasthenia, wife-beating, new religions, freak clothes, Nature-faking, all sorts of things. Turn the eye outward, and there are the earth and the sky; likewise many wild creatures, such as never were in the Art Noovo of modern Nature.

Taking life just as it has come to me from the outside, I confess that I personally have never seen the wild animals fashionable in the New Thought; and I have never hesitated to go hunting, when I got the chance, with rifle, and not notebook, in hand. I have never met a soulful wolverene, have never encountered a magazine lynx, and never run across a Sunday newspaper wolf in all my simple, uneventful life. I have seen pictures of wild animals in the magazines which gave me cold shivers; but, without pride or shame, I can say that, in a fairly broad experience with big game, I never met a wild animal which gave me any shivers at all. I believe this is the experience of most big-game hunters.

I ought, in my own case, to note two exceptions. Twice during my life I have been frightened into shivers. The first time was when I was young. It was a Girl that did it. She had long chestnut hair, and very white teeth, and very large eyes, and very small front feet. My knees shook every time I saw that creature coming. I used to walk around the block to dodge her, then come around behind on the other side, planning what I would say when I met her face to face. I never did say it. She is married now, though not to me.

Ferocious Attack by a Wild Rabbit

THE other animal that scared me was a rabbit. I had taken down the family shotgun from the armorial bearings in the old wainscoted hall, and was projecting around a hazel-brush patch—wrapped in thought, I don't doubt, about the Girl. All at once, as I chanced to look up, I saw, sitting at the edge of the brush, about five feet from me, crouched in the attitude of attack, with staring eyes looking straight into mine, precisely like those of the lynx in the magazine, this ferocious creature, with its ears laid back tight to its head and every muscle of its tense form strained as though about to spring. It did spring, too, although it did not land on me. My father said the thing was scared till it was paralyzed. If so, it had none the best of me. I now know that I lost an opportunity to work up a New Thought story in which rabbit might have been spelled with a large R.

Bears always had a fascination for me in the abstract, although in the concrete they have always proved rather a disappointment. The ordinary bear of the Middle, Eastern and Southern States is the biggest coward of all animals, unless it is the ferocious lynx Art Noovo or the savage Sunday wolf. The grizzly of the Rockies is very scarce to-day, and he is not the grizzly of Lewis and Clarke, by the same measure that the high-power rifle of to-day is not the arm of small-bore muzzle-loading days. Taking them as they came, black, brown, red, gray, pink, blue, cerise, mauve and écru bears, a dozen or so, I presume I have had my share, though never quite enough.

It is in the spring that a hunter's fancy turns to thoughts of bear, for in the spring the robes are best and the bears are most easily found. Last spring the commanding officer in my household measured off a place about ten feet square on the floor, and delicately hinted that an Oriental rug would do well there. It is by industry and economy that we advance in the world. It promptly occurred to me that it would be much more expedient to kill a grizzly whose hide would just fit the space. On the whole, it might have been cheaper to buy the Oriental rug, and much cheaper to have bought a grizzly. But that is how the Grizzly Bear Company, Limited, came to be organized.

I reserved a controlling interest in the stock, but parted with a small block to my first department head, a mountain man in British Columbia, with whom I had hunted grizzlies before. The rest of the staff we decided to select on the ground; and the ground, after much deliberation, we decided must be the far-off corner of Northwest Alaska, where the largest bears in the world are found, because it required a large one to fill the space mapped out on the floor. We reasoned that success would be most probable in a country where the trees are small and the bears are large. We had both hunted many countries where the trees were large and the bears small. To sit down in the ice-water at the foot of a mountain and wait for a problematical bear to appear at a problematical spot at a problematical hour seemed to me, on mature deliberation, to involve a great industrial waste.

We freely listened to advice, but wisely took none of it. If you begin to hearken to the charming of the railway folder or the licensed guide you might as well join the innumerable caravan of those who really get their grizzlies with a trap. Committed to no locality, we put our highly-select grub-list on board a steamer at Seattle and sailed the ocean blue along the fifteen hundred miles of wholly tin-can and partly tin-horn coast of a country which most folk think is like Siberia for wildness; but which is really by far more like Kansas—with no wife's folks to fall back on.

Few climates leave bear-robes good after the middle of June. Our bear company started in April for the bear country; but the length of the journey, which brought the end of May upon us, left us very uneasy. To lie in wait at a salmon stream in the summer and pot a mangy bear with no fur on his skin was not included in our business system. That sort of rug would never get past the household desk.

In Alaska it rains all the time during the spring, and, by and by, it rains some more. It was on a specially moist morning, and at about 4 A. M., when our good ship pulled up at the dock at the town of Kodiak, on Kadiak Island, the last and most abandoned of our national possessions. When we bought the territory from Russia we tried to give her back Kadiak Island, but she wouldn't listen to it for a minute, so we have it now. To look at Kodiak you couldn't tell whether it was New England, Italy or the shower-bath at an athletic club.

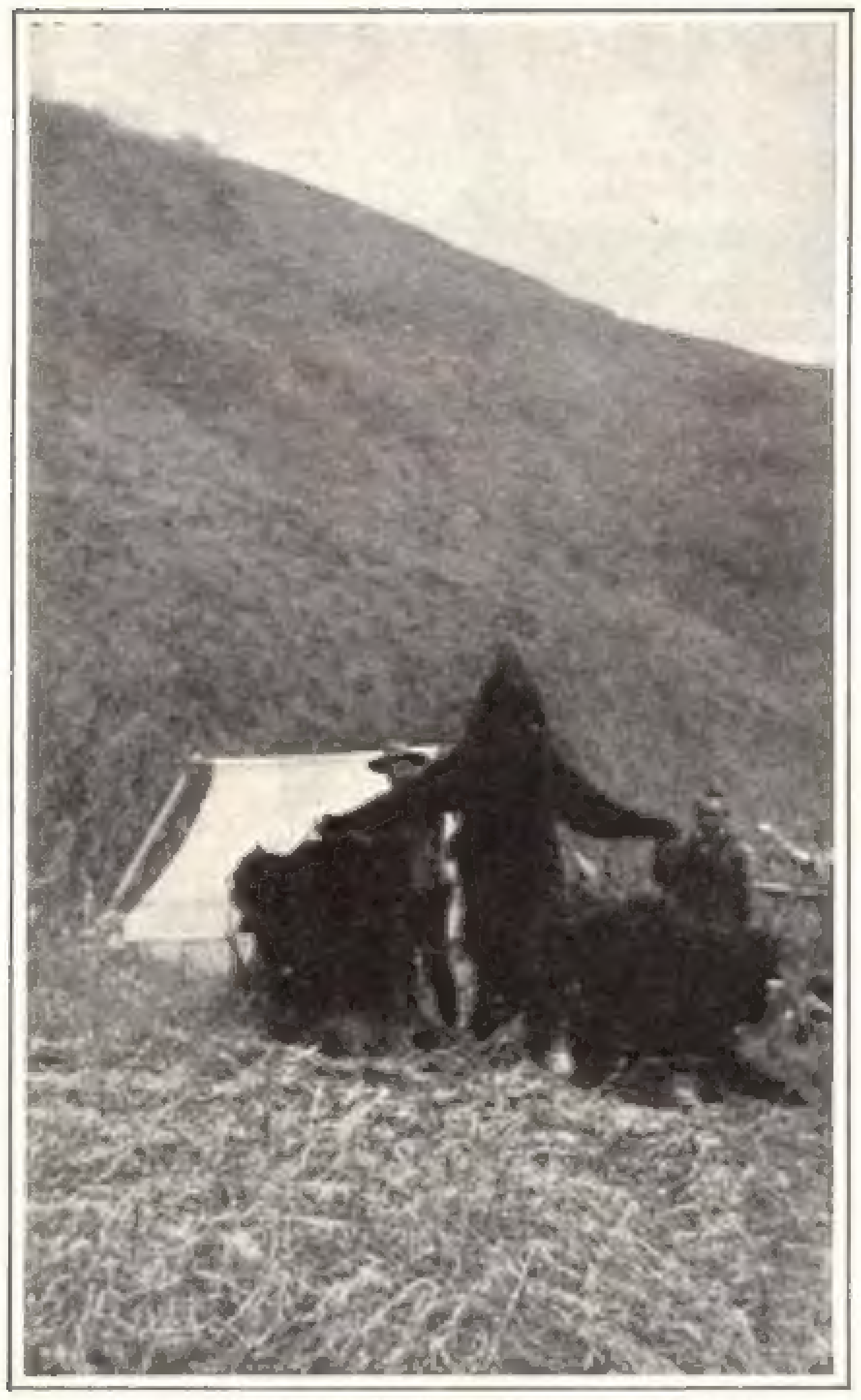
Thrown on the Hospitality of Kadiak

KADIAK being wholly outside the concern of Divine Providence, the latter is jointly represented by the United States Commissioner, the Deputy United States Marshal and the Alaska Commercial Company, with some argument as to precedence. I met the agent of the Alaska Commercial Company, who led me up to a high place in his storage loft and showed me scores of bearskins, some of them large as Oriental rugs. He advised me against going farther, saying that here on Kadiak Island we could get patient bears with short noses, long claws and sociable dispositions; whereas, if we remained on the steamer, it might be Christmas before we got into the bear country that we proposed.

I had four minutes in which to decide, and, as president of the company, decided in three. The other minute I spent in getting my companion, our guns and blankets off the boat. As to our highly-select grub outfit from Seattle, it went on to Siberia.

"Do you think," asked the captain of the boat, with his hand on the bell-rope, "that I can dig your camp stuff from under forty-eight tons of freight in three-quarters of a minute?"

Ah, well, the coffee of Kodiak was, perhaps, not quite so good; mayhap the tea had smaller flavor of the Orient; but the bacon, the bean, the prune, and eke the salt of



Assets of the Grizzly Bear Company, Limited

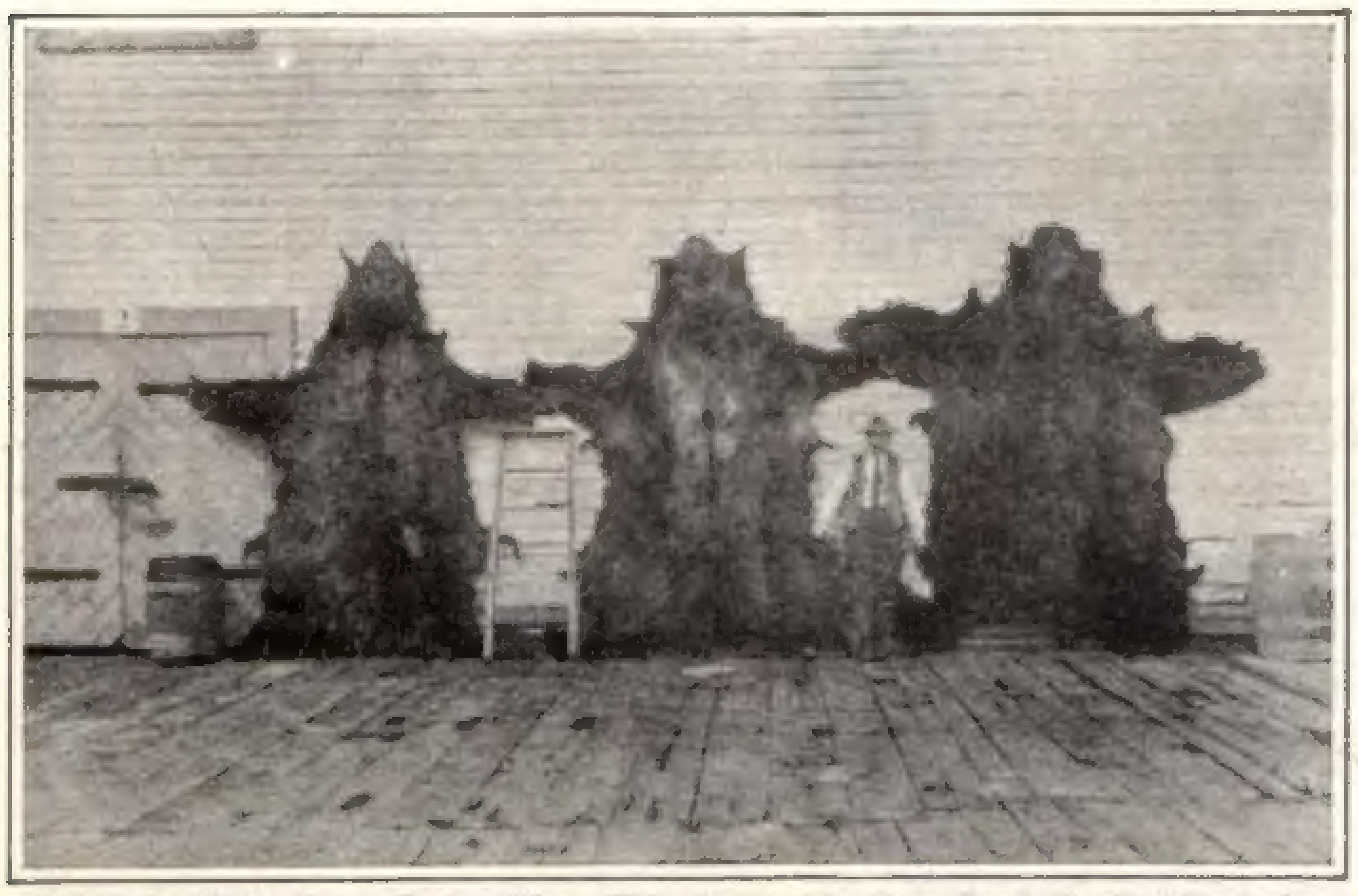
commerce are much the same the world over, after all. Any business system must be flexible enough to meet sudden emergencies like this.

We now added to our staff two new members, saffron brown in exterior color, Aleuts by tribe, though of what exact extraction none might say. First was Kuroki—so called because I could not pronounce his other name and because he looked like that Japanese commander. He had been a cook, a steamboat waiter, prospector, miner, stevedore and other things. Also he was a mighty hunter before the Lord, if you left it to him. The other man, Czaroff, was a Rembrandt study; an old samurai of the sea, sea-otter hunter and hence an aristocrat. He, being an aristocrat, always let Kuroki do the work. Kuroki let any one do the work who felt like it.

A Tourist on the Trail

THE question of transportation is important in any business enterprise. Of a United States Deputy Marshal we chartered a brand-new schooner, the most sausage-like craft that ever was on land or sea. Her name was Linea L——, but we called her Literal L —— for short. At last, with the dory towing ahead and both wind and tide fortunately astern, we managed to get her down the coast and landed on the shingled shores of a mountain-girt arm of the sea known as Kaludiak Bay. There the schooner left us, the wind and tide both having changed and started the other way, by good fortune, else she would be there yet.

At last we were alone. It was the first week in June. In two weeks the hides would begin to go bad. Rather short shrift for us, after nearly two months of preparation and travel. It was wet, and our tent, designed for man-back transportation and not for schooner travel, was small. We hunted up a deserted native hut, or barabara as it is called, a low-walled, earthen-roofed affair, where the fire is built on the ground in the centre and the smoke never does get out. We put fresh grass on the floor, fumigated it and installed our stock of goods there as headquarters. Then I took a walk along the coast. The first thing I saw was a path, one made by human feet!



Kodiak Bear Skins, Raw. Each of These Hides is Over Ten Feet; One is Ten Feet Six Inches

"Kuroki," said I, "why and whence this path?"

"Ah," said Kuroki, "my peoples make it. Plenty time they come here to hunt and fish."

"And do you suppose for a minute bears are going to come here, too?" I asked him coldly.

"I dunno," said Kuroki, standing on one foot. "The captain of schooner, Dave Marshall, want to come here."

"Stung again!" said I. "The Grizzly Bear Company, Limited, has been classified as a tourist only!"

Going After the Business

A SCHOOL of whales was spouting not three hundred fathoms distant from our camp. A score of eagles sailed about, waiting for the salmon to run in our little creek near by. The mountains, rude and snow-clad, stood all about. It was a savage, seemly, fascinating corner of the world. Our schooner was gone and we could not get away for two weeks at least. So the entire office force went into executive session in the barabara to discuss ways and means of making the best of it.

The next morning the boss and the first department head took the dory and sailed ten miles to the head of another bay, where the traces of humanity were not quite so obvious. We left Czaroff and took Kuroki. "My peoples," said Kuroki, "all time stay in boat. Go along beach in boat, watch mountains, s'pose see bear, then plenty time get out and go shoot um."

We explained to Kuroki that, under the new working office rules, that sort of hunting was merely a reminiscence. I could readily see that, as there was nothing in the way of food to bring the bears down out of the hills, they no doubt were still up in the hills. Discarding old and time-tried Kodiak methods, I used the Chicago system, which says that the best way is to go out after business, and not wait for it to come to you. Kuroki grew pale at the thought of climbing these mountains, but there was no hope for him. He joined us on our first stroll, twenty miles or so, toward the summit of a pass far back in the interior. By night he was sagging badly but still smiling. He knew he was in the hands of his loving friends.

No bears, no sign of bears, rewarded us at the close of our first day's hunt; but we saw hundreds of salmon skeletons, marks of last fall's fishing; and we saw such bear trails as I never knew existed in the world—trails worn deep into the soil during hundreds of years of use, perhaps, with prints in them made apparently by doormats rather than actual bare bear feet. Most of these older trails were double, the bears being so wide in the chest that they could not put their feet down in a single trail. The reach from foot to foot was sometimes longer than a man could step. I measured one track in the snow which was as long as my rifle barrel from front to back sight. From this island many skins have come over ten feet in length, a few over thirteen feet. One hide is said to have measured sixteen feet and a half square when stretched. Of course, the traders stretch all these hides as hard as they can; but it may be seen that the bears are almost unbelievably large. The Rockies hold nothing approaching them. We sighed and lifted up our eyes to the hills. "If we could only run across one of *these* old boys!" said my ardent lieutenant.

In the Rockies we sometimes get a grizzly to show by baiting him with some large animal; but on Kadiak Island there are no large animals but the bears themselves. They get their immense stature from abundant feed of salmon, on which they live for most of the year when not asleep. At present, they were no doubt digging roots and eating grass till the berries and fish should come. I asked Kuroki what we could use for bait.

"I dunno," said he. "My peoples no use bait. Bear smell um bait, him run twenty mile. Smell um mans, run forty mile."

"How far back in the hills do you think they are, Kuroki?"

"I dunno. My peoples stay on beach. Only know, s'pose bear smell mans, him run forty mile."

"Then your big bear seems a good deal of a coward, eh?"

"I dunno," said Kuroki. "Plenty my peoples get killed by bears, all right, all right."

It appearing that we had come far and learned little, we resolved to fall back on good business usage and employ our own judgment. From the first day I resolved to forget all the advice I had received as to the personal peculiarities of Kadiak bear and treat them just as though they were Rocky Mountain bear, and follow them far and frequent.

Our company was now disposed as follows: Czaroff at the main camp, supposedly scouring his valley for sign, but really trying to eat eight squares a day. We three of the field force divided, the lieutenant taking one valley and Kuroki and I another. In turn, we two separated to cover as much country as possible. If possible the boss was to have the first shot at any bear discovered, but, if that was not possible, the bear was to be killed by the discoverer, and ten dollars was to go as bonus in addition to daily wages in case a bear was found. Personal sport was pretty much lost sight of in the stress for time and the stern need of success.

Alone

We had come far, and we had been stung. We were now a joint-stock company; with preferred and common stock, it is true, but with the latter well represented on the directorate.

Now, witness the reward of good business methods. I had not hunted three hours the second day before I came to the edge of a deep cañon, along whose rim were plainly to be seen the diggings of three bears—not one, but three, and all of them very decent ones at that. Evidently they had been feeding along this cañon for more than a week. Preferred stock rose rapidly about fifty points, then and there.

A Sudden Drop in Industrials

BUT the sign was so mixed and so abundant that it was hard to trace. The bears had slept here and eaten here, but which way had they gone?

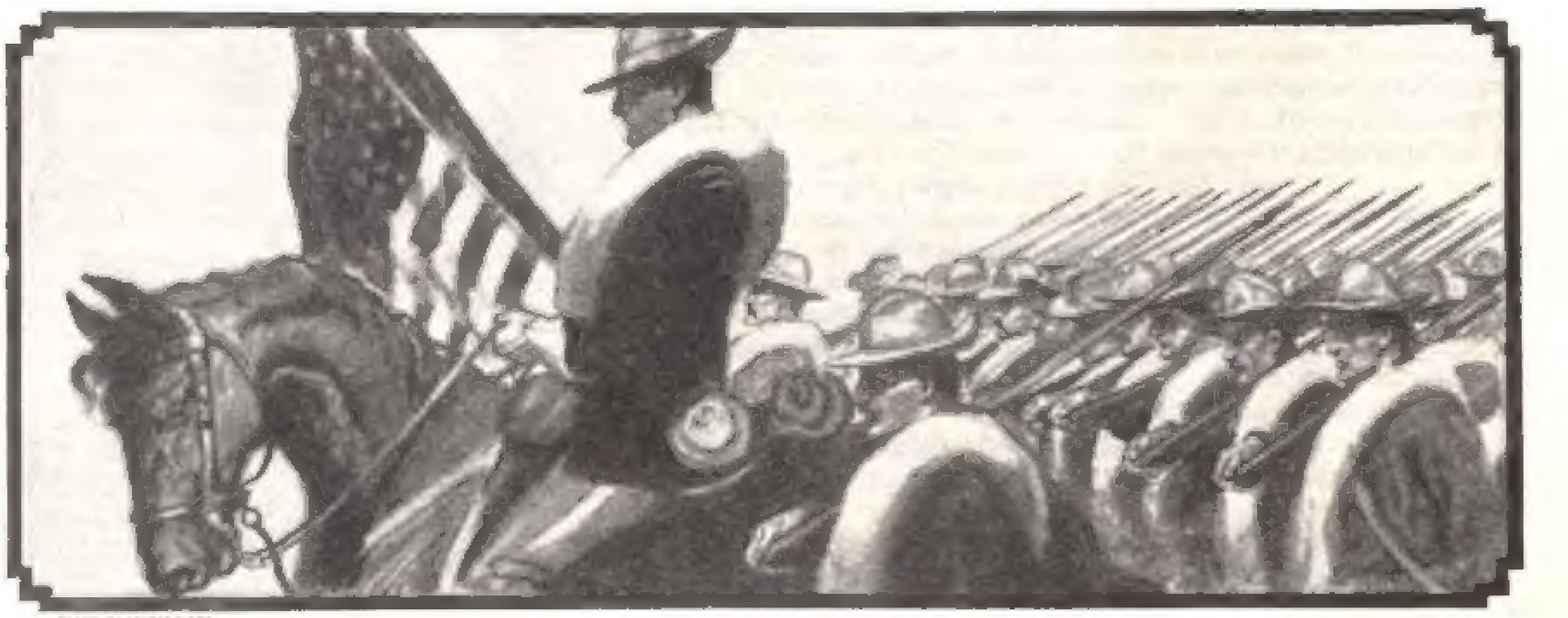
Preferred stock took a decided slump in the course of the afternoon; for, do the best I could, I was unable to puzzle out the course of the great brutes which had left their record here. Common stock, also, as represented by Kuroki, was closing weak, Kuroki having, as I could tell through my field-glasses, found a warm spot against a rock where he could sit tight and hunt after the fashion of "his peoples."

Hunting after the fashion of my own peoples, I pushed steadily on to the top of my mountain, but did not cut the trail.

Then I crossed over a high shoulder, high up in the clouds of mist, leaving far below me a grand panorama of the sea in bands of dulling colors—such a picture as you must go hunting in the white high hills ever to witness. At six o'clock in the evening, on the breast of a great snow-field, I flung myself down to rest before starting down for the rendezvous at the boat. I had not found my bear. Market was closing weak for the industrials. At last, as I took in the wide expanse of broken country that lay for five miles ahead of me, I saw something which forced me to look again.

Editor's Note—This paper will be concluded next week.

THE POLTROON


DRAWN BY GEORGE GIBBS

The Story of a Man and His Mother

By Rupert Hughes

BIG drops of rain oozed through the sogged canvas and spattered down the back of his neck as he sat digging a little canal with his case-knife. And he said to himself, "Why am I here?"

The downpour had nagged the earth for two days and nights. It had filled the trench outside his tent and nibbled through the heaped-up dirt. And now a mud-pool was spreading in front of his cot, and that was covered with a litter of uniforms, underclothes, towels, sword, spurs, holster, puttees and brushes. And he said to himself, "Why under the sun am I here?"

On an old soap-box, up-ended, the cold grease of his nauseous dinner hardened on a half-scoured mess-kit. And he sat on a wobbling camp-stool, jabbing at the turf with the knife that had lately sawed at the shreds of boiled beef.

And he said to himself, "Why the devil am I here?"

Two days ago he had left his comfortable bed in town at an outrageous hour, had hastened to the armory and marched away in his uniform as an officer of the National Guard, which you must no longer call "The Militia." An abrupt shower had drenched his finery. Crowds, going to their work in rubbers and under umbrellas, blocked the curb and grinned at the citizen-soldiers with their peculiar way of having fun. But he had stalked along, pretending not to notice the rain that slid down the blade of his sword or spilled from the basin of his hat-brim.

A chill ride of two hours in wet clothes and the regiment had detrained, finding a new deluge to welcome it—a mile of splashing along sodden roads, a steep climb, a debouch on a field of mud; here a camp to pitch.

Hours and hours of rushing here and there, goading on the shirkers, directing the awkward willing ones, helping gawky hands to set the poles, drive the pegs, fix the guys and draw the ropes taut. Straw to be packed in the bedsacks. Brawny truck-drivers to be treated like children. And mud everywhere—mud clinging to the feet like hot asphalt, mud blotching the hands, mud on the forehead, in the eyes, stuck through the hair.

The food that day was bad coffee, thin but scalding, with chunks of bacon on hunks of bread. But hunger made anything welcome.

As an officer, Blanchard had the dignity of a cot; and he had slept like a dead dog, while the little drums of the rain beat an everlasting tattoo on the canvas. He had been detailed as commander of the guard the next morning, and guard was mounted sloppily in streaming ponchos.

For twenty-four hours he had plodded his slippery rounds, drilling raw recruits in the intricacies of sentry-duty. The stupidity of some of the men was superhuman. Hulks that could have wrapped him round their little fingers trembled like schoolgirls before him and bungled the simplest matters.

When he surrendered the guard to the next officer he was too tired to sleep. The quartermaster sergeant had proved incompetent to draw the rations; the cooks to cook them. They had turned the roast beef to carpet, the potatoes to dough, the coffee to bilge-water. Men, used to laborer's fodder, grew surly and mutinous at what was offered them, and flung the mess into the ditch. So, now, he sat in his musty tent and wondered why he did it; Why and Double Why?

Besides, he had quarreled with Her. She was going to the seaside, and had asked him to spend his vacation there. When he had mentioned his tour of camp duty her wrath had flared till she had threatened to break the engagement.

He could see her now. Probably there was no rain where she was, and the sunlight was flashing on the surf that curled around her. She was probably holding the hand of Tom Denison and shrieking with laughter as some magnificent breaker smothered them in creamy froth.

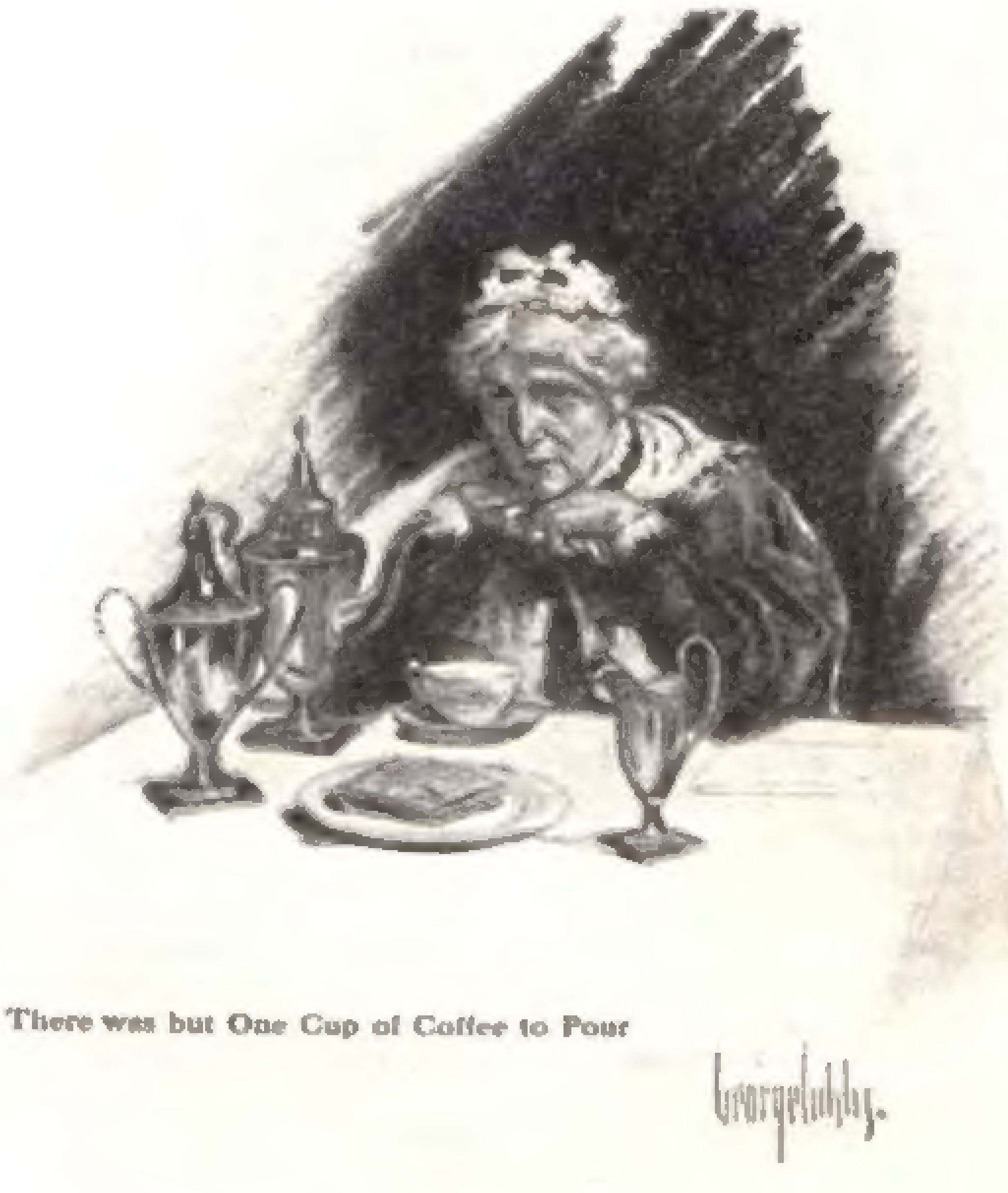
At night there would be a full moon, and she and Denison would doubtless sit together on the sand and look out over the frosted sea-silver of the waves. Their thoughts would grow moony, of course; Denison would probably forget the ring on her finger and would presume, would dare, to—Blanchard jabbed the knife into the turf savagely and wondered why he was Here, instead of There.

He remembered his boyhood dreams of soldiery. He had planned to be a Napoleon. He had bowled over the leaden troops of the enemy and charged the pasteboard ramparts with the élan of a Mad Anthony Wayne. In the winter every snow fort was Sebastopol to him and a vacant lot was all Crimea.

The love of scientific slaughter had not left him as he grew up. He was easy prey to the blandishments of an officer in one of the State regiments. His mother had opposed his enlistment with more zeal than the matter seemed to warrant. But his mother was the most unreasonable of all unreasonable women. He often wondered that he loved her in spite of her hopeless lack of logic. It was just instinct, he supposed.

She was a woman who had always been good as gold. And that was just instinct, too, he supposed, for he had never known her to do a right thing because it was right. She did it because she wanted to and couldn't help it, and it just happened to be right.

"On general principles" meant nothing to her. He used to grow impatient of her want of the admirable qualities.


There was but One Cup of Coffee to Pour

Yet, when he compared the deeds of other men's mothers to those of his mother, they seemed to be lacking and she towered above them all. People said, and he knew, that, when he and his brothers and sisters had been ill, she had nursed them with a fanatic devotion. For fifty or sixty hours at a time she would go without sleep. The presence of a trained nurse made no difference. She stayed awake to see that the nurse stayed awake. But all of her charges, in spite of her care, had died the various deaths that lie open to a large family. Sons and daughters, husband, all had gone. He alone remained; he and his mother. His grief for his dead had been keen, but lost its edge with use, like an old knife. She never forgot; never. She always went to lay flowers on the mounds that remembered them; whenever she used the name of one of her lost flock the tears welled to her lashes.

She was sheer mother. She had no sense of justice where her own children were concerned with other people's children. Her own were always right. If her boy broke Mrs. Griffin's window—well, the windows ought not to have been left so near the street as a temptation. People ought not to have put such brittle glass in their windows. Besides, everybody knew that Mrs. Griffin's brother-in-law had to pay her husband's shortage at the bank, and, if Mrs. Griffin made such a big fuss about a little thing like a shattered window she would tell something else that she knew.

Mrs. Blanchard protected her young as a she-wolf hers, without waiting to balance justice or consider the general good. That was something of the soldier's creed: once given a charge to keep or a cause to defend, lay aside all codes and win at any cost, by any means. Yet, soldier that she was in this, she made bitter opposition to her son's soldiering. He had explained that it was his duty to join the National Guard, and she only sniffed at it. Think of having a mother who sniffed at the sacred word "Duty!" It was worse than Falstaff arguing away "Honor."

But Blanchard sighed patiently and said:

"Well, if you don't believe it's my duty then it's my ambition."

"Isn't it strange," she mused aloud, "that a woman like me should have a son with military ambitions? You have never known war, my boy. I lived through the Rebellion. I kissed the man I loved good-by. I heard him say that it was only to be a little three-months' picnic, and the Rebels would beg to be forgiven. But I believed the worst. When he left I cried so hard that all my family were ashamed of me, and he—even he—at that time of all!—reproached me—for loving him so much! He contrasted me with the other girls. They were smiling and brave, with just enough tears to brighten their eyes. He was angry when he kissed me good-by. He tore my hands away and left me. He called me a poltroon, and I was one. When his company marched off my eyes were so filled with tears that I could only see the muskets. They went slanting along like black rain. I never see the rain now without thinking of an army marching away from home. I didn't see him march away, and I never saw him come back."

"I always thought father was your first love," said Blanchard, dazed at the possibility of anything else.

"A woman's husband is not often her first love," said the mother, with a strange smile.

Blanchard tried to escape the thought. "Well, anyway, it was glorious—for that man—to have been killed in battle, fighting for his country."

"So few soldiers die that way," she answered grimly. "The man I loved never saw a battle; the second week in camp he died of dysentery."

There was a bitter silence; then she hurried past this graveyard of romance:

"The war went on and on. It semed we had known nothing else. President Lincoln issued proclamation after proclamation. There was draft after draft. It was one long procession of men and boys going away or coming back. And, if they came back, they were shattered and wounded and wrecked by typhoid and malaria and bullets and shrapnel and bayonets.

"Everybody went to church, and everybody was in mourning for somebody. Everybody wore black. Life seemed to be a matter of reading newspapers, talking war, making lint and bandages, calling on bereaved neighbors, watching troops go by and sick soldiers come home. There was such an everlasting drain on your sympathy that it was finally exhausted. The most tender hearts had run out of suffering; we had no more pity. If a woman came screaming into the yard with the news that her husband or brother or lover was killed in a battle, we just wished she would go home and mind her own business. We women used to say, 'Why do we fight the South? What do we want with it? In Heaven's name, why don't we let it go?' That's what war meant to me, my boy. I don't want to see another. I couldn't endure a war with one of my own children fighting."

But a woman's fears and tears are like water on lime; they only slake a man's resolve. The man Mrs. Blanchard had loved was dust in a trench. And, now, her son was a man, determined to go the same way. She fought his enlistment bitterly, but he had his own way, as sons do. For, if mothers were listened to, how many exploring expeditions, sea-voyages, treasure-hunts, polar argosies would there be? And as for wars, what does every army march into battle upon but a field paved with mothers' hearts, heel-marked, hoof-trodden? Yet always there is an army marching somewhere.

Still, it seemed a tame enough affair for Blanchard to join the Guard, hardly more than going to a club or a night school. To Mrs. Blanchard, however, it was full of omen from that evening when he first wore home the uniform of a private to the distant occasion when she first saw him with shoulder-straps. As a commissioned officer he became involved in the innumerable details of regimental administration. Nearly every evening must be spent in tracking some possible recruit, entertaining him and alluring him till he could be cajoled into taking the oath of enlistment. There was almost always something going on at the armory: company nights, headquarters nights, special drills, reviews, dances, athletic games, committee meetings, exchanges of visits with other regiments.

He neglected his business, spent too much money. He resigned a promising position because it gave him so little freedom for his visits to the rifle range where he practiced shooting; for he had risen from marksman to sharpshooter, to expert. His record had brought him an invitation to join the regimental rifle team. More practice days, travel to other States. All his thoughts had one focus.

Blanchard was thinking of these things as he sat in his tent, weary of the eternal rain. Almost for the first time he felt the futility of his career, the vanity of his fuss and feathers, the tinkling emptiness of tin-soldiering. He sat and dug in the mud. His mouth was full of mud, and he muttered "Why?" till the word tasted like a curse.

In disgust he flung away the knife, untied the flap of his tent and looked out. The floor of heaven seemed to have split open like the bottom of a tub. Through the spill the row of conical tents of the soldiers looked like drenched toadstools. Outside one of the tents two naked figures were dancing, deepening with spades the flooded trenches, guttering the water away to save the bedsacks within.

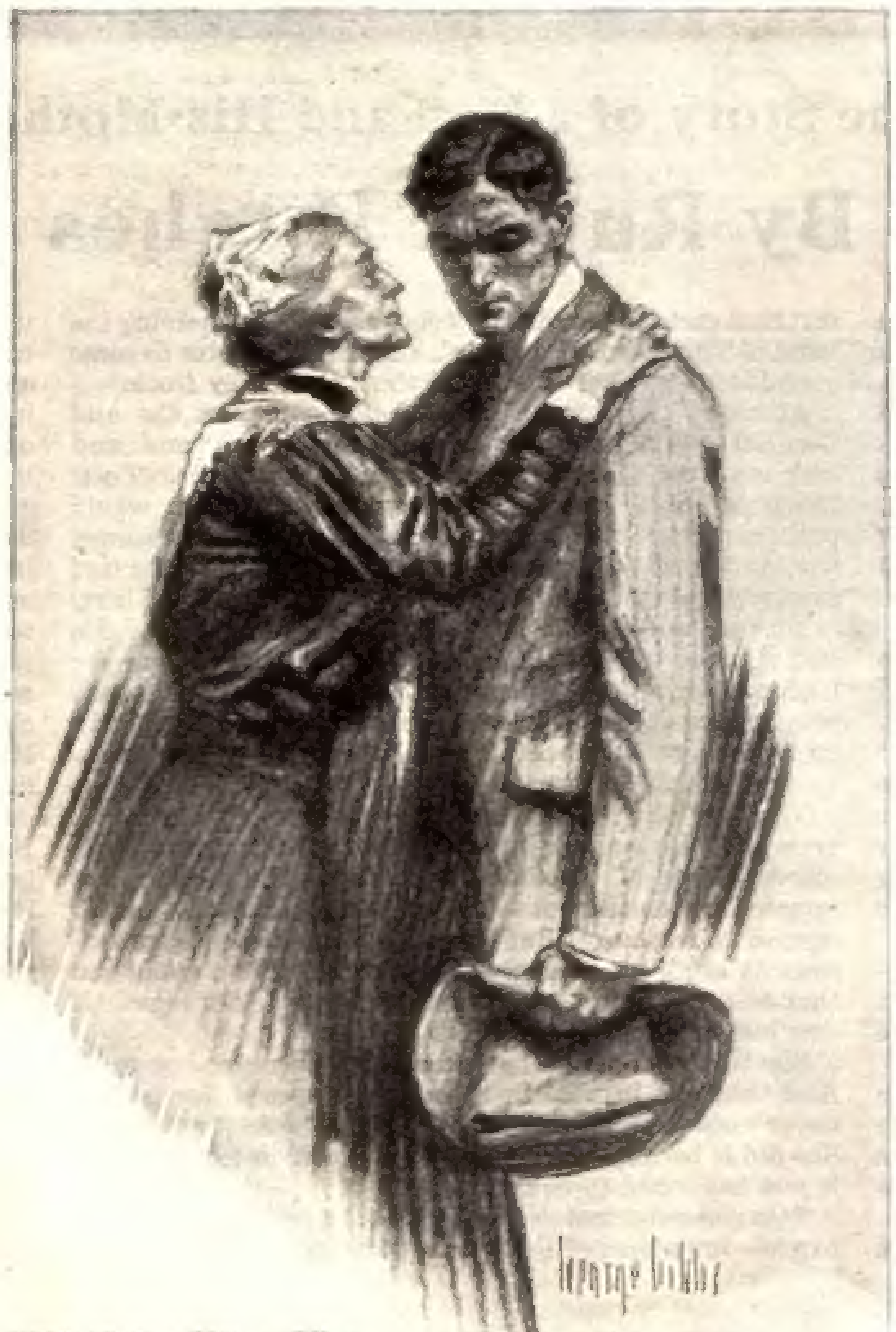
As he leaned against the front tent-pole and glowered the rain stopped with a silence abrupt and ponderous as a noise. All the sky seemed to have been poured dry. Before long the blue slipped through the drab. The sun came in, its rays stinging like wet rattan.

All afternoon the heat worked on the wet ground and what moisture was not sucked upward was drawn away downward by the avid soil. It was dry enough for evening parade. The companies drew up in their streets, then issued. The battalions were formed in line, dressed, presented to their majors, and the regiment was turned over to its colonel. The other regiment marched in from its ground. The two were brigaded, presented, brought to parade rest.

The cry, "Sound off!" came eerily across the field. The band marched out spick and span behind its pompous drum-major. It paced with majestic leisure along the front of the brigade, then countermarched and came slowly back, watched by a fascinated army that turned only its eyeballs furtively. Any one who moved his head or shifted a sleepy foot or lifted hand to a madly-tickling nose was called back to rigidity by a growl from the rear. The music at last finished its parade, disappeared to its place on the right flank; the bugles proclaimed "Taps" in long, dying wails of strange poetry.

The sunset cannon roared. The valley clattered with echo on echo. Then the great horns solemnly propounded "The Star-Spangled Banner." The flag came down deliberately on smooth halyards from the peak where the first star of evening seemed to take its place.

And now he knew Why. The Why of his sacrifice to duty was this hush of patriotism, this reverence before the altar of the Flag, with the Soul of one's own people abroad in the air like a Presence. War was religion. To fight was to pray. Such experiences renewed him as they renewed the other soldiers, making poets and priests of them all. And so the week went in alternation of disgust and of exaltation.



"Wait, Mother, Please. When I've Told You You May Not Want to Kiss Me"

Shortly after their return to town Blanchard's captain decided that he could not serve both his business and his brass buttons. He resigned. Blanchard and the first lieutenant had a bitter campaign for the vacancy. Blanchard won.

Soon after he received his new commission a strike broke out. Riots followed. Police were overpowered, deputies put to flight, heads broken, public works threatened with destruction. Blanchard's regiment was called upon. His heart thrilled at the long-sought opportunity. But the sight of the troops quieted the strikers. A few men had their skulls laid bare with brickbats from afar. A number of soldiers suffered from wet feet, sickness and mosquito bites. And that was all. Blanchard had not even come within telescope range of danger. He went back to his frightened mother and his muddled office affairs.

There was the girl, of course, a beautiful girl, a girl he loved almost as much as his military ambition—almost. She grew sick of his unceasing talk of the one subject. She wanted him to talk a little about her.

Besides, it seemed that all the dances, theatre-parties, receptions she wanted him to take her to, fell on nights when something happened at the armory. On nearly every holiday there was a parade. He spent his vacation at camp and the rifle range.

One night she turned on him and said:

"You've got to choose between me and your regiment. You've just got to resign me or it."

The choice was bitter but inevitable. After that he took up with no other girl. He enlisted in the Grand Army of Bachelorhood. Later her engagement to Denison was announced—to Tom Denison, whose devotion to business was making him rich. Eventually they were married.

And all that Blanchard had for his sacrifices was the glimmer of shoulder-straps, the pleasing clamor of his sword-buckles on his scabbard, the little ladders of a bronze medal or two swinging on his breast.

The years passed. In time he found himself a major with fewer drills and a horse to ride. To the little orchestra of his accoutrement was added the unutterable music of jingling spurs, the thwack-thwack of a sabre against the flank of a glossy horse. The gray was stealing into Blanchard's hair when he was promoted lieutenant-colonel. And still no war, no sign of war.

Grizzle-haired son laughed at white-haired mother.

"Do you remember how afraid you were to have me join the Guard? It has been as safe as life insurance."

She smiled shamefacedly: "It was my love that made me foolish."

The very next morning came a portent of war. There was a stillness in the air, a cloud the size of a man's hand, an international flurry across two nations. Diplomats were sent scudding home, newspapers went rabid with hydrophobic frenzies, lies, bigotries. Americans remembered only their own good deeds, forgetting the scandals, cowardices, treacheries, defeats that have never failed to sully the escutcheon. Of the enemy they remembered nothing else but evil, forgetting his glories and braveries, magnifying his failures.

The first threat struck such panic into the heart of Mrs. Blanchard that the final shock of the ultimatum found her numb. But her son hurried home and shouted up to her:

"It's come, mother. War at last! My chance! All my work and training are going to count for something. Tin soldier, eh? I'll show 'em!"

He ran up the stairs boyishly, three steps at a stride. He saw her at the top with her eyes closed; she groped, swayed, fell.

Her light weight almost carried him off his feet, but he clutched the banister with one hand and saved himself and her. He lifted her in his arms and laid her on her own bed. Her white face was weak and pitiful in its white hair. She was older than he had ever realized.

As he chafed her wrists he remembered what she had told him of her youth—her terror, her protest when her lover had gone to war. He foresaw such another ordeal for himself. She was a young girl then; now, her age would make her anguish terrible.

Before she opened her eyes she began to plead with him. His hands were drenched with her tears. She clung to him like a child mad with nightmare.

"They called me a poltroon," she sobbed. "I was one. I am now. I lost the man I loved. And now, my only son is going to war. Oh, if you don't hate me, stay home! If I have ever done anything for you, do this for me! If I have ever given up anything for you, give up this for me! You are my only child, all I have; don't kill me again. I ought to have died long ago, but I can't stand another war. You oughtn't to take away the last thing on earth from your mother—your poor, old, helpless mother."

To save himself from sympathy he took refuge in anger. He was rough with her, rebuked her, scolded her. And she remembered how her young lover turned on her. An old rusty nail stirred in her heart. She ceased to plead, begged him to leave her alone. He was glad to go.

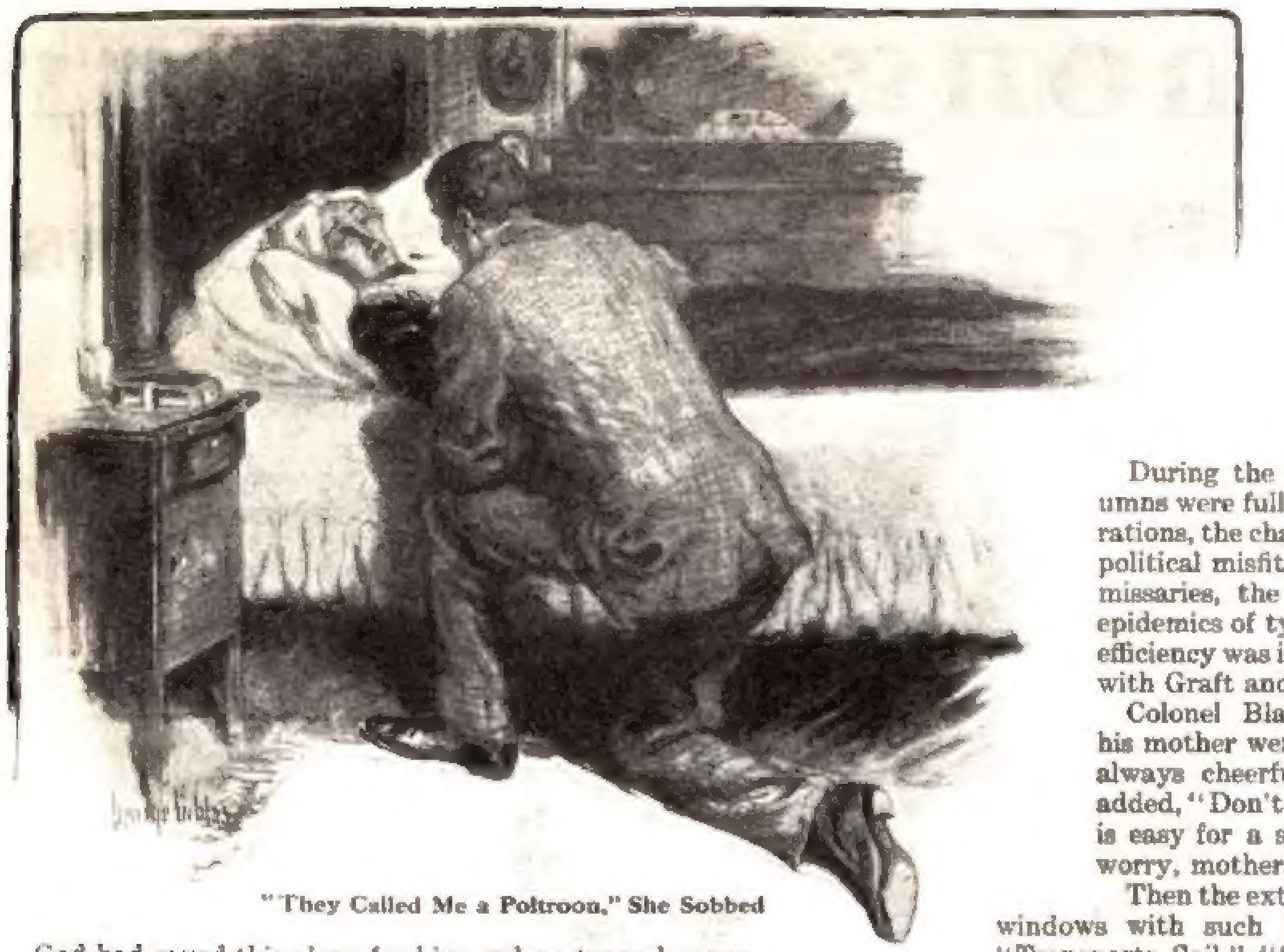
The next morning at breakfast she stared at him across the table with dull eyes that already said farewell, and the cup rattled in her hands as she poured for him. She murmured:

"I sha'n't be fixing your coffee for you many more times, shall I?" Then she broke down again. He said to her with some sternness:

"Why aren't you like the Spartan mother?—the one who told her son to come back either with his shield or on it?"

She answered feebly: "Would you really want me to be a brute like that woman, and say to you, 'Come home a hero or come home—dead'? That woman cared more for what her neighbors said than for her son's life. But I don't mind what the whole world says or thinks; I want my boy to live and to be near me."

Blanchard rose impatiently, his heart full once more of the wonder at his mother's incompetence to grasp large principles. He kissed her perfunctorily and hurried to the armory. There he learned that the colonel of his regiment was to be made a brigadier. Blanchard, without much politics, secured his place and the final authority over the armory, the troops—everything.



"They Called Me a Poltroon," She Sobbed

God had saved this glory for him and postponed opportunity till it was in full fruit. He was to go forth to battle on a warhorse at the head of a thousand men.

The endless details of recruiting, recording, outfitting, drilling kept him absorbed till that morning dawned when his army was to receive from his lips its "Forward, march!" He had lain awake all that night, and he was standing at his window when the sun rose like an uplifted silver shield. Something in the majesty of that dawn brought him down to his knees like an old-time knight finishing his vigil-at-arms.

There his mother found him as she stole from her bed and tiptoed into the room—on her ancient errand—to see if he were covered, lest the morning wind chill him. She stared at him, kneeling, closed the door silently, tottered to her room and fell on her own knees. And the two warring prayers went up together.

Blanchard rose from his unaccustomed posture and, fearing the last scene with his mother, wrote her a tender, little good-by, slipped it under her door and fled. Still at her prayers she did not hear the rustle of his note scraping across the sill. When she found it and read its awkward phrases she saw only the better side of his fear and pressed the message to her wan lips. At breakfast there was but one cup of coffee to pour—and an empty chair to face. She had no mother, no father, no lover, no husband, no child, no youth, no beauty, no future. She had nothing.

Her son at his armory had everything to think of but her. Her own money would provide for her; her old servant would take care of her. He had his army to lead, his harvest to get in and his country to save.

He found his men that morning as zealous and as important as he was. They were busy as a tribe of bees about to swarm.

When the last canteen was inspected and the last blanket roll slung in place the Assembly sounded. The lines were formed. The important adjutant nodded to the field music. The regiment issued from the arched doorway. The clerks and laborers, brokers and barkeepers, scholars and toughs were a patriot army, a host with banners.

The streets were a human stucco of heads, no longer grinning at the silly militia, but cheering the saviors of the nation. Colonel Blanchard, riding at the head of his staff, looked up to one window and saw Mrs. Denison gazing down at him. Her husband was at her side—a mere business man, a stay-at-home. He was gnawing his mustache, and there was a flush on the woman's face that added a new exultance to Blanchard's triumph.

At his office window he saw his mother. She was staring down at him. He waved at her and smiled with a sudden rush of love. But she could not see him. Her eyes were a blur of brine. She watched a mirage drifting by with bloodthirsty music to an ambush of disaster. Her son and his cohort dwindled into the distance till the pulse-beat of the drums was a little throb in the air. Then silence. The crowds melted away. The trucks and hansoms resumed the streets. The roar of every-day began. The city went back to its business; the mother to a mother's trade, waiting—for what?—in a home that had become simply a house, where everything was relics.

She had the newspapers for company now. Her neighbors seemed to misunderstand her or to irritate her with talk of pride, when all she could entertain was fear. She underwent the same ordeal as in Civil War time, only now it was flesh of her flesh that had gone into danger.

And there were ten newspapers now to the one of that time, and all more rabid with alarm. Huge black letters or scarlet headlines startled her from afar. The nights were made hideous by brass-throated news-fakirs howling their wares. Only the barrowing rumors were given big space; contradictions and reassurances were ignored or relegated to small type.

During the first weeks the columns were full of stories of the foul rations, the chaos of the armies, the political misfits, the muddled commissaries, the hungry troops, the epidemics of typhoid. General Inefficiency was in command as usual, with Graft and Politics as aides.

Colonel Blanchard's letters to his mother were few and brief, but always cheerful, and he always added, "Don't worry, mother." It is easy for a son to write "Don't worry, mother."

Then the extras began to pass her windows with such headlines as these: "Transports Sail," "Storm at Sea Sinks Ships," "Troops Land," "U. S. Troops Ambuscaded," "Our Dead Soldiers Mutilated."

One day a newsboy ran up her steps and thrust into her hand a paper with this enormous legend: "Colonel Blanchard Killed." She paid five cents for that news.

The boy took her money and dashed on, hooting the morsel of rumor. Next day there was a contradiction in small type. But the mother had had that night to get through.

Another day the headlines read: "GREAT BATTLE RAGING." The next day: "U. S. VICTORY." And that evening she saw: "OUR CITY REGIMENT SHOWS WHITE FEATHER."

Only one paper printed this horrible story. A howl of disbelief went up from the whole State. The other papers printed news of opposite effect, extolling the heroism of the city troops and of Colonel Blanchard. A list of the dead and wounded, which arrived later, was cited to prove that the regiment had borne its share of the expense of victory. The offending paper ate its own words and discharged its war correspondent.

To the surprise of all nations this one battle exhausted the enemy. The shock of troops was over and there ensued the bookkeeper business of surrender, of protocols, of treaties. While the diplomats conversed a fever began to decimate the army. Fathers and friends of Colonel Blanchard's men exerted all their influence to rescue the city's pride from the plague, and, finally, the regiment was ordered home.

Once more the city's streets were banked with people. Not so many soldiers came back as went away. The returners marched more slowly. They had gone into danger at the quickstep. They came out with the leisure of weariness and experience. Their faces were the faces of men who had seen death at work, men who had learned what it is to leave a tentmate in a foreign ditch. That kind of scholarship chisels the meanest face into a dignity.

These home-come troops were gaunt and shabby. They straggled and stared around, waved and shouted answers to people in the mob, reached out and clutched hands or linked arms with old friends. They looked tired; their gladness was the joy of worn-out prodigals. A line of carriages followed the diminished battalions, carrying the sick veterans who were too weak to march.

The city received its own with cheers that had a sob in them. Mrs. Blanchard, leaning far out from a window, saw the colonel riding at the head of his men. He was her boy. Her pride surged up. A woman ran out into the street, clutched his hand and kissed it. She was somebody's mother, and Colonel Blanchard had brought him safe home. But the colonel looked after her in bewilderment as she disappeared again in the crowd.

He had almost passed the window where his mother waited before he remembered. Then he looked up quickly. He caught off his hat and smiled at her. She saw something in his smile that snuffed out the flame of her joy. It seemed to her that his smile was the grimace of a wretch under the thumbscrews.

When the laggard regiment had ambled past, Mrs. Blanchard hurried out and took a carriage to her home against her son's return. She had hours to wait. At last she saw him come along the street. He was in civilian's clothes—in the old suit he had left at the armory—a different man from the warrior chief. She held the door open and he walked into her arms. She stood on tiptoe to kiss him. He turned his head away, unclasped her thin fingers, and said, in a peevish voice:

"Wait, mother, please. Before you kiss me I want to tell you something. When I've told you you may not want to kiss me; you may stop loving me."

"Do you suppose anything could make me do that!" she answered meekly. Then her joy returned upon her, and she cried:

"But, anyway, we can kneel and thank God for bringing you safe home again."

Again he refused her arm, saying: "Let that wait, too. I'm not sure that we have anything to thank God for."

She looked at him with such hurt that he turned aside to escape her:

"I've got a letter to write, mother, before I begin to talk. Do you mind waiting?"

Her answer stuck in her throat. She dropped into a chair and watched him at his desk. He searched out a sheet of regimental paper and wrote with care and formality, re-read the letter, folded it precisely, sealed it and addressed a long envelope. He got to his feet as if his weight were double, went out of the house, posted the letter at the corner and turned back.

As he came down the street people stopped him, wrung his hand, clapped him on the shoulder, called to him from windows. He seemed to take little pleasure in their welcome. He came up the steps heavily, clinging to the balustrade. Watching from the window his mother realized that her son was an old man. Then how doubly old was she?

She opened the door again, solemnly this time. He led her to a chair, sat next to her, took her hands in both of his, and, after much struggling for words, began:

"And now, mother, listen. It's too bad that you had to live to hear this—but, well—we sons begin life by tearing our mother's hearts to pieces, don't we?"

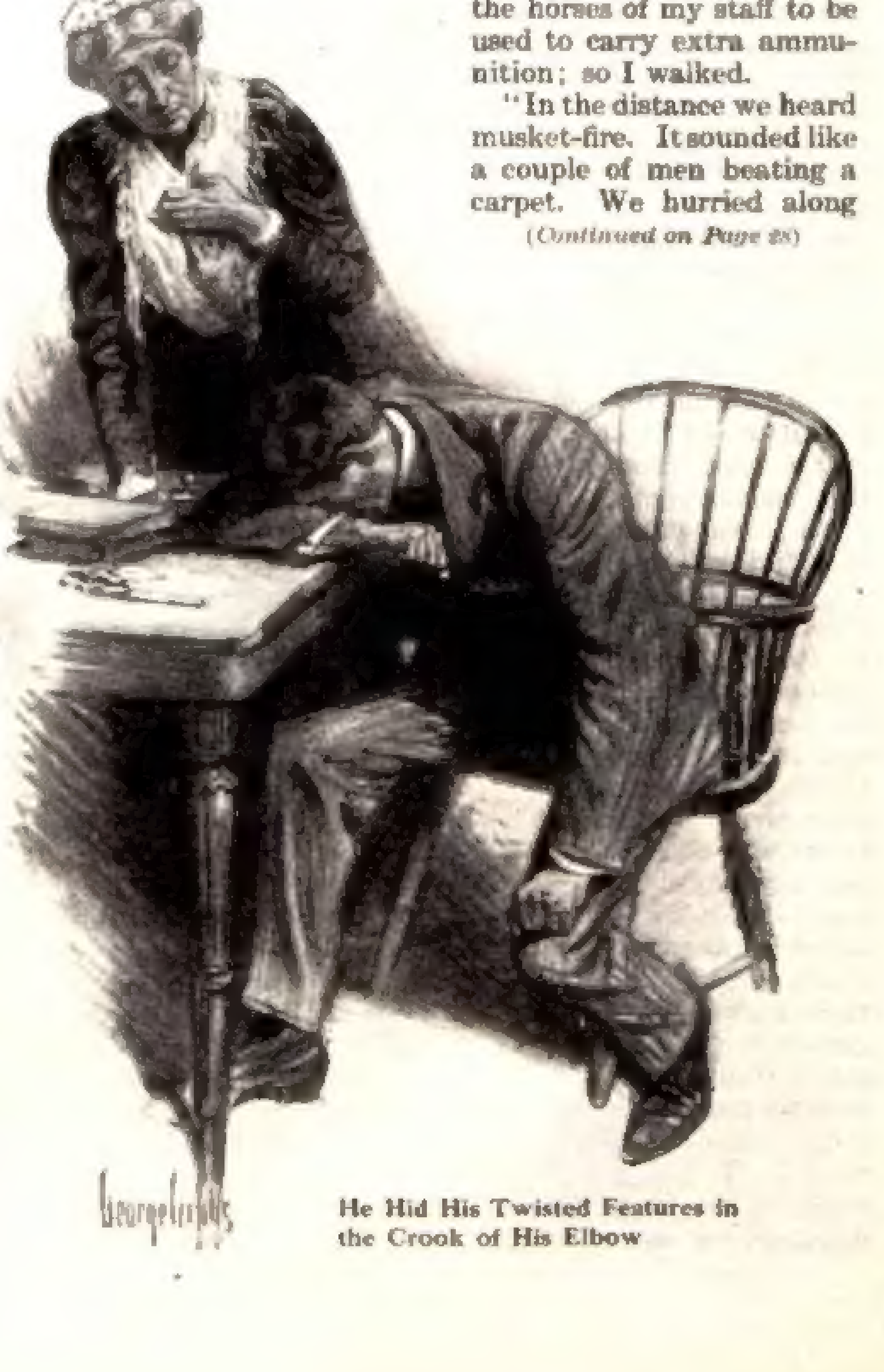
"That's a pain no mother ever regrets."

He pressed her lean hands hard, and went on: "I want to tell you about the war, mother—the truth about it. You'll see it in all the papers in a few days. But I must tell you first. You've read nearly everything that happened up to our landing in the enemy's country. I was on fire with ambition and happiness. I giggled like a boy in church when he sees something funny during the long prayer. I had all I could do to keep from laughing when I gave the commands. As I stood on shore and watched my men come in over the waves I could hardly wait till the last boatload was in the line and the rations and ammunition packed.

"Then we started to march inland, and the sun began on us. It scorched like a burning-glass. The air was close as a tunnel. It sweat all the starch out of me. I didn't feel like laughing any more. The men threw off their coats, then their shirts. I couldn't do that. Besides, I had ordered my horse and the horses of my staff to be used to carry extra ammunition; so I walked.

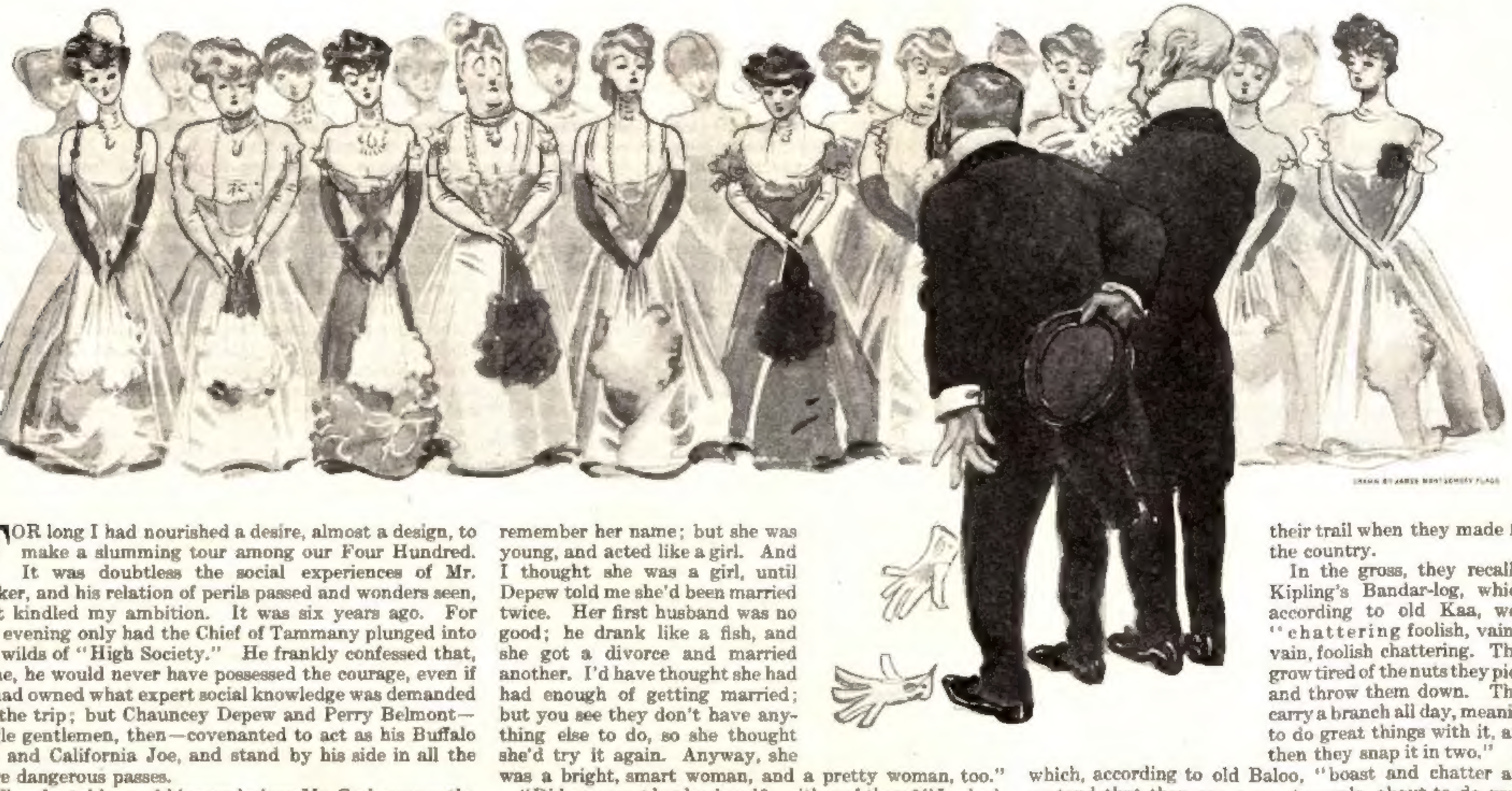
"In the distance we heard musket-fire. It sounded like a couple of men beating a carpet. We hurried along

(Continued on Page 28)



He Hid His Twisted Features in the Crook of His Elbow

Slumming Among the Four Hundred—By Alfred Henry Lewis

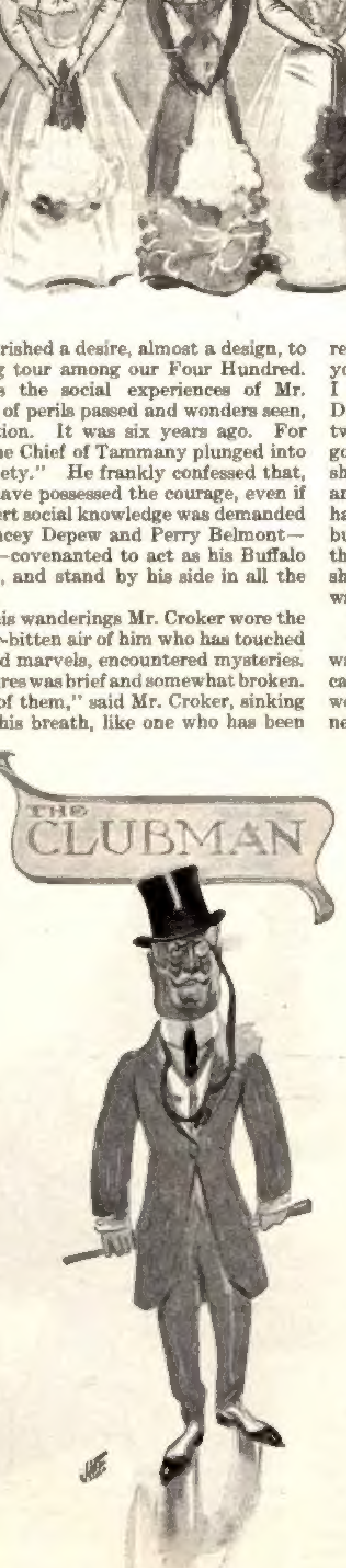


DRAWN BY JAMES MONTGOMERY FLAGG

FOR long I had nourished a desire, almost a design, to make a slumming tour among our Four Hundred. It was doubtless the social experiences of Mr. Croker, and his relation of perils passed and wonders seen, that kindled my ambition. It was six years ago. For one evening only had the Chief of Tammany plunged into the wilds of "High Society." He frankly confessed that, alone, he would never have possessed the courage, even if he had owned what expert social knowledge was demanded for the trip; but Chauncey Depew and Perry Belmont—single gentlemen, then—covenanted to act as his Buffalo Bill and California Joe, and stand by his side in all the more dangerous passes.

When he told me of his wanderings Mr. Croker wore the self-gratulatory, wonder-bitten air of him who has touched strange shores, witnessed marvels, encountered mysteries. His recital of his adventures was brief and somewhat broken.

"There were twenty of them," said Mr. Croker, sinking his voice and catching his breath, like one who has been badly frightened.



As nearly as I might judge from his report, the twenty were clad in frocks of the—to quote an eminent society editress—"one-struggle-more-and-I-am-free" variety, and this had filled him with dismay. However, he drew courage from the undaunted demeanor of his guides, and faced the fearful twenty, in their war-paint, with fortitude.

"It was as though I was a kind of a sight to them," he explained, "and they got me into a corner and asked me questions. Of course, they were just as much of a sight to me, only they didn't know it. They asked me about politics, and I told them they ought to come down to Tammany Hall and see how we ran things. They said they would. I took a pretty one in to dinner. I don't remember her name; but she was young, and acted like a girl. And I thought she was a girl, until Depew told me she'd been married twice. Her first husband was no good; he drank like a fish, and she got a divorce and married another. I'd have thought she had had enough of getting married; but you see they don't have anything else to do, so she thought she'd try it again. Anyway, she was a bright, smart woman, and a pretty woman, too."

"Did you meet her husband?—either of them?" I asked.

"I must have met the second one, for Depew said he was there. But I can't pick him out now in my mind. I can tell you one thing, though"—and here Mr. Croker wore the manner of an Audubon chronicling a great though newly-discovered truth in natural history—"I can tell you one thing: the women know more than the men. Any one of the women would make a good 'district leader' of Tammany Hall. The men act kind of weak, and don't know much. The women are 'way ahead of them; they're right up on the bit. They ask all sorts of questions, and understand what you say. The men just look at you, and never know what you're talking about. What do you suppose is the reason of that?"

This query I dodged. I was not without a theory; but it would have taken too long in its statement and opened a discussion too wide.

Doubtless, as I've said, it was Mr. Croker's story of his adventures which inspired me with the notion of a slumming invasion of the Four Hundred—that and the observations of Henry Watterson, given later by that great Kentuckian to the press. It was not, however, until within the year that, for reasons sociological and scientific, I moved in the enterprise.

When resolution had crystallized I looked about for a pilot. Those who go slumming in the East Side are guided in their explorations by one Chuck Connors. This worthy man shows them the joss-house, the chop-suey joints, the opium dens, Steve Brodie's, Biggy Donovan's, and the Five Points Association. By the same token, my purposes required a Chuck Connors of the Four Hundred.

Fate favored me; I blundered upon the very man. He was what the papers call a "clubman"; which, as I understand, is a rich, idle, bibulous, middle-aged, bachelor male of the Four Hundred.

The clubman and I made a date to meet at Sherry's.

At four o'clock the clubman arrived, a trifle red and weary about the eyes. Under his patronage I went socially about and met the Four Hundred, severally and collectively. I examined into their habits, as expressed at luncheons, dinners, operas, balls, barn-dances, horse-shows, tea-battles, yacht-races, and bridge-whist fights. I followed them to Newport, tracked them back to town, was hot on their trail when they made for the country.

In the gross, they recalled Kipling's Bandar-log, which, according to old Kaa, were "chattering foolish, vain—vain, foolish chattering. They grow tired of the nuts they pick, and throw them down. They carry a branch all day, meaning to do great things with it, and then they snap it in two." Or which, according to old Baloo, "boast and chatter and pretend that they are a great people, about to do great affairs in the jungle; but the falling of a nut turns their minds to laughter, and all is forgotten. Their desire, if they have any fixed desire, is to be noticed."

Let me condense my discoveries. The great mark of the Four Hundred is that, although it has houses, it has no homes. It is essentially a tribe of nomads; as much so as any tribe of Cheyennes, driving their ponies and dragging their lodge-poles up and down the ancestral creek, camping here, camping there, dwelling nowhere. Town three months, country three months, Newport three months, country again three months; and then back to town to begin the year again—such is the annual program of the Four Hundred.

Only the children of the very rich are natural-born members of the set. Those who began poor, and, by this or that device, have waxed rich, are never more than honorary members. The active participation of such in tribal matters is discouraged. Their province is to pay their children's bills, provide the money for their bridge-whist, and finance them through kindred employments. When a grubbing parent seeks to go beyond this he is snubbed.

There have been exceptions to this latter icy rule. A rich man, who had made his own money, and was therefore vulgar, has been known to bear the whole expense of some plaything required in the life of the Four Hundred—a kennel of hounds, for example. In such case, though not welcomed, he has been tolerated.

Such occasional concessions are due to this: the most emphatic trait of the simon-pure male of the Four Hundred is stinginess. He clings to his dollars like ivy to a wall—which is understandable, when one remembers that, although money is as the throbbing heart of his being, he has no knowledge of how money is made. Also, he would be a vulgarian if he had.

This money-ignorance teaches the male of the Four Hundred to be miserly. Once he's broke, he's lost; the Four Hundred, which knew him, would know him no more forever. It would pass by him like the Levite, on the other side of the way. Savants have noted the same trait in other animals. The pack drives out the wounded wolf when it doesn't devour him; the herd withdraws from the wounded buck when it doesn't gore him to death. So fares it with the male of the Four Hundred when stricken to the heart financially.

I told the clubman that turning one's back on one's friend in trouble was heartless.

"But you don't understand," he expostulated; "you don't -really! You can't live our kind of a life without money—don't you know? Therefore, I'd no more think of asking a man to meet me socially after he'd lost his money than I'd think of asking him to go walking with me after he'd lost his legs. In either case he couldn't."

There is, aside from their camp-making and camp-breaking, much of similarity between the Four Hundred and our savages of the plains. Both so much resemble the lilies of the field that they toil not, neither do they spin. Neither engages in anything that requires an effort of the intelligence. The lives of both are wholly physical, never mental. They sleep, eat, drink, dress, paint, put on their feathers, gossip, gamble, race horses, and embark in divers other time-killing employments, which involve hand, foot, eye, ear, but never involve brains. Also, the institution of the squaw-man is as common to the Four Hundred as to the savage, and one may marry into the tribe. There the likeness ceases; for the Indian is never petty, never mean, never slanderous, never mendacious, and fails not to bestride a wounded fellow down, and either save him or die fighting.

Particularly, I considered the female of the Four Hundred. She is, for one thing, the ruling influence; the males come and go by her commands. These latter are members, or are not members, of the tribe as she decides. She takes them in, or casts them out, at will. She has more force, more wit, more genius for decision than has the male. Often she is larger physically, and in every way vastly more formidable.

The female's education—I speak now of ones born to the Four Hundred, and not of interlopers or exotics, who have wedded, or crept, or broken into the caste—has but one purpose: her "social position." As to the latter phrase, I tried to come by some clear definition, but failed. Its meaning must be left to the reader. The female speaks French and English, both badly.

Matrimony Among the Four Hundred

THE female is modest, but her modesty is under control. It is not good form to be of too restless a modesty. Even a little dash of misplaced modesty might embarrass a parlorful of people. Wherefore, the female cultivates a moral hardihood that, while it admits of defeat, does not yield to any stampede of the sensibilities.

With her eye on her "social position," the female's first aim is to marry. Also, she shows, with the German, that "the female selects." Looking about, and advised therein by other females of her silken set, she decides upon some male of her species. The male perceives the honor thus done him. Accustomed as he is to act upon the suggestion of the superior mind, he thereupon meekly offers his hand. No male of the Four Hundred may avoid his Fate. Seeing himself selected by some female, he never goes to war with his destiny.

There is this, however, about the matrimonial ventures of the female which is hard to understand: almost invariably she begins by marrying the wrong man. Later, to be sure, she weds the right one. It is possible that every female, whether of the Four Hundred or of a less exalted species, bursts into wedlock on the arm of the wrong man. A commoner clay, busy about her children and engaged, with her husband, in saving the household from the fangs of the wolf, might not own the leisure to discover that her mate was a matrimonial misfit. Wholly involved with the problem of living, the common female and her husband might go on ignorantly loving one another until death doth them part. Such error is not open to the female of the Four Hundred. She has no household duties. This leaves her free to uncover what

JAMES MONTGOMERY FLAGG

disabling defects abide with the husband she has so inadvertently espoused, however deeply or cunningly they lie buried. Being laid bare to her eyes, she is never so weak as to condone them. She sets her sisters everywhere a stern example: she gets a divorce—and alimony—and then she marries again.

No, the defective husband is not altogether lost. Being cut adrift, he tosses about on the billows of grass-widowerhood for a space. Then some other female selects him; and, thereupon, he submissively and gratefully leads her to the altar.

It is to be feared that I treat these dulcet questions coldly, and too much after a commonplace manner. Coming, as I do, from another caste, I may only discuss the male, as well as the female, of the Four Hundred, from the callous, unsympathetic standpoint of a looker-on. With a society modeled in all respects upon the Court of the Second Charles, the situation will never receive adequate treatment until some Hamilton takes up his pen to write another Grammont's Memoirs.

Speaking of marriage, the clubman explained that all females of the Four Hundred leveled their primary efforts at the nobility of England. Failing England's, then that of France or Russia or Italy might do. Never, while duke or earl or count remained on the matrimonial bargain counter, would the female prove so unjust to herself as to look among males native-born of her species.

After the Dogs the Children

ONCE married, the female of the Four Hundred sometimes has children and always *has* dogs. The dogs range from spaniels to Skyes; the children are of the common human-being sort. Nurses are provided for the children. As to the dogs, the female looks after their delicate up-bringing herself. The clubman took me to a house where the female held a poodle in her lap throughout our stay of two hours. She had a baby somewhere. It made its formal début, at one crisis, in the arms of its nurse, and remained one minute. We went to another house, where the dogs and the children were all grown up, and the female had been married to her second husband fifteen years. We lunched at this house. Two or three females rushed in, unexpectedly, and sat down at the lunch-table, wearing hats and wraps. I learned—by the clubman's whispered word—that this, too, "was good form." The females, about lunchtime, descend upon one another like a pan of milk from a top shelf; it's "the thing to do." They are received with a gale of joyous chatter.

After lunch we climbed to the drawing-room on the floor above. Coffee followed us, and those who didn't drink coffee drank whisky of Scottish emanation. Also, we smoked; the females cigarettes, the males cigars or cigarettes.

Conversation was rippling and pointed.

"Come here, Willie!" cried a female on a sofa to a female in an armchair.

The sofa-female was young, and still living with her first husband. There were signs, however, that this shameful domestic stagnation would not long insult the age. She held a cigarette in one hand and a tall glass of Scotch in the other; with these she solaced herself in alternation.

"Willie, come here!" she again cried.

"Why?" asked the other defensively. She owned a husband and an ex-husband, and doubtless a strict etiquette demanded that the one-husband female come to her.

"Want to tell you a story," explained the female of one husband.

"Well, tell it," returned the female of two husbands.

"Can't! I've got to whisper it."

That ended the bicker. Etiquette was waived, the female of two did the walking, and the story was whispered in her eager ear, to a suppressed accompaniment of screams and giggles.

The clubman took me to a prodigious function; the Four Hundred, he said, would gather there in force, and might be studied to a best advantage. Retreating to a corner I found myself near an aged war-horse of society. The war-horse—pardon the term—was a snuffy, little, old matron of positive years, whose nose was uplifted with scorn, and whose specialty was sarcasm tinctured of scandal. To this fine, old female of the Four Hundred I owe most of the facts which follow.

The function was in a great house, the property of a magnate. He was not present, for he was not of the Four Hundred, and didn't want to be. Also, though the head of a big business, he was but the foot of his own family. His wife—a splendid specimen of the Four Hundred—was the head of the family. Also, it was she who gave the function, of which she was architect and impulse.

By direction of the snuffy, old war-horse, I glanced over the array. There were forty flunkies, let us call them, in the great hall. The four or five who did the actual work of the door were in white silk stockings, plush knee-breeches of arterial red, and black velvet coats. The hair of each was white with flour enough to feed a poor family a week, if worked up into buns. These, the war-horse told me, were Mrs. ——'s (the author of the festivities) regular servants.

The thirty-six other flunkies, lounging about in attitudes more or less statuesque, were hired for the occasion. The imported flunkies were clad in court costumes of the days of Louis XIV, derived from the property-room of a theatre. They were quite courtly, in a tired, highbred way, were these heroes of pasteboard and tinsel, and it was as well, perhaps, that they wore those costumes of Louis XIV, else they might have been mistaken, in their languishings and their posings, for real males of the Four Hundred.

The Game of Dinner-Giving

THERE was a dinner, served by Sherry. The dinner prompted this bitterness from the war-horse:

"When I was a girl," said the war-horse, as though speaking of the days of the Fourth George—"When I was a girl, if you were asked to dinner it was cooked by the chef of the house and served by the butler and his assistants. Now, if we give a dinner, we send for Sherry.

"'Prepare dinner for fifty,' we say.

"'What shall it cost?' he asks.

"We fix the price per plate. On the day of the dinner, Sherry backs up his wagons. He brings servants, cooks, dishes, plate, everything. He turns out our servants and takes possession. He decorates the rooms. He spreads the tables with his own linen. He does the whole thing. As for ourselves, we no longer give dinners; Sherry gives them. We have lost the use of our hands, and have forgotten how to cook."

"Now, I should think such a system would prove a great relief," I ventured.

"It has its drawbacks," said the war-horse. "Everybody becomes sophisticated. Your friends know a twenty-dollar dinner from a fifteen-dollar dinner. What is the result? If Mrs. A. gives a twenty-dollar dinner and you give a fifteen-dollar dinner, they make remarks."

Speaking of dinners, the clubman told me of one given by a male of the Four Hundred, whose intelligence was circumscribed and whose income was not. The affectation of this personage was saddle-horses, and so he gave a dinner in the saddle. It took him years to conceive this brilliant idea. In the end he developed it, and has ever since been regarded as a prodigy by his intimates.

There were forty horses, ranged horseshoe fashion, noses to the centre. The tables

were flat boards, fastened to the saddle-horns. The guests sat in the saddles. Of course, the horses fidgeted, and would move about. There was a deal of "whoaing!" and starting forward and backing up, and bit-champing and head-tossing. None the less, the forty guests dined as pleasantly and successfully as they would have dined from the top of a moving omnibus or the deck of a pilot boat in a head sea.

The founder of that horse dinner looks back upon it, and talks about it, as of the crowning triumph of his career, while his fellow-males point to him with envy.

By giving ear I discovered that the males of the Four Hundred permitted their minds to riot only along certain informational lines. It is the aristocratical thing to know, or seem to know, all about wine. They talk of "laying down" a bin of this or that; or chatter of wine that is "corked" or "bruised"; or speak in rapture of a certain wine because of its "dryness." Leaving wine, it is good form to know about diamonds and rubies and every form of gewgaw. Coats and waistcoats, too, are highly important, and the males of the Four Hundred make it a profound point to know as much as a tailor. Also, to keep posted as to the English peerage.

Besides these high matters of wine and gems and the British nobility and that of Europe generally, the thoroughly-equipped male of the Four Hundred pretends to a knowledge of racing and race-horses, and all forms of card gambling. This, with the rest, belongs with what one might call polite knowledge. They can perform at a German or lead a cotillon; but these latter are accomplishments, and do not come under the head of learning. Of books they live in darkness. They go to the opera—the Four Hundred—as they go to the horse show, only to look and be looked at, chatter and be chattered to, and not at all to hear the music or see the horses. The singing and the horses are the pretext; the purpose is to kill time, spend money, and put themselves on exhibition conventionally. As goes the phrase, so often in the mouth of the Four Hundred, "It is the thing to do."

Upstairs was a ballroom, only no one climbed the stairs. They took an elevator, which engine was in charge of an Irish boy who, like the supernumeraries below, was bewigged and be-velveted and be-rouged after the manner of the grand Louis.

There had been an orchestra at dinner. The strains it unbosomed had provoked comments from the war-horse.

"When I was a girl," she said, beginning as she did about dinner-giving—"When I was a girl we used to converse as we dined. But, just as we lost the ability to cook, so, as years went on, we became such idiots we couldn't talk. What is the result? We have to hire fiddlers to make a noise, and cover up our mental deficiencies with the Blue Danube."

The orchestra, which had saved our mental credit during dinner, was already enthroned in the ballroom; in the language of Cherry Hill, "They beat us to it." For a moment I feared we were about to break into a cotillon or worse. No such thing; it was a false alarm. A troupe of ballet dancers, in fluffy skirts and pink silk tights, poured from a side room. The orchestra struck up, and the ballet did the same. There was much whirling, and toe-twirling, and scarf-waving, and all to conclude by the pink and silken dancers piling themselves up in bewitching, not to say breathless, heaps on the floor. A young female of the Four Hundred—this was her first battle—said at my elbow:

"It is like fairy-land!"

"Fairy-land!" snorted the war-horse. "When I was a girl we did our own dancing. This is the first time I ever saw hired dancers in a private house. It is the end. I knew we had lost the use of our hands, and couldn't cook nor serve a dinner; I was aware that we had lapsed into idiocy and couldn't talk, but must have orchestras to conceal our mental defects; this, however, is the last! We've lost the use of our legs, and people must hereafter do our dancing for us. I shall yet see a day when we shall hide in the upper chambers of our houses, like those yellow-haired kings of olden France, and leave it to our majordomos—our butlers and our cooks—to carry on society in our places. Our servants will hold receptions, to which other people's servants will come; they will have dinners, which other people's servants will eat; they will give balls, at which other people's servants will dance. We shall cease to see one another, and society will be carried on by proxy. In the end I doubt not we shall send our footmen to college and our maids to finishing school, instead of our daughters and sons."

I asked the war-horse what she thought of bridge whist.

"I won't tell you," said the war-horse. "What I will say is that, when I was a girl, the ladies would no more think of gambling at cards with men than of carousing over the wine bottles with men. It may be good form for ladies to owe gambling debts to gentlemen, and for gentlemen to press for payment; but the fashion has its pitfalls."

"And those are?"

"Read Farquhar's Sir Harry Wildair," replied the war-horse with a knowing nod; "I've seen it played when I was a girl. Read the comedies of Wycherly and Van Brugh and Congreve. And, as you read, remember that human nature, in the days of Theodore, is one and the

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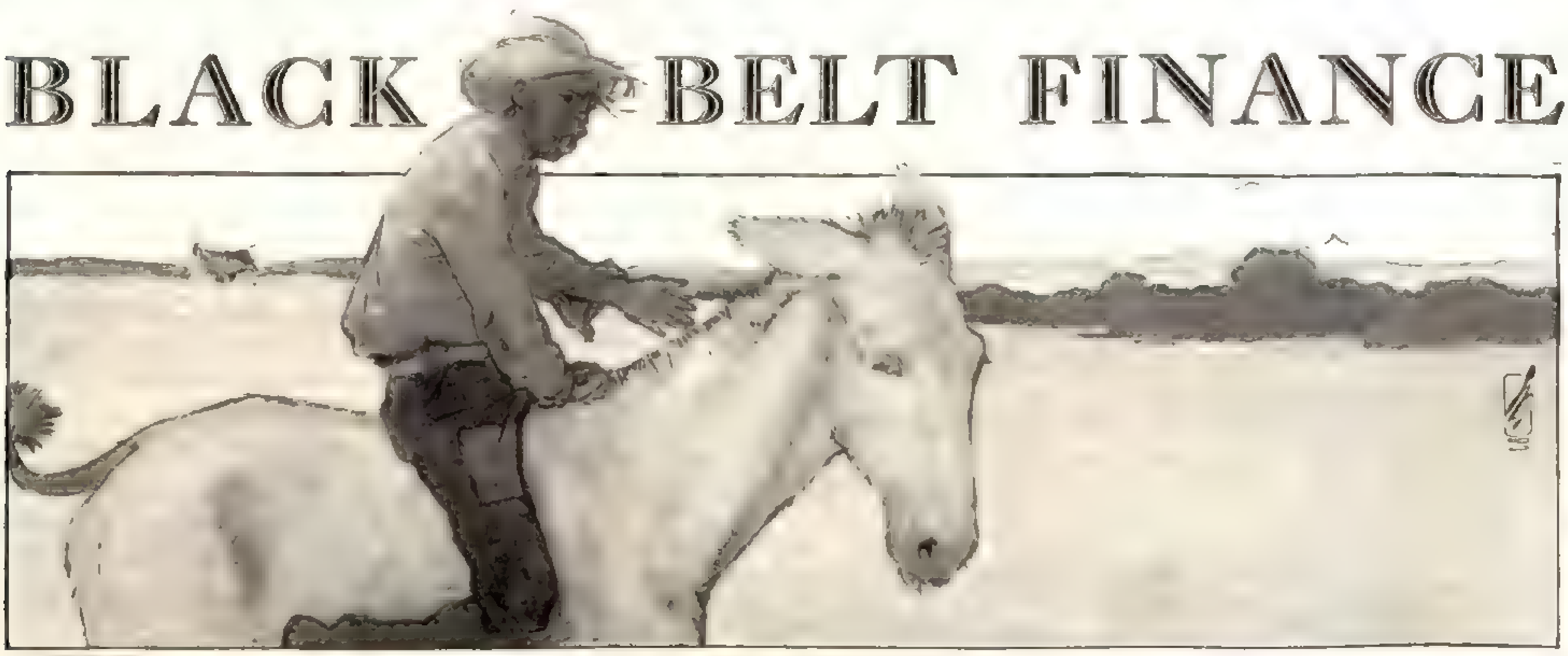
BLACK BELT FINANCE



"Why'n't You Go 'Long an' Do What You's Gwine to Do?"

A Lesson in Addition and Subtraction

By Harris Dickson

JIM'S mule had the "nigger fidgets," for it was Saturday afternoon and the week's work was nearly done. He stopped in the middle of the plantation road; a white field of cotton lay to the left, with Jim's cabin on the rise of a hill beyond it. The mule wore neither saddle nor bridle. He spread his legs determinedly—like Fitz-James beside the rock that would not fly—and threw one ear forward, the other backward in meditative fashion. An old gray horse, released from his week of bondage, went trotting past, headed for the cool, dim swamp and freedom. Half a dozen mules followed him. Jim's mule twitched his tail, not enough to appear undignified, yet it was a distinct twitch and the delay annoyed Jim.

"Look heah, Bill," he grumbled to the mule, "why'n't you go 'long an' do what you's gwine to do? I'm in er hurry."

The mule humped himself like an angry cat and Jim slipped off his neck into a soft clump of sassafras. There he sat and laughed at the mule, which capered down the road, snorting, his tail high in the air. "Huh! dat mule'll treat me as kind an' gentle as er lam' all endurin' o' de week jes' to git er fair chance to throw me every Sat'dy evenin'. I reckon dat's de mos' fun he gits, an' I sho' don't grudge 'im none ef it."

By this time Bill had caught up with his friends. Jim chuckled.

"Don't nary one o' dem mules know whar he's gwine, follerin' a flea-bit hoss same as er passel o' niggers trailin' behine er white man. Dar now, I knowed he'd stop at dat bridge an' look roun' to see ef I wuz a-watchin' 'im—mule's jes' like er nigger, he won't do nuthin' 'thout he thinks you's watchin' 'im. Jes' look at 'im! Jes' look at 'im a cuttin' up didoes an' cavortin' roun' same as ef he wuz white—ole Bill is plum forgot his daddy warn't nuthin' but er jackass."

Jim gathered himself up slowly, made a pretense of brushing the dirt from his knees, and trudged on, whistling, through the cotton patch toward his cabin.

Three of his children and a litter of pups were tumbling together in the dust of the turnrow. The biggest child, Jinny, was twelve years old and she wore a garment; the others had not yet eaten of the apple, and Eden's fashions never change.

"Jinny, whar's yo' ma?"

"Dar she," pointing to a flat-nosed woman in a blue gingham dress, who came steadily up the hill with a bucket of water on her head.

"Hurry up, M'ria, give de chillun dey supper an' put 'em to bed. Less all go to de sto'."

Jim had a masterful way about him on these Saturdays when he had money, and Maria long ago learned the lesson of obedience. Without a word she set her bucket on the shelf. Jim, dignified and deliberate, rinsed out the gourd and took a drink. Maria caught up the smaller children, dusted them off with her sunbonnet and half dragged them into the house. Jinny edged up close to her father, the white, upturned eyes shining against the blackness of her face.

"Pa, oh, pa, lemme go to de sto'. I picked a heap dis week!"

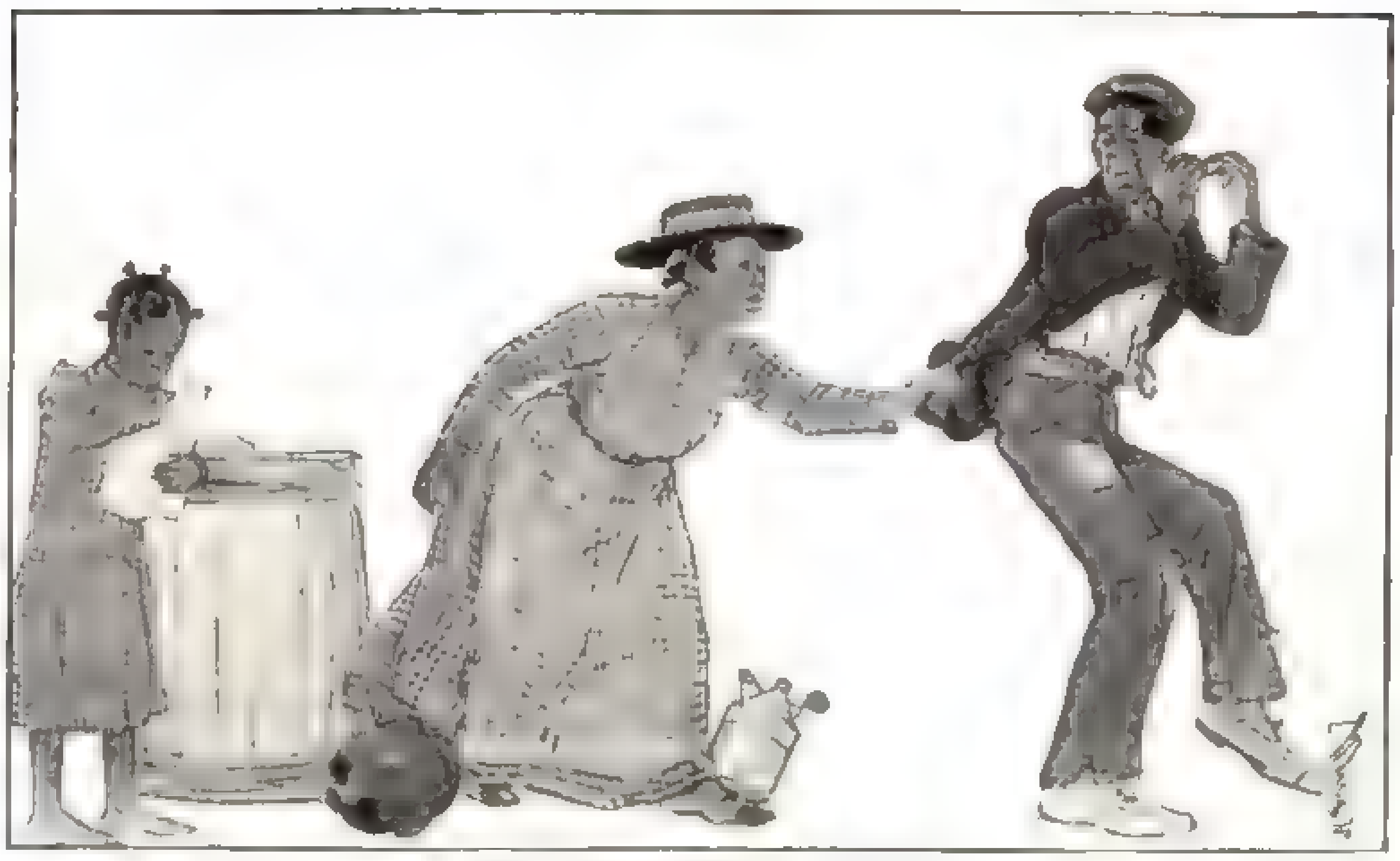
"You can't go in dat dress; wash yo' face."

Jinny darted into the house, skinned off her garment, pulled on a blue gingham like her mother's, dipped one hand in the tin basin, smeared it across her face—and was ready.

Jim, after more elaborate preliminaries, took his brilliantly-striped vest from its peg, and swapped his straw hat for a rakish-looking cap with patent-leather brim. From a broken coffee-pot on the mantel he extracted the tickets which represented the family's weekly work in the cotton-pickers' gang, looked them over one by one, and nodded his head. "'Leven dollars an' thirty cents."

Then he sat on the bed and watched his children eat. Maria had poured the last drop of molasses into a tin platter and divided a piece of hoe-cake equally between the two. Jinny glanced at her mother; Maria shook her head. "Th' ain't no mo'," she said, and the little girl was silent.

The two children, like hungry animals, sopped up every drop of molasses and ate every crumb of bread. There was no need for Maria to wash that platter.



' D'ain t a Dust o' Meal in de House"

Maria then got out the coal-oil can, the molasses jug and the meal sack, all empty.

"Better git dat *biggest* basket fer de meat," Jim suggested. "We'se goin' to have flour, an' sardines, an' simon-fish, an' ——"

Jinny's eyes bulged as her splendid father mentioned every known delicacy. She watched him kick among the dead ashes on the hearth so as to be sure there was no fire for the children to get into. Then he stalked out of the door, leaving Maria to lock it and follow with Jinny tagging at her heels.

Jim strode along the tortuous path between the cotton stalks, turned down the winding plantation road until he struck the "Big Road," at the forks of which stood "The Sto'."

Long before turning the last bend they heard the metallic music of a graphophone transplanting wondrous songs from Italy into the cotton fields of Mississippi, bringing half-comprehended messages of stranger-people's passions. Those untutored black folk listened, understanding not a single word, yet bowing their souls in reverence. Jim, Maria, Jinny, all stopped until the last notes of the Miserere floated away, sobbing and wailing, to hide their sorrows in the heart of the ancient wood.

A moment of silence; Jim shuffled his foot in the dust. Then came the livelier tones,

Hear dem bells a ringin',
Sweet I do declare ——

"Come along," said Jim, snatching Jinny by the wrist. And they hurried on.

Along the edge of the store gallery sat the cotton pickers, men and women, black and yellow. Their patient mules waited at the hitching-rack, well knowing that a day of rest followed all this tumult.

The store was crowded. Every chair, every barrel and every box had its listening occupant. Maria and Jinny forgot everything except the music, and wedged themselves in as close as they could get. Jim listened for a moment, then elbowed his way back to the desk at the rear and took his place in the line of cotton-pickers who were waiting for their weekly settlement. Presently, it came his turn and he stepped to the window. Mr. Gordon looked up. "Jim Fields." He turned to his book and rapidly read the items: "Jim Fields, $7.05; Maria Fields, $3.35; Jinny Fields, 90 cents. Is that right, Jim?"

Jim scratched his head. "Boss, would you min' callin' dat over to me agin? I can't figger reel good when it gits up to mo'n a dollar."

Mr. Gordon enumerated the items. "Monday you picked 290 pounds at sixty cents; Tuesday, 260; Wednesday you laid off and went to the circus; Thursday, 188 — you never work much the day after a circus, got to stand around and talk about the clown. Friday, 314 — that's pretty good. Saturday, half a day, 127 pounds. That makes 1179 pounds—half a week's work for a big, healthy man."

"I reckon dat's all right, boss," said Jim, handing in his tickets. "I'll sho' pick fifteen hundred next week, or bust."

Mr. Gordon passed him out a crisp ten-dollar bill which had never been folded. Jim became its owner — for a few seconds. Then came a dollar, a quarter, a nickel.

Jim's forefinger slowly shoved the dollar and the quarter back across the desk. "Mr. Gordon, won't you please, suh, give dat to Mr. Bunn?"

Gordon looked up disgustedly. "Haven't you finished paying that money-lender yet?"

"No, suh, I owes 'im dat."

"You've been paying him a dollar and a quarter every month for Heaven knows how long. What's it for?"

Jim grinned at the recollection of his spree: "You remember dat time when I went to town an' got drunk? It musser been way las' spring. De constables ketched me, an' Mr. Bunn, he put up de five dollars for my fine. Jesso I pays 'im a dollar an' a quarter intrust every month he never does bother me for his money. He sho' is a nice man."

Gordon referred to a memorandum. "You have already paid him twelve and a half, and you still owe the five. Is that it?"

"Yassir, yassir; dat wuz jes' de intrust I paid 'im."

Then the graphophone started again, and Jim slid away; these financial problems gave him a pain in the head.

For a moment Mr. Gordon paused, watching the negro. "Queer," he said; "they'll pay these money-lenders when they won't pay anybody else."

Jim held his crisp ten-dollar bill and the five-cent piece in his hand and swaggered toward the counter. With five hungry mouths to feed, being a provident father, he knew precisely how little it took to keep them alive. He could run over the plantation allowance, backward or forward, glibly as a child recites the multiplication table.

16 pounds dry salt meat	$2.00
4 pecks of meal	1.20
4 pints of molasses	.50
Coffee	.40
Flour	.50
Candles	.10
Matches	.05
	$4.75

Sometimes Jim would manage to skimp through a week on meat and meal and molasses, $3.70. But that was when times were hard; to-night he had plenty of cold cash in his pocket, and there was no need for economy.

Maria had come up, and kept anxiously beside him; she tried to peep into his hand. "How much it come to, Jim?"

"Ten dollars an' a nickel; you didn't do hardly a bit o' work dis week," he snapped back.

Little black Jinny clutched her mother's dress, rolling her big eyes upward at that terrible father.

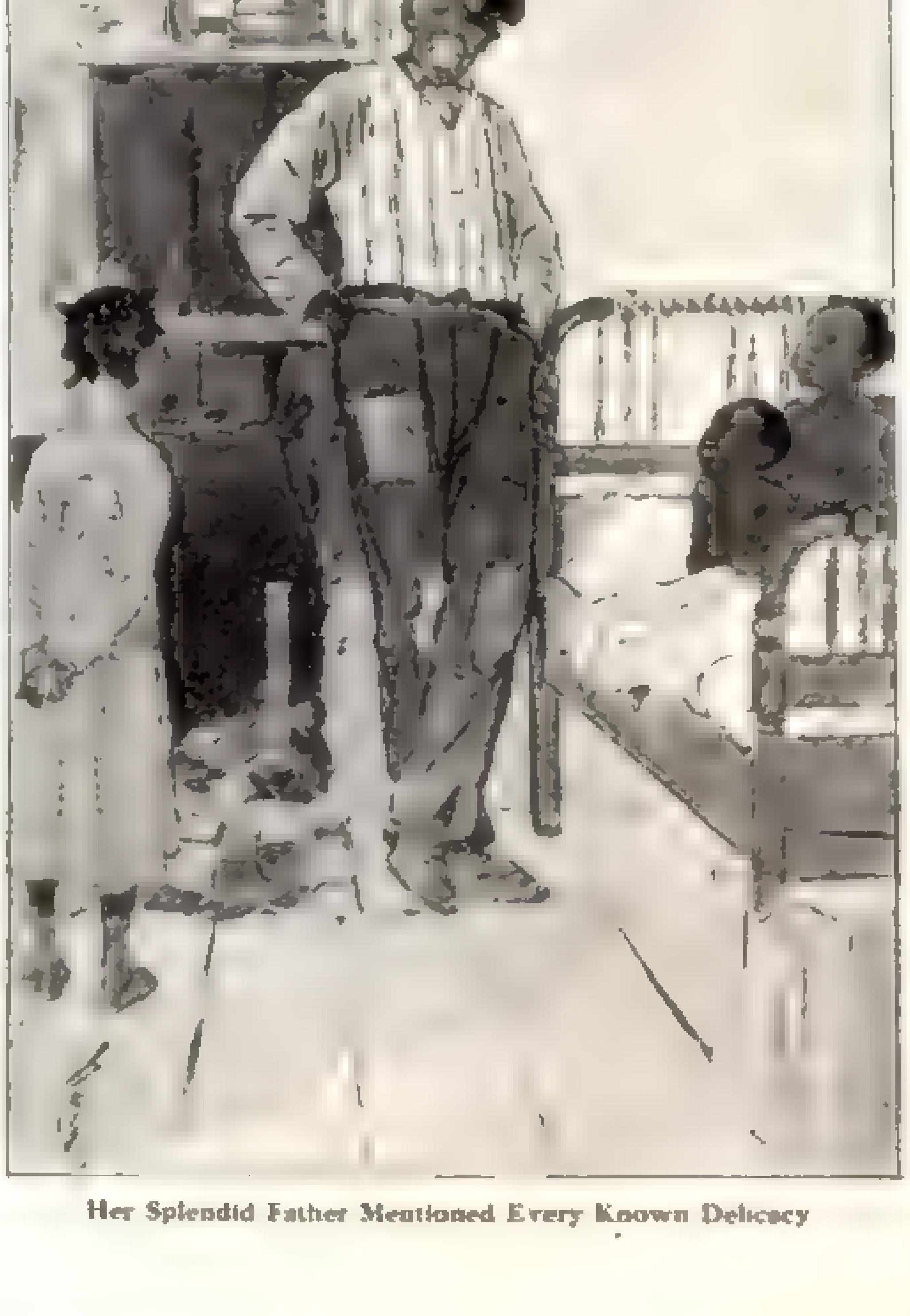
They lined up at the counter where Blinky Wilson, the pale, little clerk with watery eyes, was selling a woman some calico. "Lawdy, Mr. Wilson," the woman objected; "dat's mighty norrer, ain't it?"

"Yes, it is narrow, of course, but just look how *long* it is." Blinky rolled out a bewildering length of gorgeously figured cloth.

"Ten yards—fifty cents. Here's your cake." Blinky wrapped it up, swept the coin into the drawer, and tossed the woman a cake for lagnappe, then turned to Jim with the most affable air, "Now, what can I do for you?"

The woman stopped and waited, so Jim had to act biggity.

"Gimme a seegyar," he said, and laid down his nickel. "One o' dem long fellers wid a gol' ban' on it." Jim tilted the cigar upward in his mouth and touched it off. It blazed magnificently and crackled. He blew out the blaze and puffed like a furnace. Then Jim strolled up and down the store with his hands in his pockets and began to look into the showcases, picking out the things he wanted. There were few things in those cases that Jim didn't want.



Her Splendid Father Mentioned Every Known Delicacy

"Lemme see some o' yo' watches, Mr. Wilson."

"Watches!" It caught the ear of every negro in the store. Two yellow women with a preacher between them forgot their argument and pushed forward. Maria was too proud to suggest economy before this congregation. She glanced doubtfully at the watch that Blinky passed across to Jim.

"I wants a *stem*-winder."

"This is a stem-winder; warranted solid German silver — *German*, not common silver."

"Lemme see you win' it up."

Blinky wound and wound and wound, then held it against Jim's ear — an unnecessary bit of care, for, above the noise of the graphophone, a man at the door could have heard it ticking.

Jim looked dubiously to his wife. "You see, M'ria, we'se bound to have a watch; we don't never know when time comes to quit work without a watch."

Maria said nothing, and, taking silence for consent, Jim turned to the clerk. "Mr. Wilson, what's de least cash money you kin take for dis watch?"

"Five dollars," Blinky answered him aloud, then leaned over and whispered: "but, being as you trades with us regular, you can take it along for three. You see, you make two dollars clear, right off. I'll bet you never made two dollars that easy in your whole life — and you're a man that knows a good thing."

"It sho' is easier'n pickin' three hundred pounds o' cotton," Jim assented.

Blinky continued confidentially: "There's a man in Washington, District of Columbia, has got a watch like that, and they set the sun by that watch every day, at twelve o'clock — Washington time. You've got to train a watch the same as you train a dog, then it gets to be worth big money."

Jim turned his head suspiciously — those other negroes might be eavesdropping.

Blinky pressed his indecision: "This box with the red silk lining goes with it. This is the only kind of watch that comes in a box with real silk lining."

The clerk reached deftly into the showcase, selected a heavy chain with a crystal charm, bigger than a hickory nut, and snapped it on the watch. Then he draped an elaborate festoon across Jim's striped vest.

"Now, sir, go back and look at yourself in the glass!"

Jim and Maria and Jinny, the woman with the cake, the preacher and a long line of darkies followed to the mirror.

"Now, Mr. Fields," Blinky suggested laughingly, "tell the ladies and gentlemen what time it is by *your* watch and chain."

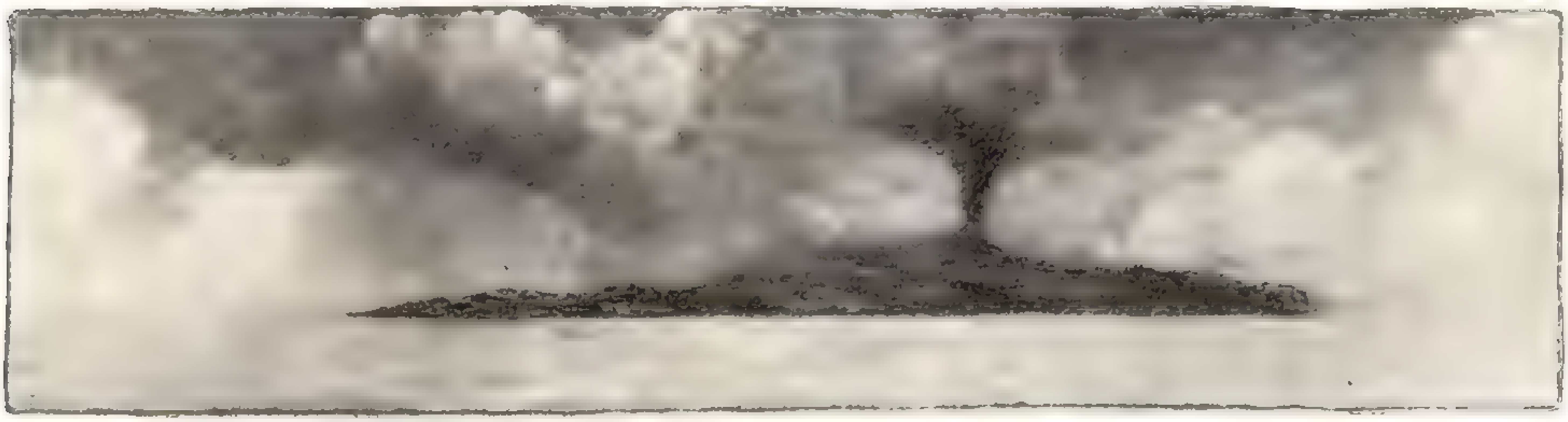
Jim fished out his watch and compared it with the clock. "Hit's adzackly fo'teen minutes to six."

"That's a fine watch, Jim; it runs neck and neck with that clock right now, without half trying; it will do a heap better than that after a reliable man like you wears it for a while and teaches it how to run. As I said before, you've got to *train* a watch like you train a dog. This last gone winter I bought a measly little hound pup for fo' bits — bought 'im on a speculation, and trained 'im myself. Then here comes a feller that wants a fox dog and gives me ten dollars cash for 'im — twenty times what I paid for the pup. You jes' try it with that watch, and see if you don't get sixty dollars for it before the year is out — and, remember, you are clearing two dollars on it, right at the start. Do you know the reason why colored people never have any money? They don't speculate, and you can't make money without you speculate."

Jim dangled the charm before the mirror and considered. "How much you say dat watch is wuth?"

(Continued on Page 26)

KRATALOA—By Edwin Balmer



The Lady of the Volcano and Her Courtship by Wireless

"SHE must answer! She must! We're well within the communication radius. She must answer now, unless ——" Harling wiped the sweat from his hands, and went at his key once more rather than say it.

"Kt!" the great spark roared. "Kt! Kt! K—T!"

He searched the tape of his automatic register nervously as the crashes behind him ceased, in case the first faint reply as we entered the Krataloa Observatory communication area had been lost in the detector.

I saw over his shoulder that it was blank, and pulled his chart away.

"Perhaps our position's wrong."

"No; we've passed Fanuala!" he answered almost angrily. "We should be opposite the Vavau group now; and there's Lette!" he pointed with bitter vindication. "She —— We must get her answer now, or ——"

"Kt!" the spark of our wireless jumped with its roar. "Kt!" it called. "Kt! Krataloa!" it steadied its roar.

Again the operator strained his ear over his detector and fingered his tape. But I did not watch him.

From the cone of Lette, across the clear forty miles of motionless Pacific, as we slowly put the old volcano abeam, there rose umbrella-like above it a thin, filmy parachute of steam, and suddenly, as I watched, a great black band shot through it from the cone, ribbed the steam through with its smoke and tethered it to the sea.

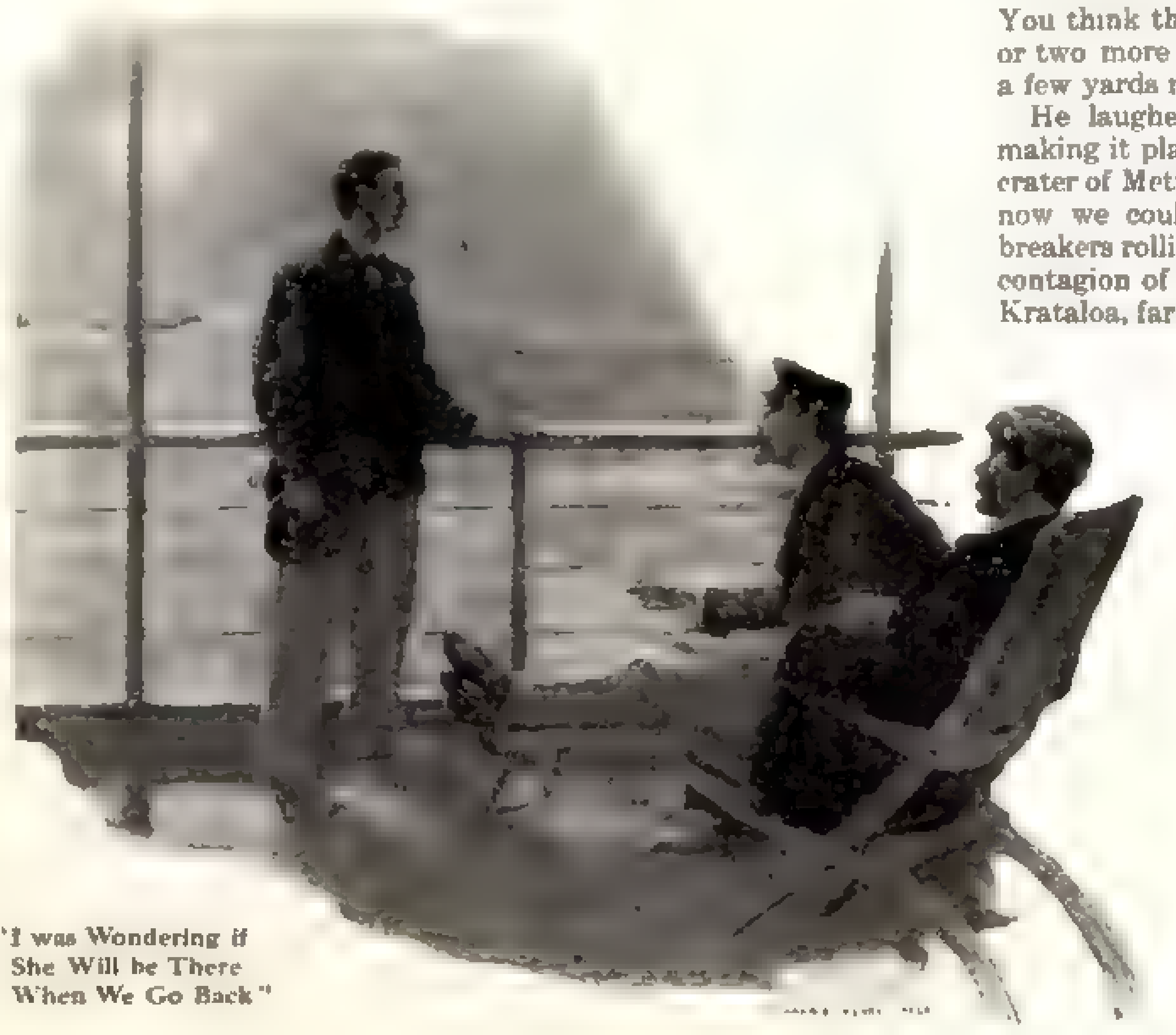
Twisting my powerful prismatics closer, I turned my glass ahead to where—far beyond Lette and on the farther side of Koa and Tofoa—the greatest of this trio of volcanoes, Krataloa, lay. At the eighty-odd-mile distance I could not yet see, of course, anything upon the sea-surface; but, as I strained the glass against the skyline, I saw, far to the south and west, the distant ghost of a white film cloud against the blue which ribbed itself black suddenly, as the hood of Lette at my side was ribbed.

"She's answered!" Harling's voice said tensely behind me before I could turn. "She's answered! Krataloa is in eruption!"

He was sitting at his detector, with the telephone receivers clamped over his ears, and the tape, which he had torn off, crumpled in his hand.

"Krataloa has been in eruption almost continuously since the Wellington passed, ten days ago, she says. But she says that she and her father are not yet in any especial danger—unusual danger, that is. The lava has forced them to move the observatory and all to better protection under the northwest arête and —— 'During the seven distinct eruptions since last report,'" he read the tape to me now as they came, "'great flows of lava have covered southern slope and diked back the sea. Emission steam and smoke almost constant, slightly increasing in explosive violence since third. Temperatures and magnetic' . . ."

We got her answer to our call at half-past nine. At eleven-fifteen Harling pushed his transcriptions from him and sank back. Lette, the first and faintest of that zone of volcanic disturbance, now scarcely steamed against the horizon astern. Coming abeam now, Tofoa, and ahead the monster column of Krataloa towered distinct in the sky. Harling drew his forearm over his eyes.



"I was Wondering if She Will be There When We Go Back"

"She says there's no danger." He stood beside me as I watched the rising column dividing the heavens ahead. "But something unusual has happened, and she's gone with her father to take temperatures on the other side."

He started as, under the glass, the black smoke column cracking the blue ahead, itself cracked and was shattered. Framed by the tatters of it, a great flash of red and yellow, in a hot, flaming flare, flickered up from the sea.

"*She's* under that!" the cry caught me up. "Look! It's ejecting again—and *she's* under that!"

I looked, and the natural spontaneity of his catch at my sleeve disarmed me and drew me toward him. It was — yes, it was as if she were real to him, as if she, who was in danger, were his. Then I remembered that he had never even seen her, and I drew back.

The variety of life is in nothing more infinite and ever new than in the causes and the ways and the means that man—and woman—find for falling in love. I knew that as well as Crassingway; yet when he had told me of way number infinite-and-one which this boy beside me had found, I had laughed at him for believing that Harling's concern could really be—love. And now, at my own first chance for observation, I found myself accepting it.

"She's under that!" Harling was iterating absently. He wet his lips and leaned a little nearer.

"Suppose—suppose I shall never see her!" He was appealing to me directly now. "Suppose ——"

I still kept silent. I had not doubted the reality of the girl, whom Crassingway had told me about, living in the Krataloa Observatory with her father. I had known of other fathers who risked their daughters' lives, as willingly and bravely as their own, in their different causes of science. Mostly they had been bacteriologists, chemists or wild-animal trainers. That this one was of the Royal Geological Society and experimented over the greatest crater in the South Seas, instead of over a Bunsen burner, was only an unimportant variant upon previous experience.

It was within experience, too, that young persons might very actually be in love with each other, though neither had ever met nor even seen the other. But those that I knew had had letters at least, and—most often—pictures or something tangible between them. I had heard once, indeed, of two who fell so really in love that they married upon no other knowledge of each other's personalities than that represented by the way they exchanged their daily dots and dashes over a wire. But the wire had at least kept them among those connected through the tangible; whereas here ——

"Suppose that lava stream she's gone to take the temperature of should turn suddenly"—the words were running on beside me—"or that some of that steam, which is shooting out harmlessly now, should get choked up in that cone a minute too long and blow the mountain's top off!—I know what Crassingway's told you!"—he turned upon me a little defiantly—"that I've never met her, seen her or heard from her—by letter, that is—or even seen her picture, or know anything much else about her than I know from this"—he patted his instrument gently. "So you don't think much of—of what I'm afraid of. You think I'm manufacturing all this for myself; that it can't mean anything more to me than—any one else. You know I've never been nearer her than forty miles—nearer than we pass this afternoon—so you wonder how *I* can care, how it would hit *me*, if the top of that volcano should go. You think the only thing I would miss would be an hour or two more each trip with no one 'in communication'—a few yards more of blank tape."

He laughed silently, and glanced about for way of making it plainest to me. On our port bow the old silent crater of Metis lifted slowly from the sea, and a little closer now we could see the flash and sparkle of the gentle breakers rolling over Home Shoal. And, as if catching the contagion of that great Pacific quiet, the smoke of angry Krataloa, far ahead, lifted lazily its broad band against the sky. Harling sat back.

"It was just here and just like this"—he looked about again. "Yes, Krataloa was going then, too, when she called me the first time. It was June 16—almost ten months ago. How do I know the date? Did I look it up afterward? I did not. I marked it *then* the same way I tore off this tape which recorded her, *then*."

He fumbled in his drawer and drew out a white strip. It was all fingered, but carefully smoothed, as I have seen much-read "first received" letters soiled, but smooth. I examined the marks making the "call" as I would the first words of such a letter shown me. After all, I reflected, these marks were hers and represented her individuality as truly as if she had written with the pen and ink held in her own fingers over the paper. Under the wonder of our "wireless," she—her touch—had guided and directed the strength and quality and every characteristic of those marks; and what difference in reality if she wrote from fifty miles from the paper or half an inch, or if the symbols she used were not the conventional letters? I suppose the first time one treasured our now ordinary "letters" for the expression of the personality of the writer, the more ignorant laughed at him.

"I tore this off then," Harling repeated, less defiantly now, as I laid down the strip, "for I knew I wanted it then—I didn't work it up afterward. I'm glad I knew nothing about her before—before I wanted to tear that off as soon as she called me. If I had heard about her and been thinking about her, I might have distrusted it—as I would have distrusted it if I had come to it after hearing about her. But it came to me all at once, the minute she called. She just hit *me*. And it's nothing that I could tell at once she was a girl calling. I could have told that of any girl; but that she was the kind of a girl that—that could pull me up. How do I know that she *is?*

"I saw a play once," he continued irrelevantly. He was watching the smoke column ahead and listening for the first quiver within his receptors. I knew that his mind only mechanically ran along the track I was guiding it. But from such running one often arrives most quickly, and I followed intently. "There was a man in the play—just an ordinary sort of young fellow like me. He was alone in his office when, by mistake, a girl rapped at his door; and just her rap pulled him up straight and seemed to send the blood through him. And somehow he wanted her just to rap again, and he waited till she did, and then he got up to answer, trembling all over. But she had found her mistake and was gone, and he didn't even see her. But when he went back, just her tap had meant *her* so much to him that he took down the telephone and canceled a date he had made to go out with some fellows that night; and a little later, when he reached down for the bottle in his drawer for a drink, he took it over, instead, and spilled it into the washbasin.

"The play was some sort of a psychological Ibsen or Shaw business, called Personality, or some such thing; and I remember at the time I thought there was *something* in it, but that it was overdone—absurd. Maybe I was thinking about that and that was on my mind, but that night, when I reached for the bottle in my cabin, I threw it out the port; and ever since, when I've been ashore I've been—maybe Crassingway's told you that. That's what convinced him. Did he? Well; but of course I had an advantage of the fellow in that play, for when I finally answered she had to stay right there and send in her reports, and then—well, it started then, and ever since ——

"When do I—or do I ever—expect to see her? Isn't she in danger?

"When her father set out they called it suicide, and one of the yellow papers even tried to publish a reason why he should want to kill himself. When he described his intentions and advertised for a companion, the Standard suggested that the Government teach wireless to some murderer under the death sentence and offer him the billet, so that Hadley could get a helper.

"He's one of the greatest of the great in the Royal Geological, I understand, and when they got up this newest theory about the earth and moon, and decided that the proof of it lay in the volcanoes of the South Seas, he made up his mind to prove it, and he chose Krataloa as, besides the biggest, the one most likely to give him data right away.

"The theory? You know they used to think that the moon was thrown off the earth when it was a big gas ball, as big as the present orbit of the moon; but recently they've discovered some law which makes them think it must once have been part of the earth when we were getting pretty solid, and that since it was thrown off it's gradually been getting farther away. Then they picked out this basin of the South Pacific as the most likely place for it to have been torn from. And the only way they can check it up now is to figure up consequent conditions under the crust here—its thickness, and so on—and then find out through the volcanoes whether it's so.

"When he started no one doubted the value of his living on Krataloa to find out, but only if he would ever have a chance to report what he'd find. That's what gave him the wireless idea. No boats stop at the Tongas, except five or six months apart; of course, there's no mail; but boats with wireless pass within fifty miles almost every ten days. He reports to them, and, no matter whether he may finally ever get off Krataloa himself, by the wireless he can beat the volcano out of anything he gets from it, if there's a boat anywhere within communication radius before he goes."

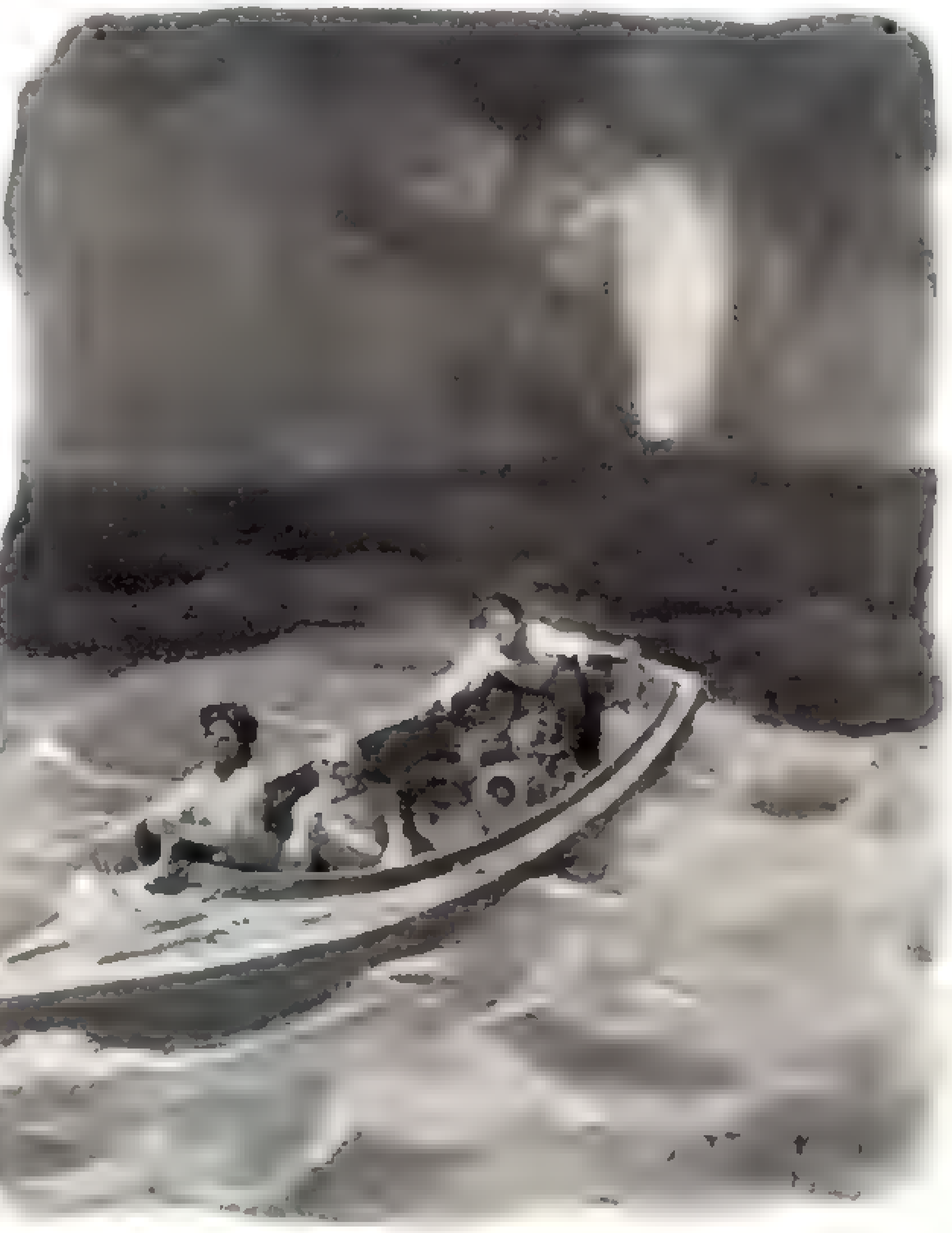
"You mean"—I leaned forward—"that he has taken his daughter and is going to stay by that crater till something happens, and is willing to kill her as well as himself to get out his reports by wireless?"

"Not exactly. But—he's an old man and a great scientist. He means to get off, of course; but if he couldn't, and he could find out something he wanted—I guess a fellow knowing all creation the way he does," Harling substituted, "maybe looks at himself, and even his daughter, in a little different perspective from us. And she—as far as I can make out—she has always stood by him and helped him and is necessary to him. If he went, she would have gone, anyway; so she learned wireless so no one else would have to go. There's a boat brings them supplies every four months, so they——

"The temperature of lava!" he cried crazily, of a sudden. His quick sigh of breath told the strain he had been under. "The temperature of lava!" he cried again, and I remembered. "She's sending it; so she's all right; she's all right!"

"That all she's sending?" I laughed.

"Oh, you needn't go," he called in his exhilaration after me, "unless you understand wireless!"



A Long, Lean Launch Leaped from the Darkness

"Individuality—personality!" Crassingway was saying. The great moon of the South Pacific and the Southern stars, strange to a Northern Hemispherer like me, had replaced the burning sun hours ago; and we leaned back with impunity upon the uncovered deck. Krataloa, whose cone we had made distinctly through our glasses at noon, had sunk into the sea again. Only far to the north now, where its cloud clotted the sky, a plot of the horizon stars were dimmed and blotted. "Anything that can in any way convey or reproduce it can cause love or the opposite. For instance—and not to re-illustrate the first—there's a fellow on the Wellington, their relief operator, whose character I know *and* hate, just from the way he sends.

"It isn't at all *what* he sends, because I've never exchanged a dash except what I had to. And, in wireless as sure as any other communication, it isn't what you communicate—it's how you communicate it. Of course, with Harling it's probably proceeded a little from the *how* into the *what*. But that Wellington man—I've never seen him; but I'd know him if I did, and punch his head. I would. I just know he's small. Personality ——"

He stopped abruptly. Harling stood over us.

"The eruption's over," he announced wearily.

Crassingway jumped up quickly.

"We won't lose her for maybe half an hour yet," Harling caught his chief, and I just got the words. "She wanted—she was willing to talk some more; but she must be tired. Make her rest. Yes;—that's why I left. She must need it. Yes; I'll turn in now."

But, nervously alert and wakeful for full two hours, while we spoke of everything else in the world—except what filled our minds, he sat there beside me. The moon was far down when at last, quiet and subdued, he arose and, with bared head, faced to the lonely, empty North.

His lips moved silently. Three words they seemed to repeat and over again. But when I moved:

"I was wondering if—if she will be there when we go back and if—if I shall ever see her."

I touched him as if accidentally as the ship lurched.

"Good-night," I muttered.

"Good-night." And then to the North, "Good-night!"

. . . . . .

From Auckland affairs took me to Christchurch and then across the Tasman Sea to Melbourne and Adelaide. It was three months before I returned to the North Island to use the return strip of my ticket—three months which the God, or Primal Energy, or the Whatever creates and changes, seemed to have appropriated for the making of minor alterations upon our planet.

Near Ceylon a small island was added; from the Moluccas report came that one had been taken away. All along the Pacific coast-line of the Americas seams were being taken in or let out. Here the incubus of a city had been leveled, there a coast-line raised; here the shore was indented and there a cape added. A river or two of the Andes changed course. Vesuvius gave the adjacent crust of Italy a fresh coating of lava and ashes; Kilauea, the Hawaiians a new deluge of volcanic mud. And from all the great Pacific basin, where—according to the newest theory—the tearing away of the matter to make the moon had left the crust of the earth weakest and thinnest, came reports of new soundings, new reefs to be added to charts and formerly well-determined rocks to be marked "Existence Doubtful." And in a score of mighty island-craters, cold and silent since the memory of men, great earthquakes and eruptions shattered the rocks, and, as the smoke shut off the sun, the fires from underneath flared up, till, in those lonely lands, the ten-year Christians renounced violently the new-preached God who punished by flame, and cried upon their deserted totems for preservation. And from the open, active craters . . .

Harling met me with tight-pressed lips. Eight days before, the New Zealand, southbound, had passed Krataloa, then in little more than ordinary eruption. Since, no other ship had passed, and, until we should enter their communication radius northbound, no man could know whether the observatory under the northwest arête still stood.

In shrieking, chattering flocks from the north the birds of the tiny islands, sea rocks and atolls, fled past us in spreading panic. Upon our rigging a half-hundred fat, clumsy boobies rested from their unaccustomed flight; and over them, unnoticing or unheeding, the preying frigate birds sped swiftly past. Then, high—high above us, where the thin veil-clouds floated in the uppermost currents of the air, the sky-mists became shredded and torn as the currents which twisted them bore them rapidly on; and, to fill in the vacuum far ahead where those higher currents were being made to rise, the breeze upon the sea-surface turned and followed us to the north. But all the time the ocean was calm, motionless.

High above the horizon and higher and spreading suddenly now as it lifted till it waved, fanlike, under the sun, a great black blotch of noonday dusk dimmed against the north. In a great, vaulted arch, it swept over us and covered us as we steamed swiftly under it, and the highest of the southbound currents blew it along. As it shadowed us, the exhausted boobies resting on our rails fluttered up quickly and were gone. Even the porpoises in the spray at our bow seemed to feel the danger toward which we were heading; with sudden, slanting ripple they turned and deserted.

Silently and unaccompanied now by living thing which could leave us, for an hour we steamed still farther under the great black screen; and now, as it dimmed the sun and thickened again, the mighty waving sky-fan had a handle, and we saw where it touched the sea!

"Krataloa! Yes!" Harling swept our weak denials away madly. "It's Krataloa!"

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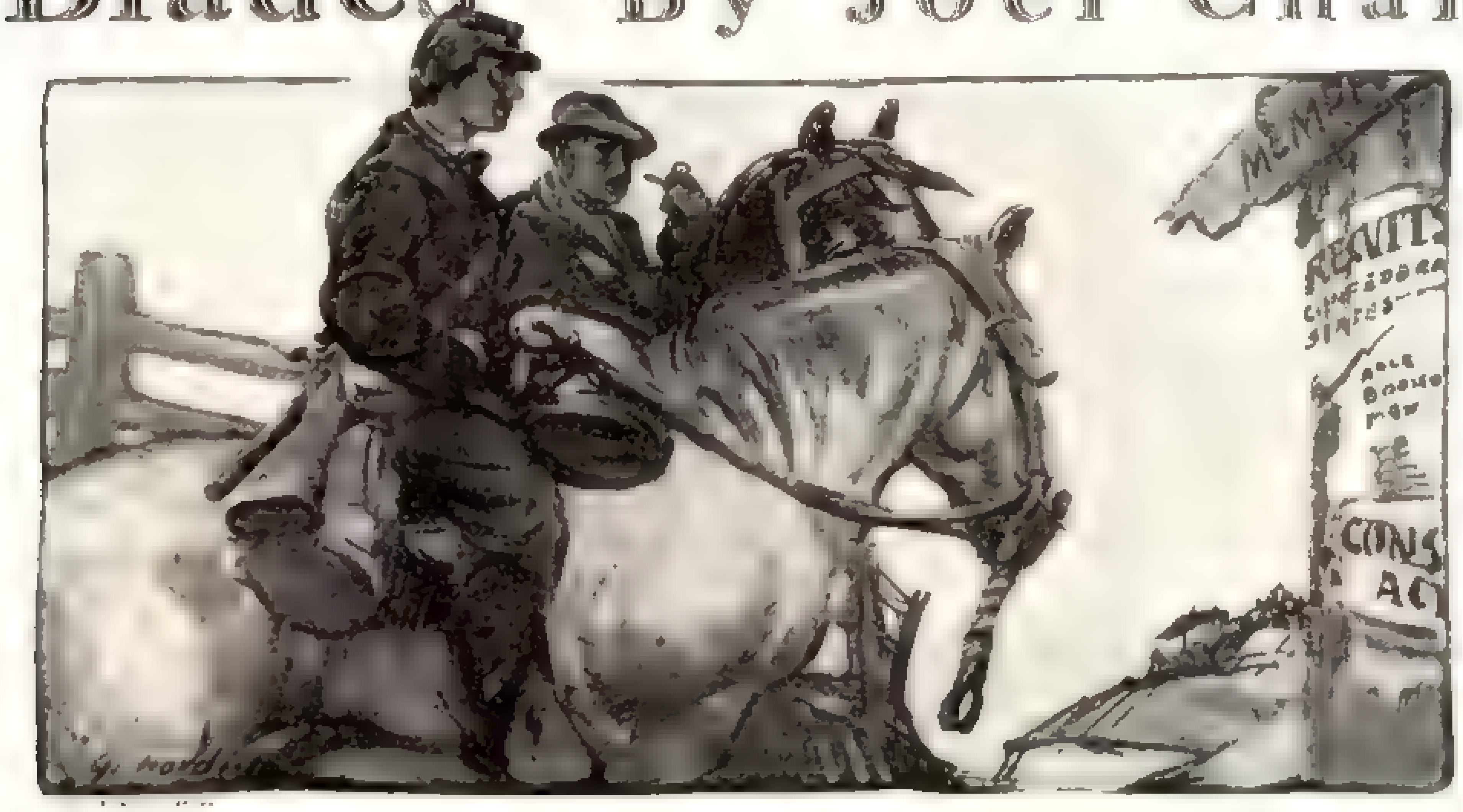
A Shadow Between His Shoulder-Blades—By Joel Chandler Harris



From the Reminiscences of Mr. Billy Sanders, of Georgia

> He rode for to ease his conscience, he rode for to rest his soul;
> He followed the flying heron where the Western clouds unroll,
> Till war spread out before him its black and smoking scroll.
>
> —*Herndon's Ballad of the Outrider.*

ONE of the pleasing features of Shady Dale was its wide streets. As Mr. Billy Sanders said, everybody had a chance to turn around twice without knocking the other fellow down. The wide streets were a part of the plans of Raleigh Clopton, the first settler, and they gave to the town a beauty and a charm that still survive. The streets being wide, the courthouse square must needs be spacious, and the restful perspective it offers to the eye is hardly duplicated in any other town.

The tavern faces the square, and its wide and inviting veranda is, perhaps, the most popular resort in the entire neighborhood, especially in warm weather. For a long time Mr. Billy Sanders has made it his headquarters, and this fact, no doubt, has added to its popularity. A visitor to the town was sitting on this veranda one day, listening to the entertaining conversation of Mr. Sanders, when a tall man, with gray hair, rode across the square and disappeared down one of the wide avenues that lead away from the centre of the town. Mounted as he was on a fine gray horse, and swaying to its motions as if he were a part of the creature, he presented a very picturesque figure to the eye of the stranger, who made haste to say as much.

"Thar ain't but one Wimberly Driscoll," Mr. Sanders replied, "an' that's him. It's a livin' wonder that his restlessness ain't eat him up or burnt him out long ago. He's got a plantation out here a mile or two, an' he runs it like it was a dry-goods store. They tell a tale about one er his great uncles that'll give you a better idee of Wimberly Driscoll than I can. They say he was a black-haired, gray-eyed man, jest like Wimberly. He was a missionary Baptist, an' he took his Bible an' a big walkin'-stick an' went out arter the heathen. They wanted to make hash of him when they fust seed him, but he jest backed up ag'in' a mud-shanty an' preached 'em a good strong sermon wi' his walkin'-cane. The Lord must 'a' been right wi' 'im, bekaze when he had whipped 'em out, an' got 'em kinder 'umble, he took 'em by the scruff of their necks an' soused 'em in a mud-puddle; an' then, wi' a stick in one hand and the Bible in the other, he made 'em kneel in pra'r an' give thanks for the'r conversion."

The visitor laughed at this method of converting the heathen, but Mr. Sanders pretended to be very solemn.

"That's Wimberly all over," he went on; "he runs his farm wi' a club an' the multiplication table, an' you can't git his han's away from 'im for love nor money. He's got ever'thing screwed up so tight that ef a spring was to break the whole county'd be kivvered wi' meat an' wheat an' lint cotton. A railroad agent come through here two or three year ago, an' tried to hire some of his han's to go to Massysip. The fust one he ax'd settled the whole business. 'Who? Me! No, suh! I don't want Mr. Driscoll ter be ridin' dat fur des fer me!' You'd think from that that they was all afear'd of him; but that ain't the feelin' they've got. You look like you mought be from Chicago? Oh, Ohio! Well, that lets you clean out, bekaze ef you hain't been a-livin' here all your life, I'll never be able for to tell you what I mean. All I can say is that Wimberly is Wimberly, an' ef he'd 'a' been any Wimblier I dunno what would 'a' happened. Ef anybody knows him, I reckon I oughter be the one, bekaze I made a little campaign wi' 'im that kinder turned my stomach ag'in' war."

"It must have been interesting," the stranger said.

"You could make your language twicet as hot," replied Mr. Sanders, "an' still it wouldn't be nigh warm enough. As long as me an' Wimberly Driscoll stay on top of the groun' you kin jest tell ever'body you meet that all the fools ain't dead yit. Fust an' fo'most, me an' him was put out of business about the same time, ef not the same day. He lost his right foot in Verginny, whilst he was caperin' about on the breastworks, an' I got plugged in the gizzard at the battle of Chickamauga. I felt like some un had hit me wi' a red-hot stove, an' then I dreamed that I had been curled up on account of a peck of green apples I eat when I was a boy. The green apple idee put me in mind of home, an' set me to honin' an' pinin' for the faces an' places I use to know. The doctors whetted the'r knives on the soles of the'r boots an' got the ball out'n my entra'ls. One on 'em was a ol' friend of mine, Doc. Dorrin'ton, an' he hustled about an' got me a furlough, an' home I come.

"I reckon the sight of home must 'a' been too much for my tender heart, bekaze I hadn't been here long before I keeled over an' went to bed good an' hard, wi' nothin' for to do but count the nail-holes in the ceiling, an' listen to the dogwood-bark tea a-zoonin' in my y'ears like a dozen ripe lady muskeeters a-cryin' for the'r true loves. Doc. Dorrin'ton got word of this at the front, an' stedder addin' a month or more to my furlough, he sent me a discharge. From the way it read, you'd 'a' thought that the whole Confederacy had come to the conclusion to secede from William H. Sanders, late of said Southern States. I took the blow as easy as I could; I said that ef Mr. Davis an' Giner'l Bragg could stan' it I could. I mought 'a' cried a little, but I took mighty good keer not to do it in public. It was what the gals an' boys that do our noveling call a secret grief, like a pot that biles over while the cook is out in the yard talkin' to your neighbor's gyard'ner.

"I got use to it arter a while, an', when I did, I got well, an' I hain't had a day's sickness from that time tell right now—an' ef I ain't much mistaken, it's mighty nigh half arter ten, in the year Eighteen Hunderd-an'-Close-at-Home."

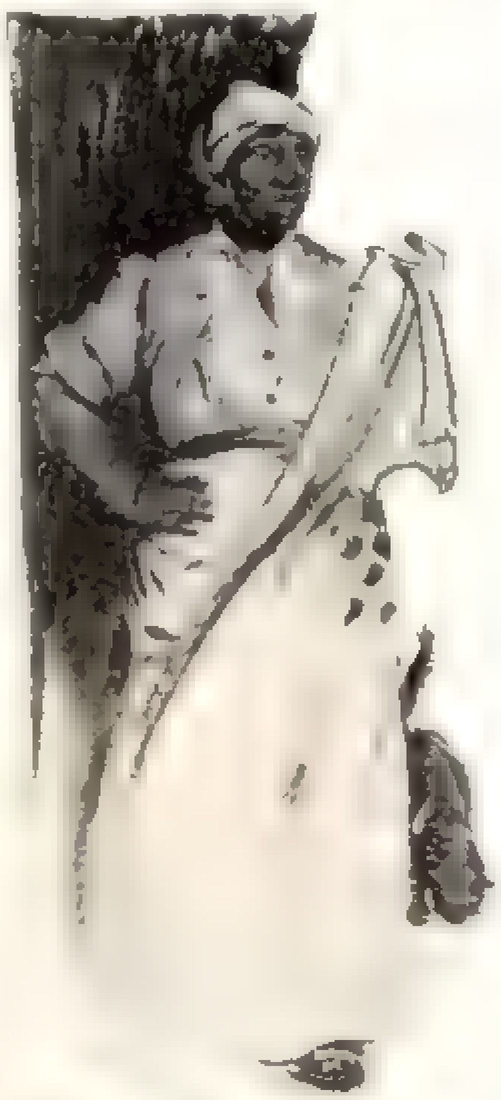
The stranger looked at Mr. Sanders curiously, but nothing but good humor shone in his blue eyes and beaming face.

"It don't take a discharged soldier long for to git well when he knows that the conscript officer can't lay hands on him, an' when they tol' me that Wimberly Driscoll was at home, sufferin' from the corns on the foot he left in Virginia, I went right off for to see ef I couldn't help him out.

"An' thar he was, frettin' like a colt wi' his head tied to a tree. I dunno ef you could call it a happy family, wi' ol' Mammy Kitty churnin' like she was mad, an' sloshin' the clabber out on the floor, an' ol' Jimmy Myrick a-takin' snuff an' sneezin', while his little fice dog scratched for fleas, hittin' his hocks on the floor like thar was somebody knockin' at the door in a hurry for to git in. I took in the whole business before ol' Jimmy could shuffle 'roun' an' git me a cheer, an' I laid off for to give Wimberly the best I had in my shop. I told him tales, an' jollied him wi' a mighty free han', an' in a little or no time some color show'd in his face, an' his gray eyes begun for to sparkle. You know how these dark-complected people do: when they git by themselves they drop down into the depths, an' they ain't no depth too deep for 'em. He forgot all about his foot in Virginia, an' he laughed so loud that ol' Jimmy Myrick couldn't set an' sleep in any comfort. He was constantly mumblin' to hisself, an' takin' snuff an' sneezin'. When I went to go Mammy Kitty holler'd at me: 'Don't stay 'way long, Marse Billy! Dat boy done laugh mo' dis day dan he laugh sence de war!'

"But Wimberly Driscoll got more restless ever' day that passed. He was head over heels in love wi' the Featherston gal—Margaret Featherston was her name—an' it looked like that this love had kinder struck in sorter like the measles when you ketch cold. It's a mighty good thing that it's a disease that ain't ketchin', bekaze I reckon I'd 'a' been gallopin' roun' the neighborhood on my all-fours an' barkin' at the moon. I tried redicule on him, but I jest mought as well 'a' flung warm bread at a hongry dog; an' the upshot of it was that he took a notion that he oughter hunt for service under Gener'l Forrest. I ast him for to let me go in his place, seein' as how I was a sound man. But that jest riled him. He said he'd be glad ef I went wi' 'im, but he wouldn't hang 'roun' here doin' nothin', not ef he was to git shot by the time he got out'n the yard.

"Well, we figger'd the matter out. He had a fine gray mar', an' I had the rackin' roan. Both on 'em had been hid out from the Government pressin' agent, an' thar wa'n't no better specimens of horse-flesh in the whole of our beloved Confederacy—an' that ain't no joke! A gal in a hammock wouldn't have no easier time than the right party on the rackin' roan, an' the gray mar' was jest as good. You may think it mighty funny, but, when a man's been to war, somethin' nice goes out'n him; he ain't the same; he gits oneasy, an' the Ol' Boy creeps up an' grips him in the neighborhood of his thinkin' machine. It's took me these many long years for to git rid of the feelin'.

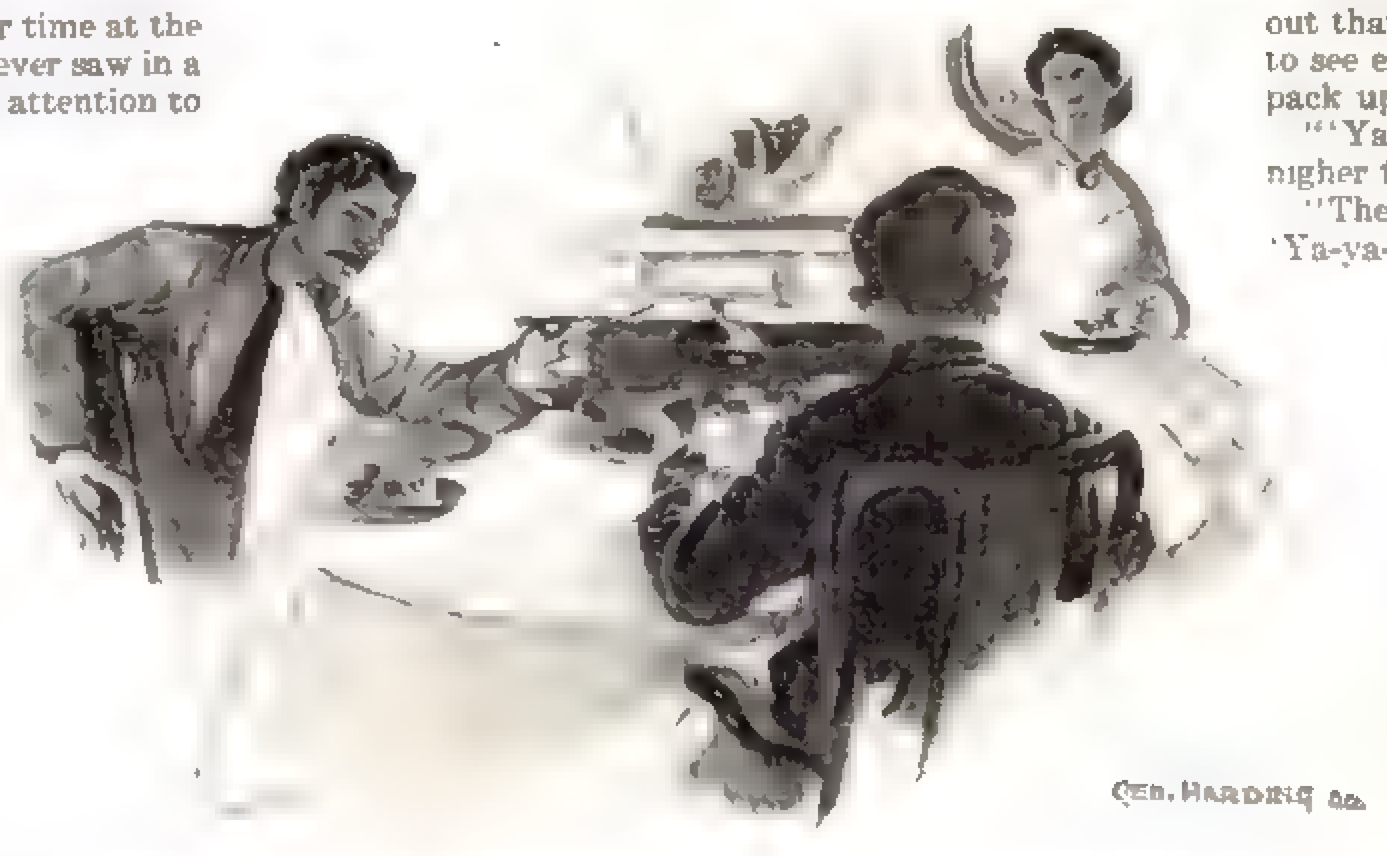


"You ain't Huntin' No Fightin'! Youer Huntin' Dat Gal"

"Wimberly had more trouble than I did when the time come to start. He had to deal wi' ol' Mammy Kitty, an' ef she didn't give him a dressin' down I'll never take another chaw of terbacker! He hadn't more'n got on the gray mar' before ol' Kitty opened up, an' she preached his funer'l, an' she preached it at the top of her voice. Ef one of you Northern fellers could 'a' heern 'er, you'd 'a' got a bran' new idee in regards to the oppressed colored people. She told him he looked mighty much like fightin' somebody. 'Don't wave yo' han' at me!' she squalled. 'Give yo' good-bys ter dem what want um. I know what you gwine atter; you ain't huntin' no fightin'! No' not you! Youer huntin' dat gal which her mammy took an tooken'd away fum here! I hope you'll fin' her, an' I hope she'll kick you higher dan de sky!'"

The stranger marveled at the ease with which Mr. Sanders brushed his own personality aside, and became, for a moment apparently, an old negro woman whose grief made her wild and vicious.

"She holler'd all this at the top of her voice, an' she kep' it up ontell she broke down an' boo-hooed. Then she started in ag'in, an', as fur as we could hear 'er, she was



"'Ef Them Yankees Didn't Fetch that Note, How Did Ol' Peter Git His Han's on It?'"

belittlin' an' abusin' the boy she had raised. It was all she could do, and she done like she had served her time at the trade. Driscoll has got the wust temper you ever saw in a white man, but he jest rode along an' paid no attention to Mammy Kitty, except to laugh when she said somethin' he know'd was the truth. 'I reckon, Mr. Sanders,' says he, 'that she's e'en about the only livin' human bein' in this worl' that really loves me. You know,' he says, 'the kinder love that makes anybody mad wi' you one minnit, an' cry for you the next, is the only sort that's wuth havin'.' I declar' to gracious, I was right sorry for the youngster, but I never let him know it. I jest give the roan a quarter of an inch more rein, an' we ambled down the big road, with a feelin' that we had the world an' a big part of the woods before us.

"But it wa'n't no purty figger that we cut. Wimberly had a crutch strapped 'longside his saddle; his uniform that had been so fine had faded so it had to be home-dyed—an' you know what that means. It was in two fast colors an' one that'd run. I had on a bran new suit er brown jeans, an' it belied me by makin' a country farmer out'n me. Arter the fust half-hour we took our time, an' let the creeturs foller the'r own notions. I was ridin' 'long lookin' at the roan's front feet, when, all of a sudden, Driscoll whirled in an' begun to swear like a trooper. 'Ef I had that ol' nigger 'oman here,' says he, 'I'd give her the wust frailin' that the ol' dickens ever got!' Wi' that he p'inted up the road, an' thar stood his fav'rite houn'. 'I made ol' Peter fasten that dog in the barn,' says he, 'an' now yonder he is! Ol' Mammy Kitty has turned him aloose jest for spite. Confound her old hide!'

"Sure enough, thar stood the dog. He didn't look gay, an' he didn't look glad. It looked like he had jest come out in the road a hunder'd or two yards ahead for to see how Wimberly would take it. His tail was hangin' down, an' appariently he was lookin' for a whippin'. Wimberly called 'im, but the tone of his voice didn't suit the dog; it looked like he know'd that, ef he come to the call, he'd be driv' back, an' so he jest turned into the woods ag'in an' bided his time. You neen' to tell me that a dog can't think, bekaze they kin; an' that houn' know'd jest as well as his master did that, ef he come when he was called, he'd git the word to go back, an' that was why he went away ahead before he showed hisself. Well, narry one on us could do anything but go on, an' go on we did.

"Thar's no call for you to believe it, but when we had got too fur for the dog to be driv' back, he j'ined the cavalrycade, lookin' mighty sheepish. Wimberly abused him as well as he could, but the dog know'd by the tone of his voice that he didn't mean it, an' wi' that he jumped up, kissed the gray mar' on the end of her nose, an' went sailin' up the road an' into the woods. He hadn't been gone long before we heern 'im tree a squirrel. Wimberly looked at me and laughed jest like a sixteen-year-old boy. We paid no attention to the dog, bekaze we couldn't lose him, not onless the creeturs we was ridin' took wings an' left the ground; all he had to do was to come back to the road, pick up the trail, an' make free wi' his knowledge; an' that's jest what he done. When he found out that we wa'n't on no huntin' expedition, he jest sobered up, an' trotted along at the gray mar's heels as tame as one of these chany fices that half-rich folks set in a cold place in the parlor.

"We fetched a snack of vittles along, an' when our shadders was at the'r shortest we stopped at a spring we know'd, an' tol' one another ever'thing we know'd about war an' peace, an' ol' line politics, when State rights was somethin' more than a headline in a weekly paper. An' then, when silence fell, as the poet says, we begun to inquire wharbouts we'd have our snugglin'-place for the night. Mind you, in camp we'd been sleepin' on the ground, wi' fence-rails for mattresses, an' the roof of creation for a kivver, an' here we was disputin' at whose door we'd knock.

"Wimberly was for ridin' straight ahead ontell late bedtime an' trust to luck. I know well that what you call luck is mighty nice when it comes off on time; but I'd lots ruther put my dependence on Providence an' common-sense. We made up our minds to stop at Lije Vinin's. Both on us know'd him an' his wife. Lije was e'en about my age, we'd been good frien's for I dunno how many year, an' Wimberly know'd 'im mighty nigh as well. We calcalated, goin' at the gait we was, that we'd land at Lije's private tavern somewhere in the neighborhood of supper-time, an' we ruther reckoned that we'd git a good one.

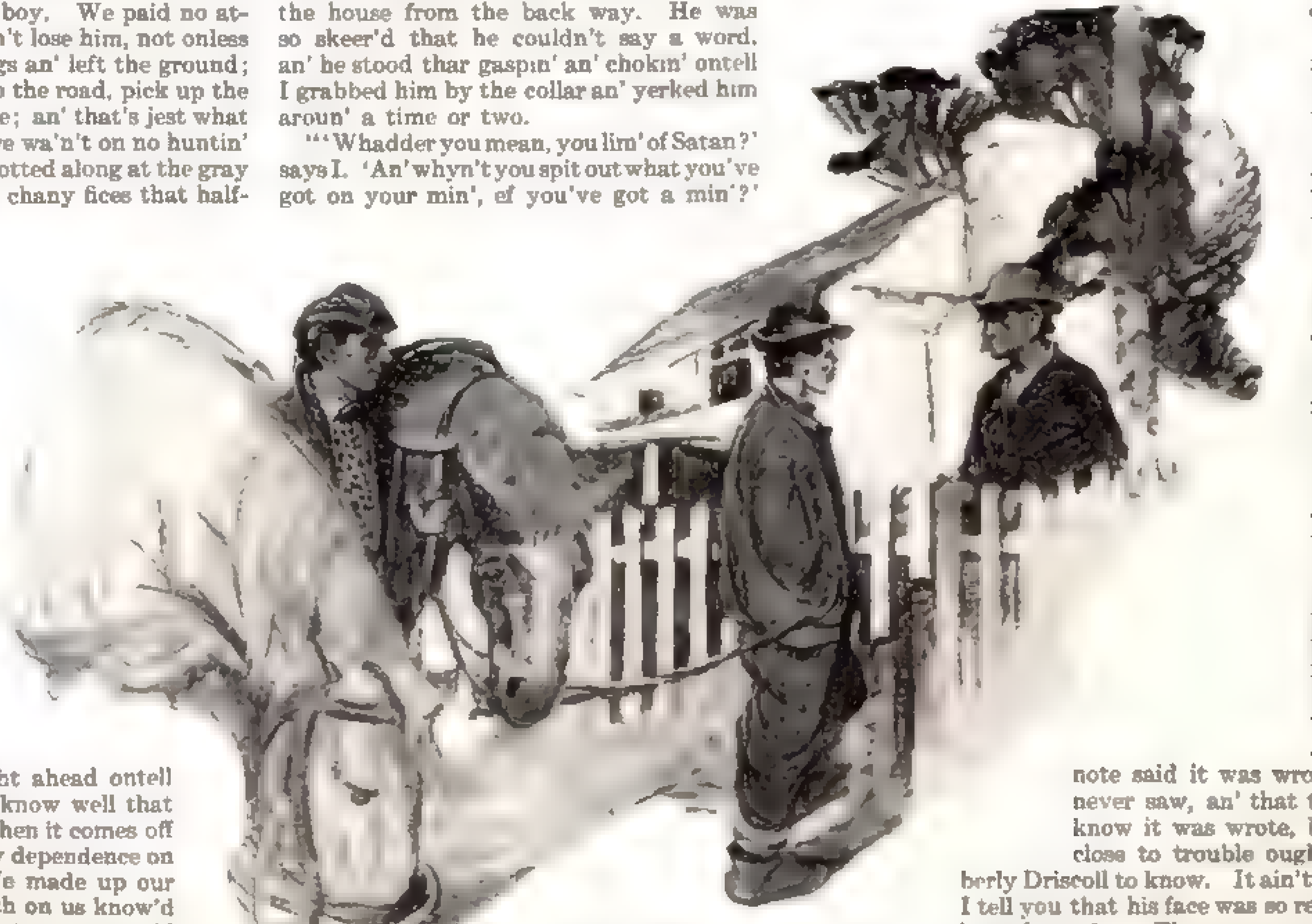
"Well, we come mighty nigh calcalatin' right, the diffunce bein' on the side of night when we thought it 'ud be early candlelight. We must 'a' loiter'd along, tellin' tales an' swappin' jokes. Anyhow, we come to Lije's big gate, it was dark, an' more'n than that, jest as we rid up the gate flew open an' three men rode out at a gallop, an' before we could git done dodgin' an' ketch our breath, here come another man ridin' a mule, an' it was all we could do to keep him from runnin' over us. It was dark, but not dark enough to shut out ever'thing, an' the rider that come mighty nigh runnin' over us was a nigger, an' he was a-ridin' a-straddle of a mule. I know'd the mule an' I know'd the nigger, but not a word did I say to Driscoll, who had all he could do to look arter the gray mar'. The three men that fust galloped out went the way that we was gwine, but the nigger an' the mule went the way we had jest come.

"I says to Wimberly: 'Didn't the gear of them men's horses rattle like they was soldiers?'

"Wimberly, he says: 'It certainly did, sence you've mentioned it.'

"We couldn't 'a' done anything onless we'd 'a' know'd they was comin'; we didn't have time for to tell 'em nuther howdy nor good-by. They whiffed past an' was gone. I could 'a' pulled the nigger off'n his mule, but I didn't have time for to make up my mind what to do. We stood thar wonderin' for quite a little spell, an' then we rode in. Somehow or nuther, it seemed to be my time for to knock at the door. I done it as perlitely as I could. Nobody didn't come, an', arter so long a time, I knocked ag'in, hittin' a louder whack, but still genteel. Presently, a nigger boy come slippin' aroun' the house from the back way. He was so skeer'd that he couldn't say a word, an' he stood thar gaspin' an' chokin' ontell I grabbed him by the collar an' yerked him aroun' a time or two.

"'Whadder you mean, you lim' of Satan?' says I. 'An' whyn't you spit out what you've got on your min', ef you've got a min'?'



"At One House Along the Way We Swapped the Rumor for a Drink of Water"

"The shakin' kinder fetched 'im to, an' he stuttered out that his mistiss had sent him aroun' the house for to see ef we was Yankees, an', ef we was, to tell us to pack up an' leave.

"'Yankees!' says I. 'Why, they ain't one on 'em nigher than a little ways this side of Chattanooga.'

"The nigger swelled up like he was gwine to bust: 'Ya-ya-yasser, dey is, kaze th'ee un um done took supper here, an' des now galloped off! I seed um wid my own eyeballs!' Then he told us that, ef we was anybody his mistiss know'd, we was to come aroun' the back way, bekaze she wouldn't open the front door for the Queen of England.

"Well, to the back we went, an' Mary Ann Vinin', the cook and the house gal was all huddled up in the kitchen mighty nigh skeer'd to death. They looked jest like thar had been a earthquake, an' they was lookin' for to be swaller'd up ever' minit.

"'Mary Ann,' says I, 'what in the world is the matter?'

"I'd been a-knowin' Mary Ann Vinin' a mighty long time, an' when she hearn my voice, an' come out whar she could see me, she jest fetched one squall: 'Oh, Mr. Sanders!'—an' fell over like she'd been blow'd down by a gust of wind. She wa'n't one of the faintin' kind, but she sighed herself to sleep that time. An' then, when she come to, an' had kinder ketched her breath a time or two, she was as mad as Tucker. Me an' Wimberly Driscoll didn't nigh believe that thar had been any Yankees aroun', an' this made her madder. You know when a 'oman reely gits mad she's wuss'n a shuck brier-bush with a hornet's nest in its bosom.

"Mary Ann was so mad that thar wa'n't nothin' too mean for her to say, especially as we was most like home-folks. Fust an' fo'most she believed that we was in cahoots wi' the Yankees that had skeer'd her; she was shore of it, bekaze one on 'em was Bushrod Claiborne, an' we all know'd him. Driscoll blushed an' I laughed, an' Mary Ann got madder. She know'd they was our partners, bekaze one on 'em fetched a note for Wimberly Driscoll, an', ef we didn't know nothin' about the Yankees, how was it that we come in so pat? She'd like to know that an' a heap of other things that looked mighty funny. Wi' that, the house gal up'd an' vowed that the Yankees didn't fetch that note.

"'Who, then?' says Mary Ann.

"'Unc. Peter Driscoll,' says the gal.

"'That's so,' says I, 'bekaze I seed ol' Peter ride through the gate on a mule, right arter the three men skipped.'

"'You didn't tell me,' says Driscoll, bridlin' up.

"'Why, no,' says I, 'for I wasn't quite certain an' shore, but I know now that the man on the mule was ol' Peter, an' nobody else.'

"'We left him at home,' says Wimberly, facin' me out.

"'I can't help that!' says I. 'Ol' Peter rode out right arter the three men, an' come mighty nigh runnin' over me.'

"'Well, where is the note?' says Wimberly. 'Thar must be some trouble at home.'

"'Here it is,' says Mary Ann, 'an' a mighty purty thing it is. Take it, an' le' me go wash my han's!'

"Well, the note was mighty funny lookin'. It had been handled in its journey ontell it was mighty nigh as black as the back of a cultivated fireplace. Wimberly took it an' turned it over in his han' like he was afeard it 'ud blow up an' singe his eyebrows. I can' rickerleck percisely the words, but the note said that, ef Wimberly Driscoll ever give a thought to Margaret Featherston, the time had done come for him to prove it. Then it went on to say that she was mighty close to trouble, an' mighty miser'ble. The note said it was wrote by one that Wimberly never saw, an' that the Featherston gal didn't know it was wrote, but the fact that she was close to trouble ought to be enough for Wimberly Driscoll to know. It ain't nothin' but the truth when I tell you that his face was so red it could 'a' tetched off a keg of powder. The note was a whole sheet of foolscap, folded, an' on a part of it somebody had wrote jest two words: 'Graylands, Memphis.' When they read that

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¶ President Roosevelt is Undoubtedly a Grave Menace to Business—Dishonesty

Who Gets the Long End?

THE president of a wonderful motor company has cause to complain of inequality before the law. This company owned a patent on "the most revolutionary mechanical invention of the age." Knowing the rapacity of capitalists, and having a well-founded suspicion that they would not touch the proposition with a ten-foot pole anyway, the company sold stock to the public, by newspaper advertisements, at twenty-five cents for each dollar share.

The usual post-mortem investigation by stockholders disclosed that, of $250,000 paid in, $200,000 had been expended for advertising and expenses, while the president had loaned himself $42,000 more. Dividing $250,000 of stock liability into $8000 of assets the stockholders got an answer which moved them to put the president in jail.

Yet it appeared on the face of the statement that he got barely eighteen per cent. of the receipts. His pals in the affair—the newspapers that published his advertisements—got eighty-two per cent.

Two hundred and fifty thousand goes into eight thousand .032 of once. And that fraction just about represents the average chance of getting back your money when you invest in a concern that sells stock by newspaper advertisement at a few cents on the dollar. The newspapers know this already; but they prefer to let foolish people with savings-bank accounts find it out by experience.

From the Lord of British Finance

THE radical sweep these days is tremendous. Lord Rothschild, as every one knows, is a hierarch of British finance. That term, we judge, would paralyze the most hopeful Socialist living. We doubt if Mr. Bryan could pronounce it three times in succession without turning pale and glassy-eyed.

Lord Rothschild has been discussing stock-market depression—which he attributes to governmental assaults upon capital in England and America—and he says: "We must admit that the manipulation of railroad stocks in the United States has not always been quite what it should have been; but this does not detract from the serious character of the President's campaign."

There you have it! Lord Rothschild himself, having in mind, no doubt, such matters as Gould's celebrated operations in Erie, Commodore Vanderbilt's copious watering of New York Central, and possibly even Mr. Harriman's Alton deal, says things have not always been quite what they should have been. In short, while justly reprehending the ruinous activities of the President, he as good as declares that American finance has, upon several occasions, drunk its tea out of the saucer!

We really are beginning to fear there is no genuine conservatism left in the world.

Textbook Democracy

THE singular fallacy that democracy consists in voting for as many office-holders as possible is probably the most formidable obstacle to good municipal government in the United States. One cannot fairly consider our system of governing cities of half a million inhabitants and upward without realizing that its good is quite as surprising as its bad.

It is a government by minor fractions. Nine-tenths of the legislative power is wielded by men who have no responsibility, expressed or implied, to nine-tenths of the people. Nobody has either complete authority or complete responsibility. Usually the people actually elect only one officer—the mayor—and vote for the others because some mysterious processes have put their names on the ticket.

Almost without exception government has been purest in its largest deposits—in President, governor and mayor, rather than in Congress, legislature and city council. Democracy means a government which responds to the will of the people. We have no doubt it would be more nearly attained in New York, Chicago and Philadelphia if the people elected just one officer, charging him with complete authority and complete responsibility.

But, as that would agree neither with the textbooks nor the purposes of those who find it profitable to keep politics as confusing as possible, probably the experiment will not be tried for some time.

Parcels Post and Small Retailer

THE express companies, unless we are mistaken, are not the cocks of the Senatorial walk they once were. We expect that the really important opposition to Postmaster-General Meyer's parcels-post proposal will come, not from them, but from the country merchants. Trade journals with extensive retail clientèles continue, in the main, to reflect hostility to the project.

Observing that the manufacturer, in favored lines, is spared the bother of competition by a forty-four per cent. tariff, the country retailer can hardly be blamed for asking the Government to maintain the wall that protects his own small preserve.

We doubt, however, that the country merchant really needs the preferential tax of high express rates, as much as we doubt that the manufacturer really needs the preferential tax of high tariff. What he does obviously need is better organization. The aggregate of the mail-order business, after all, is a bagatelle compared with the aggregate of his business. That the mail-order house buys cheaper is the result, simply, of a superior organization.

Already there are everywhere associations of retailers, but, in the main, they are no more than advisory and social. Collective buying is practically unknown. All the collectivity is on the other side.

If parcels post compels solidarity on the retailers' side it will simply bring them in line with the times. The advantages to the retailer of cheap and speedy country delivery, especially when telephones are so much in use on the farm, need not be pointed out.

Terrors of the Law

THE bandit Raisuli and the Government of King Edward, it is reported, have reached an agreement. In consideration of $150,000 cash, to be paid by the Government, and a promise of British protection for himself and his admirable family, the bandit will release his English captive, General MacLean.

Both Raisuli and Great Britain are to be complimented upon their good nature.

Coincidentally with the happy conclusion of these negotiations, as it happened, one clique of gamblers in Chicago gave public expression to its dissatisfaction with another clique for the thirteenth time by exploding a large dynamite bomb.

Like Raisuli, the gamblers are amiable.

In this, as in the twelve preceding explosions, they took much pains to avoid, as far as possible, killing and maiming innocent persons. In kindly deference to the nerves of chance passengers they sat up far into the morning, denying themselves Nature's sweet restorer, so that the streets might be practically empty when the bomb went off. Aside from some slight apprehension on the part of citizens residing in the neighborhood of gamblers, and one topographical error by which the bomb was unfortunately placed under the wrong house, the public has been very little inconvenienced. The police seem not to have been inconvenienced at all.

It is alleged that Socialism would speedily reduce humankind to one dead, law-bound uniformity. But the danger that society, whether in Morocco or Illinois, will become law-bound seems to us not of an imminent sort.

Currency and Makeshifts

A DECADE ago the National Bankers' Association recommended an elastic currency system. Since then the subject has been discussed wherever bankers have gathered, and the total output of speeches, resolutions and reports amounts, we judge, to several long tons. So far as we are able to see, however, an elastic currency is no nearer than it was ten years ago.

With infinite variation in details, all of the schemes propose that national banks shall be permitted to issue circulating notes based upon their general credit and not, as now, secured by deposit of Government bonds. In the schemes most generally favored this unsecured note issue is subject to a stiff tax, with the idea that thus it would be resorted to only in times of money stringency, and called in as soon as the pinch passed.

All of these schemes are recognized by those who speak with most authority as compromises and makeshifts. Our currency system is now a patchwork comprising a half-dozen kinds of legal-tender circulating notes. The elastic plan would put on another patch. Also, it would place in the hands of every national bank a power to expand the currency which admittedly might, in individual cases, be abused. The wisest currency-reform advocates say this is not the best solution, but the most expedient one, because Congress might pass an elastic currency bill, but would not, in view of popular prejudice, adopt the ideal plan of a central bank of issue, modeled upon the German Reischsbank and the Bank of France, with a majority of the directors of such a bank nominated by the Government.

We think they are mistaken. We do not believe there exists any such popular prejudice as they allege. On the contrary, the people, we think, would much rather lodge the important power to expand and contract the currency in a single institution controlled by the Government than lodge this same important power in 6544 private institutions.

Why not have the best? As this currency question continues to be discussed, we expect to hear more of a Government bank and less of makeshift elastic currency projects.

The Preacher's Pay

SEPARATION of church and State is admirable from every point of view except that of the minister.

At the Wisconsin Methodist Conference it was said that twenty pastors of that denomination in the State received less than four hundred dollars a year; fifty-seven not over six hundred; and that, while the cost of living had increased forty per cent., the preacher's pay had actually decreased.

In Indiana the average salary is said to be under seven hundred a year, with but a small raise of late years to offset much higher living expenses. In many other churches and other States a similar condition is found

Trying to meet expenses that have increased four-tenths with an income that has risen only one-tenth must tend to disturb the parson's sense of proportion. Considering social demands that are obligatory upon him, there are very few outside the slums who work closer to the bread line and have had less share in the country's enhanced prosperity than the country preacher.

He is, as a class, in the economically absurd position of offering his services for whatever the recipients choose to give. It is not so much a sign of religious decadence as of enduring human nature that they don't choose to give very much.

We should not quite like to see a trades union of ministers; but we do not think it would be spiritually less savory than the personal begging, the donation parties and so on by which the church committee seeks to coax from reluctant pockets enough money to overcome the perpetually-threatening salary deficit.

Crippling the Cripples

IN SEPTEMBER, 1902, a railroad employee in Michigan had both legs mangled while coupling cars. In February of the next year his attorneys commenced suit for damages.

The case was tried in October, a little over a year after the injury. The jury awarded fifteen thousand dollars damages. The railroad appealed to the Supreme Court, which tribunal, in March, 1904, remanded the case for new trial. This new trial was had in February, 1905, and the jury gave a verdict of twenty thousand dollars. Again the railroad appealed to the Supreme Court, which in May, 1906, again ordered a new trial. But on rehearing the Supreme Court changed its mind and affirmed the judgment of the lower court. Meanwhile, the railroad had been reorganized. So, in January, 1907, it was necessary to begin suit against its bondsmen to collect the judgment. In April, 1907, the trial jury gave judgment against the bondsmen, and the defendants promptly appealed to the Supreme Court.

Five years and one month after the injury this judgment was affirmed by the court of last resort, and the injured man sees some ground for hoping that, after the usual argument for a rehearing and appeal to the United States Supreme Court, he may receive enough money to pay his law expenses and have a little left.

The court records of every State in the Union are actually loaded with cases just like this. No more monstrous abuse of the forms of justice can be found in the world. The cynical brutality with which many railroads and mills habitually exhaust every resource of legal jugglery to thwart the man who establishes a claim against them for personal injury would disgust an honest pirate.

WALL-STREET MEN

Little Nature-Studies of Bulls and Bears

IN THE fierce storm of Wall Street the lightning does not always play about the same head. Mr. Harriman, for example, who never had his rods out, but who accidentally set off the liveliest bunch of pyrotechnics that ever illumined a financial holiday, is very glad, perhaps, that he can enjoy a temporary obscurity.

But as one figure passes from the centre of the shifting game there is always another to take his place in the spotlight, and just now it is August Belmont. He is entangled in that colossal New York traction fabric which is now in the throes of a merciless investigation.

All this has served to bring out once more the personality of a man who is, perhaps, the best known, and at the same time the least known, of the whole financial oligarchy. Although the great banking house which bears his name has for more than half a century figured in American finance, there is a curious lack of intimate personal knowledge about its present head. This seems something of an inconsistency, because Mr. Belmont, perhaps, more than any of his Wall-Street colleagues, is prominently identified with a variety of interests which figure frequently in the newspapers and which keep him, to a degree, in the public gaze. The world knows him as a resourceful financier, as a patron of sport and as a gentleman politician. You may see him presiding at a meeting, or, glass in hand, watching the thoroughbreds as they gallop down the stretch. Sometimes you may encounter him hurrying down the crowded streets.

No Welcome on the Belmont Doormat

BUT, with all this public presence, there has always been a certain aloofness about him. One good and sufficient reason for this is that the doormat in front of his office has never spelled "Welcome" to the interviewer and writer, and the real August Belmont, save to his intimates, has been a closed book.

It is a tradition in Wall Street that August Belmont is a very busy man. All the men of his class are. Sometimes they can't help it, because they are engrossed with the task of making money.

Behind the swift movement of Mr. Belmont's life and the many varied interests with which he is associated there is a definite, well-ordered system which makes him unique among his contemporaries. He had an inheritance of work and system. His father, the first August Belmont, served his apprenticeship under the Rothschilds of Germany, the master financial builders of the world. It was the pioneer Rothschild who once said, on being asked the secret of his amazing success: "I buy cheap and I sell dear."

August Belmont is busy because he does many things. If he told you how he managed to keep them all going you would learn that it was the result of a simple rule which he early laid down, and this rule is always to do the thing that is closest to him.

One of Mr. Belmont's cardinal business rules has been to never get behind with his correspondence, which is extremely large. It is the first thing that he tackles in the morning, and he usually sees it through before he gets at other things. No matter where he goes, his mail follows. This year, for example, he went to Europe, and, wherever he wandered, his mail always sought him out and was answered on the spot. When he goes away on a short trip, and happens to proceed directly to his home from the station, he finds a bag of mail awaiting to be disposed of.

In fact, system, and lots of it, lies behind all of Mr. Belmont's work. When he built and financed the New York Subway, which is the pet scheme of his whole financial career, he mastered every detail of its construction. Every contract was submitted to him; he checked every pay-roll, and he knew, from day to day, practically how every foot of its underground way was going.

This same plan of definite organization and familiarity with slightest detail he has applied to the sports which he has financed, to the artistic enterprises of which he has been a patron, and to the political game in which he has been, at various times, a significant factor.

Incidentally, Mr. Belmont has typified the man who has been able to serve both sport and business at the same time, but he has never permitted the sport to get the upper hand. Yet, for all that, he knows how to emancipate himself from that throbbing financial world in which he plays such a part.

Where the Belmonts Made Financial History

AUGUST BELMONT is a sturdy, bronzed, athletic-looking man, of medium height, whose face is beginning to show the lines that the Wall-Street game draws with its merciless fingers. He is not to-day exactly the August Belmont of the picture that you have so often seen in the magazines and the newspapers, for that shows as almost dapper looking. There is a deep seriousness in his eyes, and sometimes weariness, too.

His office, where so much financial history has been made – for it was his father's before him – is on the second floor of the building at 23 Nassau Street, which is really a wing of the Equitable Life Building. It is a very simple room, and not very large. The offices of many less pretentious men are bigger and more imposing.

At first glance you might think it was the office of a professional man, because on the walls are old prints of Dutch princes, given years ago to Mr. Belmont's father, who was Minister to The Hague. On a pedestal, at the right of the roll-top desk where the financier sits, is a bronze bust of the elder Belmont, executed by the sculptor Ward, who was his close friend. Over the mantel is a large portrait of August Belmont the First. Scattered around are pictures of various members of the Rothschild family. An old silhouette over the desk shows one of the Rothschilds pictured as a pillar of the London Stock Exchange. This print was discovered in an old shop in a Georgia town.

Mr. Belmont wastes no time. He talks in a low, even voice. He reduces his conversation to the fewest possible words. He lacks, in this respect, the rapid-fire quality which Mr. Harriman sometimes injects into his conversation. Nor has he the uncanny glamour which hangs about Mr. Harriman. You do not see in him, either, the dreamy look that occasionally lights up the grizzled face of James J. Hill. Yet when he talks of the things which lie close to him his voice quickens, and eagerness and enthusiasm are evident.

Mr. Belmont probably holds the Wall-Street record for diversity of interests. He is director in twenty-seven different institutions, ranging from the West Chester Racing Association, which built the Belmont Race-Track, to the Metropolitan Opera House.

How Morgan Rattled the Photographer

AS EVERYBODY in Wall Street knows, J. Pierpont Morgan is the most inaccessible man in the Street. It is hard enough for the newspaper man and the magazine writer, but when it comes to the photographer (except those who take snapshots on the street) there is absolutely no hope at all. But once upon a time a certain New York photographer, who was very persistent, did succeed in training his camera on Mr. Morgan, and this is the tale of it:

After nine months of patient waiting, correspondence and negotiations with secretaries, it was finally arranged that Mr. Morgan was to sit for a new photograph to replace that familiar one with the spreadeagle collar which has been worked overtime in every newspaper office in the country.

The day arrived and the photographer, with much trepidation, invaded the great man's lair. Even in his most amiable moods, Mr. Morgan is not lamblike. He is quick, often testy, and he moves about sometimes like a man escaping from a house on fire. The photographer had heard all about these various temperamental demonstrations, and he was nervous from the start. He hurriedly fixed his tripod, arranged his lenses, and, taking a quick look at Mr. Morgan, clicked the camera. Tremblingly he asked:

"May I take another?"

"Ugh," growled Mr. Morgan.

Once more the camera snapped. Suddenly Mr. Morgan became absorbed in thought for a moment and the photographer snapped again. The photographer then beat a very hasty retreat, trembling from a very bad case of rattles.

"But I've got a new picture of Morgan," he said, and he had visions of it adorning first pages everywhere. In the privacy of his dark-room he eagerly watched the negatives as they lay in the developing-tray. Then he gasped. He looked closely. Every plate was blank.

Rushing to his camera, he saw to his horror that in his badly rattled condition he had forgotten to open the shutter. There were no Morgan pictures, and the chance of a lifetime was gone.

Women in Wall Street

THERE was a time when the only women in Wall Street were the visitors and the few who ventured down with their savings to be shorn like ordinary lambs. To-day you will find them competing with men on the same equality of brains and shrewdness. Some of them have demonstrated the remarkable fact that they know how to keep secrets better than men.

One of the best known and most capable is Miss Katherine Harrison, who has been for some time the secretary of Henry H. Rogers. She is his confidante and knows, perhaps, more about his business affairs than any other person, including the Rogers lawyers.

No one has ever been able to see Mr. Rogers in business without seeing her first. She makes all his engagements and arranges practically all his time. She is more than a mere private secretary; she is an adviser. She receives a salary of ten thousand dollars a year.

Another one of the highest-paid women in Wall Street is Miss Giles, who is a cotton expert and who is in the employ of a large brokerage house. Her reports and forecasts affect the market and are eagerly awaited and read all over the country. Another woman has mastered the difficult technical details of foreign exchange and makes a specialty of this in a big banking house. She receives a salary of ten thousand dollars a year.

Several women fill the positions of cashier in Wall Street commission houses. This is a very responsible post, and requires a level head and much executive skill. One of these cashiers receives ten thousand dollars a year, while another is said to receive as much as fifteen thousand dollars a year.

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TAXES ON BONDS AND TAX EXEMPTIONS

IN ADVERTISEMENTS of certain issues of bonds, particularly those of the city of New York, you frequently see the phrases, "these bonds are tax exempt," or "tax-free bonds." They are sometimes used to commend the bond to the prospective buyer as being better than a bond which is subject to taxation. The questions, therefore, of taxes on bonds and tax exemption are of interest and importance to every investor.

But it is such a complicated and technical matter that seldom is it reduced to terms that the layman can understand. Some of the best lawyers in the United States have wrestled with these problems, because there has been, at various times, much litigation over the construction of the numerous tax laws as applied to bonds and stocks. The subject is all the more difficult because every State has its own tax laws, and since bonds issued by cities, communities and corporations of one State are frequently owned in another State with an entirely different set of laws governing their taxation, the tangle becomes all the harder to solve. In the present article, therefore, no attempt will be made to go into the purely technical phase of the subject. An effort will simply be made to point out the principal facts which should be part of the education of the average investor who owns bonds or stocks.

Taxes on Bonds

In the first place, taxes are levied or demanded by communities and States to get money to conduct the affairs of those communities and States. The more property you own the more taxes you pay, or are supposed to pay. Since bonds are a commodity and are included in what is known as personal property, they are, more or less, subject to taxation.

There are, fundamentally, two kinds of bonds: those that are taxable and those that are not. Practically the only kind of bonds that are absolutely and entirely exempt from taxation are the bonds issued by the United States Government, or guaranteed by the United States Government. These include the regular Government bonds, the bonds of the District of Columbia, and the bonds of our colonial possessions embracing the issues of Porto Rico, Hawaii and the Philippines.

The bonds subject to taxation include all the best-known types. There are many kinds of what might be called combinations affecting the taxes on bonds. For example, a certain municipal bond may be exempt—that is, free from city or county tax, but subject to a State tax; while another municipal bond may be exempt only from county tax, but must pay city and State tax.

As a rule, the bonds most likely to be exempt are State and municipal bonds, for the reason that the proceeds are used for public and civic work. Right here is one of the interesting complications. Take, for instance, one of the recent issues of New York City bonds which are tax exempt with the exception of a liability to be taxed by the State in case of some emergency. If you are a resident of New York City and own one of these bonds you may avail yourself of the tax exemption. But, if you should move to Ohio, then that bond would cease to be tax exempt and would, therefore, be subject to taxation under the laws of the State of Ohio, or whatever State you should happen to be living in.

In a general way this same thing happens with most other kinds of bonds that are tax exempt when owned in the State in which they are issued, but which become subject to taxation as soon as they are taken outside the borders of that State. The tax on bonds is not usually very large, but it is sometimes of sufficient extent to affect materially the yield on a bond. In the State of Pennsylvania, for example, the tax is four-tenths of one per cent. This would be four dollars on a par value of $1000. A bond in this State, which, without a tax, would yield six per cent., will yield, if the tax is paid, just 5.60 per cent.

Right here, however, comes a very important fact which affects the whole large subject of taxes on bonds, and it is this: a very small percentage of the taxes on bonds

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Will-O'-The-Wisp Clothes

By A. Frank Taylor

IN the bogs of Ireland is often seen a glimmering light which dances here and there -and—disappears when people try to reach it.

They call that light the "Will-O'-The-Wisp."

You chase your "Will-O'-The-Wisps" in this country, Mr. Reader.

For instance when you buy a suit—

Very often you think to get Style—Fit and Shape permanence in that Suit—

It looks Good the day you try it on—it Fits nicely—But when you've worn it a week or so—you find it a Will-O'-The-Wisp Suit.

The Shapeliness disappears—You have a Suit that has been improperly cut and tailored and that has had a Shape and Style merely pressed in temporarily by the Hot Flat Iron—Old Dr. Goose.

Isn't there some sign by which one can discriminate between Garments that act that way and those that Fit Well—Look Stylish and hold their Shape permanently?

There certainly is—and the easiest way to tell the difference is to see the label "Sincerity Clothes" in the Garment you buy.

For in "Sincerity Clothes" the Shape and Style and Fit are permanently tailored into each Garment—not merely pressed in temporarily.

It doesn't matter how much you wear them, "Sincerity Clothes" hold their Shape—their Style—as long as you'll want them to look right.

Yet they don't cost any more to buy than the ordinary—elusive "Will-O'-The-Wisp" style of a Garment that proves so disappointing.

Just see "Sincerity Clothes" at your better class Clothes Shop—see that the label below is in the next coat you buy.

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is really paid by the owners of these bonds. for the reason that there is considerable laxity in the enforcement of the laws governing bond taxation. To a certain degree, the tax on bonds is a moral obligation on the part of the owner of them. As already indicated, bonds become what is known as personal property and, as such, a list of them is supposed to be filed, in some sections of the United States, with the assessor of property in the county in which the owner lives. Nearly everybody knows that, save in the case of conscientious people, these schedules of property are seldom accurate. It is a well-known fact that, as a rule, the richer the man, the more anxious is he to evade taxation.

Frequently it happens that when people own bonds and file a list for taxation they only select those that are exempt from taxation. One reason why the trustees of estates and institutions buy tax-exempt bonds is that they are required by the court to file complete lists of their holdings, which consequently become part of the public record.

Since mortgages and bonds are closely allied (from the fact that some bonds are mortgages) it is interesting to see how the tax affects them. Take the case of New York. In this State, if the recording tax of one-half of one per cent. is paid when the mortgage is filed it is exempt from taxation. This applies to real-estate mortgages and also to the mortgages made by corporations of which bonds form a part. As a result of this law many corporation bonds in New York State are thus tax exempt, and the number will be increased as more corporations file mortgages and pay the recording tax.

In many States there is a tax on stocks. Where there is no such tax it results from the fact that stock represents a proportionate ownership of a property on which taxes have already been paid. In a great many legal cases where people have opposed the payment of taxes on bonds the claim has been made that, if the stock is a proportionate ownership, the bonds are, too.

The Various State Tax Laws

To sum up the various State laws as affecting the taxation of securities would mean to become involved in a maze of technicalities. Some of the most important, however, will be given.

In California the stocks of corporations organized and operating in that State are not taxable. Bonds are taxable except in the case of semi-public corporations. Bonds of California municipalities are tax exempt in every case. Stocks of corporations, organized under California laws but operating elsewhere, are not tax exempt. In the case of bank stocks the rate of assessment depends upon the market price of the stocks.

In Massachusetts the securities which are tax exempt are divided into three classes: First, bonds which are secured by a mortgage on real estate located in Massachusetts. There are very few issues of this kind, however. Second, stocks secured on real estate located and paying taxes in Massachusetts, and the stocks of public service corporations, foreign or domestic, which pay taxes on property in Massachusetts. This includes telegraph and telephone companies which have wires or other properties in the State. Third, stocks of companies organized under the laws of Massachusetts, but operating in other States. These companies, however, pay a tax on the stock. The exemption is for the investors who hold the stock.

The stock of Pennsylvania corporations is free from tax when in the hands of investors. The bonds of all corporations, whether organized in Pennsylvania or not, are taxable when owned by investors in that State, save when the company which issues the bonds agrees to pay the tax.

What is known as the Philadelphia plan means that the company which issues the bonds enters into an agreement with a trustee agreeing to pay to the trustee a sum of money equal to the tax on the bonds in the event that this tax is demanded by the authorities. This relieves the investor of the necessity of paying the tax. In Michigan all stocks of corporations organized under the laws of the State of Michigan are tax exempt in the hands of Michigan holders.

In Illinois, national bank stocks, Government bonds and the stocks of corporations organized under the laws of that State are tax exempt.

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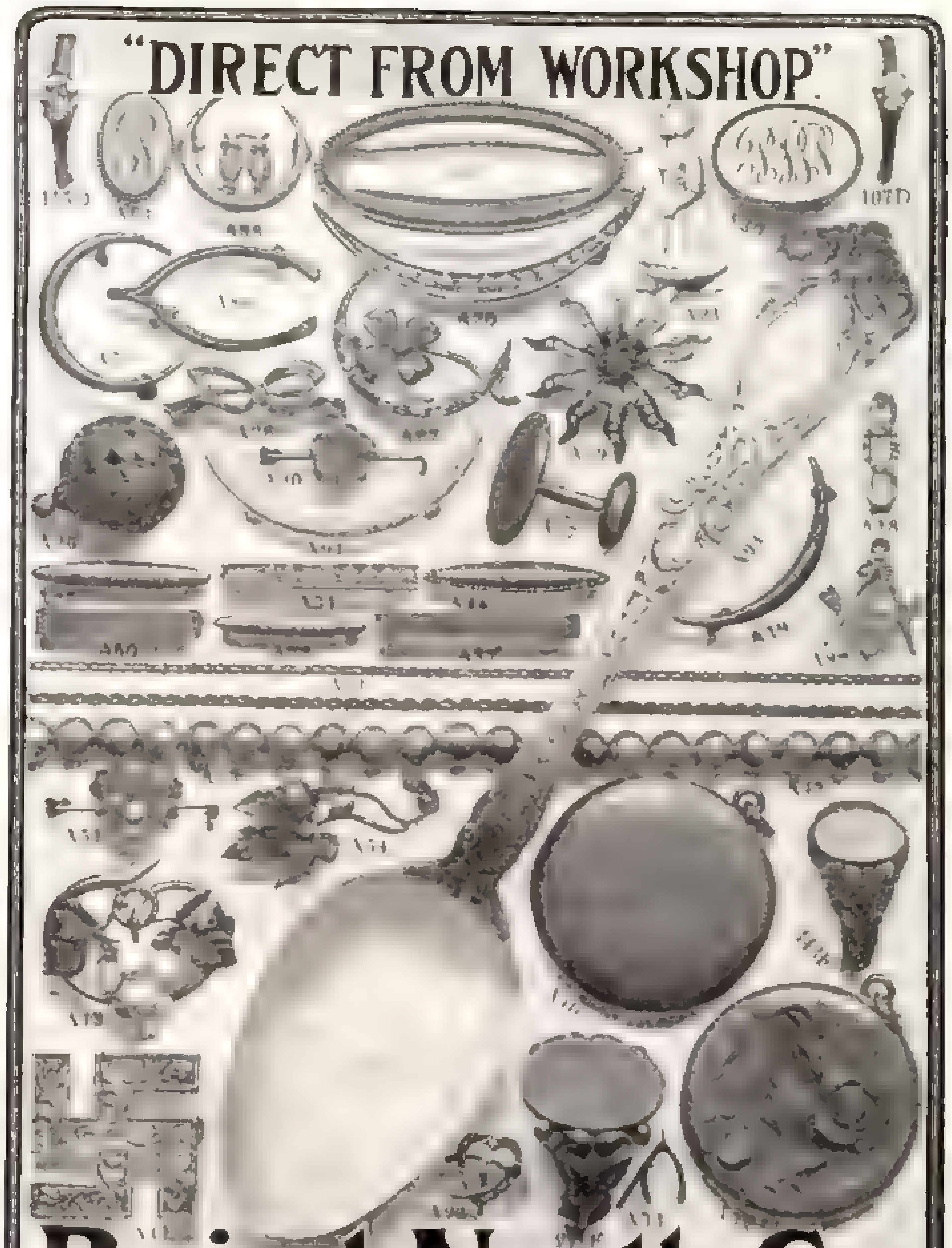

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KRATALOA

(Continued from Page 13)

"But she wouldn't stay that!" Crassingway pointed to the hell ahead and five hundred yards nearer each moment. "She wouldn't stay that!"

"Then what did you say it wasn't Krataloa for?" Harling flung back, and was gone.

I felt Crassingway draw a little nearer along the rail. A hundred miles ahead, or—as Tongatabu drew abeam—it might have been less, the great black pall which Krataloa raised and waved through all the sky above it thickened so that it now held not only the sun from shining through it, but glared and glinted underneath with great flickers and flares of its own upshooting red.

In the dead silence, as we slipped on under it, even to us there upon the highest deck forward of our wireless room, came the turn of our engines far below and the gentle splash of our cutwater as the ship stole on, all still and shivering in awe. That one could credit that a human being could have stayed over that Gehenna ——

"Cra-ash! Crash! Cra-ash! Crash!" the shock of the roar behind me spilled the question from my lips. "Cra-ash!" it cried. "Cra-ash! Crash! Cra-ash!"—and then dotting its demand quicker—"Ash! Cra-ash!" it roared.

"Kt! Kt! Krataloa! Krataloa!" it cried.

"He thinks—*you* think ——?" I sprang at Crassingway.

"Hush!" he silenced me. "We're well within communication radius, and if she ——"

"She's acknowledged! She stayed!" The cry caught us from behind and swung us about to the boy within. "She's staying!" It shrilled louder as Crassingway flung back the door. "Look!" He caught the tape and dashed it in proof before us. "'NZ. K. NZ. K'! She's acknowledged; she's acknowledged. She's—there!"

. . . .

"And now you will go?"

"On west, crater continues cracking toward sea; character eruption rapidly changing. Steam replacing smoke; apparently pent-up lava and ashes choking cone. Temperatures . . . please repeat lava, air temp. magnetic variations.—*You know I cannot.*"

"Lava 940 Cent. Air 128 Fahr. Mag. Var. thru 7 deg.—*Can you stay moment longer and not make it suicide?*"

"Opening toward sea continues; but fissure choking with lava as rapidly as opening; little water yet entering escaping through cone.—*Doesn't cause prevent it being suicide?*"

"Captain warns last time; must come off at once; safety passengers forbids standing by longer. You have no adequate cause; you are giving life without saving one."

"Magnetic disturbance swinging needle through arc thirty degrees. Seismograph indicates deeper subterranean disturbances. Barometer still steady, but temp. increasing to 134 Fahr. *Tell captain we do not require him stand in close; we are not coming off. But must stand in communication radius! I am saving my father's life!*"

"By staying? How?"

"Seismograph reads . . . *He is giving his life to this observation. I must stay here to save it to world. Only my staying keeps it from being suicide.*"

"We stand close hour longer, give you time reach us leaving at once. *Leave! But you? What can he prove worth your lives?*"

"Seismograph comparison clearly indicates . . . under crust. *Perhaps the secret of creation!*" The ring of it caught Harling up. *"Others have observed eruptions to this point, none beyond! Oh! the world is being laid open before us!"*

"Are you coming?"

"It is certain that extraordinary violence, such as destroyed Krakatau, 1883, as theory given out, did not originate interior. Parallel conditions developing here prove conclusively such great explosion must have originated from steam, sea getting in subterranean caldron opened by eruption. Crater here cracking to sea. If predicted violence occurs, and you have no further record, consider theory conclusively confirmed."

All the world knows Krakatau, the mightiest and most completely destructive eruption in historic times. Not only the mountain itself was swept away, but its tidal wave swept with it 30,000 from the shores of the crowded islands near by, and its volcanic dust, as the marvelous sunsets of 1883–86 attested to all the world, stayed in the air for three years.

"*You think*"—Harling made his dots and dashes of the roar speak like a tongue—*"that this is to parallel Krakatau, and you stay?"*

"Father wants acknowledgment message. *No; we are coming off.*"

"Ack . . . *Now?*"

"Banking upper fissures by lava and ashes choking steam is agent driving fissures lower. *Cannot tell when sea will get in, but father will not leave for hour, anyway.*"

"It may happen any moment?"

"Yes; so warn you stand farther out. Tidal wave surely follow. Not probable danger in open sea; but sure wreck shoals where now are. *Stand out open sea, north!*"

"You warn us and you ——"

"Seismograph . . . temperatures and magnet. . . . *We come soon as can.*"

"*You are coming soon as can?*" our spark roared back angrily, rebelliously.

Black and heavier black above us and dripping its black and red creation-dust and powder to make room in the crowded clouds above us for the hotter ash to float in, the red reflecting pall above us drooped and thickened. By the chronometer, under the electric bulb before us, I saw that it was not yet four o'clock in the afternoon, as I knew. But under that close, stifling cover only the flaring belch from the cone of Krataloa, fifteen miles across the dim gall-green sea, gave light other than our dynamos developed. Far—far to the north, where the clouds thinned closest, and, yes, in a far-away streak to the south also, out of which we had come, the distant glimmer and glint upon the ocean told us that the sun was still bright and high. But all between and about us, two hours before, had closed the choking and hell-lit midnight of Tophet.

As we turned our night-glasses again upon the flaming cone, we saw now, gouged green-gleaming against the base, the great recorded fissures, opening the volcano's side and cracking their way down to the water's edge.

Against the first lava-streams, steaming and hissing over the opposite slope to the sea, and against even the falling rocks and débris shot from the cone, they might think that the configuration of the northern arête, under which their observatory was hid and in whose cracks they had strung and protected their wireless aërials, might still save them. But against these new green cracks that suddenly gouged gaping beneath them ——

"You are not standing out! Warn again, tidal wave must wreck where are."

"You are not coming?"

"Sclengel wave recorder indicates . . . *In another half-hour may complete work. Father has waited all life for such opportunity. Already risked too much not to risk this little more. But you stand out!*"

"Have you no one to consider?"

"Seismograph and Sclengel recorder indicate . . . *No one except those he considers best by staying now.*"

"He must owe his safety to some one."

"Detonations in cone indicate . . . *He still hopes to escape, but if not, no one.*"

"Then you?"

". . . *I have no one.*"

"You mean you care for no one. Then consider those care for you!"

". . . rapidly increasing. Explosions . . ."

"Does that mean end near? Answer!"

"Seismograph . . . *Probably. There is no one.*"

"Leave at once. There is me!"

"Temperatures show . . . *What do you mean?*"

"You have me to consider! Leave at once! I command this!"

". . . Father will not. *You are absurd!*"

"Take boat and leave without him. He useless without you; he will go!"

"Not yet!"

"You must! You have me to consider; you must consider me!"

". . . *You are merely trying make me leave. It is absurd!*"

"It is not absurd. You know it! I ——"

"Cra-ash!" the coils cried commandingly behind him. "Cra-ash!" Harling's

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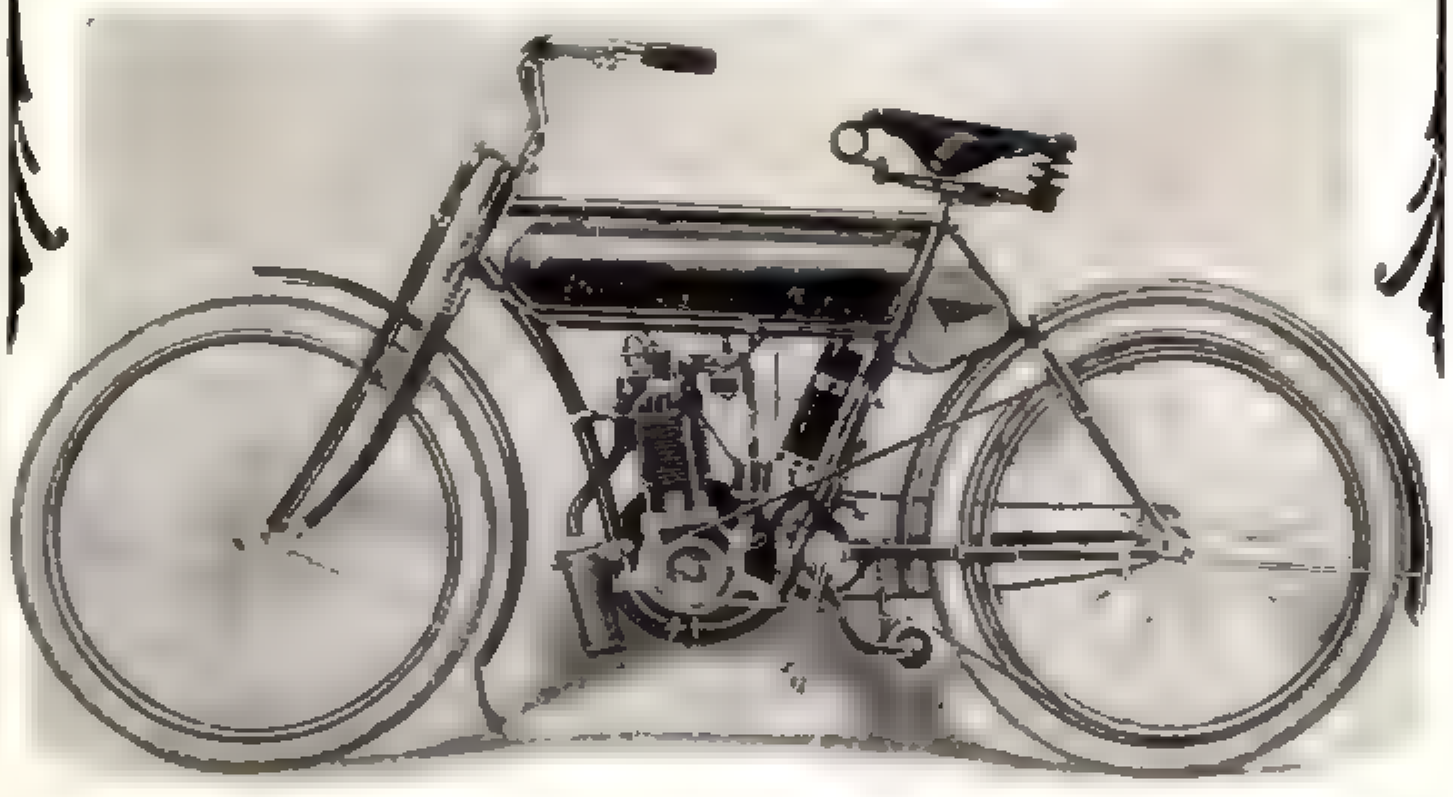


voice seemed to command. With a glance at Crassingway, as the image of the mountain in the window cast up redder against the sky, I took the moment to rise; but, with a quick clasp, Harling caught us both and pulled us down. As he went again at his key, it was as though to make us witnesses for the girl he had never seen that he was deadly in earnest.

"*. . . I love you and you love me! You know it is so! Leave at once! Leave at once!*"

"*Will leave in a moment!*" the answer relaxed the strain in the bent back beside me. "Keep searchlight toward us; steam north beyond shoals; we follow. *To you, I say it is absurd,*" the sending changed character again. "*I was lonely and did it for sport!*"

"*You mean you—did the same with the others?*"

"*Yes!*"

"*Leave!*"

"Father making final observation. *Want you understand I did it never thinking see you. Everything I did was in sport. Leaving in instant. Do you understand?*"

"*Understand!*"

I glanced at Crassingway, to make out his face, as, with resonators now silent, Harling sprang to the window. Crassingway's lips moved. I saw the nonacceptance upon his face, but could not catch what he whispered.

On the north of Krataloa, to which side we were now working, the showers of stones and ashes were quite perceptibly less. From that side where their boat was sheltered it was more than just possible that they might, with luck, get out to us safely. A moment before, when we had been waiting, I would have said that all—or at least the greater thing—I cared for was their safety. But, as I waited now and watched, I knew from what was gone from my concern that the greater thing was something else. Wondering at the strangeness of it, I turned absently to the now silent receptors; but Crassingway suddenly bent over them.

"Taaap!" they were calling to him. "Taap, taap!"

"'Father hurt!'" Harling now was spelling tensely, over me. "'Cannot get him to boat. He says certain sea must get in through lower fissures soon and destroy island. Wave must follow. You can do us no good. Stand out to open sea your only chance. Father now unconscious. No more!'"

"Captain!" the same voice which had been reading was now shouting through the bridge communicator. "We are warned again to stand to open sea, farther north. . . . *I want gasoline power-boat. I am going in to Krataloa!*"

"Fool!" Crassingway was holding him before him. "Are you going to add your suicide to theirs? Besides, she was only playing with you!" he jeered. "She was only playing with you!"

"*I* wasn't—with *her!*" He jerked himself free.

Yet Crassingway himself held me back as I tried to prevent; and, as we stood mute, we saw him gather two sailors without to help him at the davits. With a creak of the running-ropes, a splash and then the stuttering explosions of the gasoline engine, the launch shot from our side in a long ellipse and made for the red target-centre of the great cloud to the south.

I swung about to Crassingway then. He had left me and had reseated himself at the receptor. How long he had been there I did not know; but as I turned, "Look!" He pointed quietly to the tape, which was unrolling again from our automatic register.

"'A moment ago!'" I read it. "'I thought to see you soon. I could not admit it; but now—it was not absurd. I knew it was not. And it never was with any other as it was with you. I never spoke with them so; and—I meant it all. You were different with me from the first. I never was playing. I never thought of any one else as I thought of you. I thought sometimes it might have been the—same with you; and when you told me it was, I—could hardly deny it. But, I thought, would see you then. Can see your lights moving north, now, where you will be safe. End must come here soon, so I can say—I know it is so. I do. I do. I love you, and you love me. Tell me so again; tell me again!'"

"He!" our spark roared out its answer. Even to me, the unfamiliar, the change of the character of the sending as Crassingway sent his spark jumping across the gap, came like a shock. I thought of the girl waiting over the receptors; but—"He has gone to you in power-boat!" the message jumped along.

"*He has gone?*"

"Before your last message, he left ship!" Crassingway's spark roared back proudly. "Before—"

"*Before?*" the tape echoed back to us. "*Before?*"

. . . . .

North of Krataloa, thirty-two miles from its mighty lava dikes, where no reefs or rocks or shoals threaten, the New Zealand lay bow to the south and waited. Under the edge of the cloud which lay above us the sun had passed an hour ago; and true night, added to the other, spread over all the Pacific.

Toward the disturbance centre, now to the south, where the hotter air currents were rising, the breeze upon the sea-surface blew from stern to bow. Still the sea remained smooth. Under our keel we could feel it rise and fall gently and wash one way and then back again; but the surface was smooth. You roughen water in a basin by disturbing the water itself, Crassingway was explaining, not by tipping the basin. Then it only washes back and forth.

Four hours and a half we had waited. At quarter-past five, while we still sat at the wireless instruments, a single long "taaap"—a long dash upon the tape—had come. But whether, at that hour, the observatory on Krataloa had crushed under the débris, or Harling had weighed down the key for his flying signal—each hour only made it seem more the former cause. But still our searchlight flashed its beacon over all the blackness about; and still the scarlets and yellow of Krataloa flared back in defiance that the fire still kept back the sea and the crater was intact.

Stuttering and spluttering from the dim, dust-shot silence ahead, a long, lean launch leaped from the darkness into the glittering gray of our searchlight's glare. As its engines racked and coughed, a man, half naked and black, bent over them, and, at the crushed and smouldering bow, a girl bailed. Between them, under a tarpaulin, lay a tall form which roused and stirred as our light lashed it.

Again our searchlight shifted to hold them within its circle; and a score of our crew flung themselves into boats, and, catching the three from the wreck of their launch, bore them, unresisting and helpless, upon our deck. But, as they carried them on and prepared to take them below, even the injured figure wrapped in the tarpaulin resisted. Understanding, we brought them bandages and spirits and propped them at our bows.

As moment passed after moment, still the old scientist leaned forward the more intently, surer of his reward. But the two who waited behind him leaned back and away from each other.

Wrapping his coat closer about her, Crassingway leaned over the slender young form and spoke to her averted face.

"You haven't told him?" he demanded indignantly. "You haven't told him?"

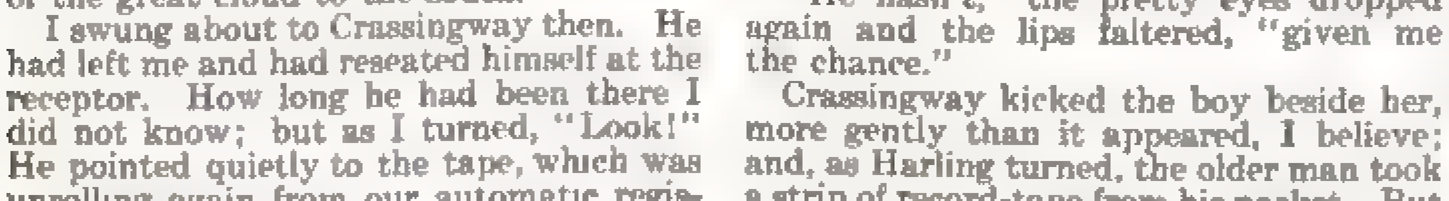
"He hasn't," the pretty eyes dropped again and the lips faltered, "given me the chance."

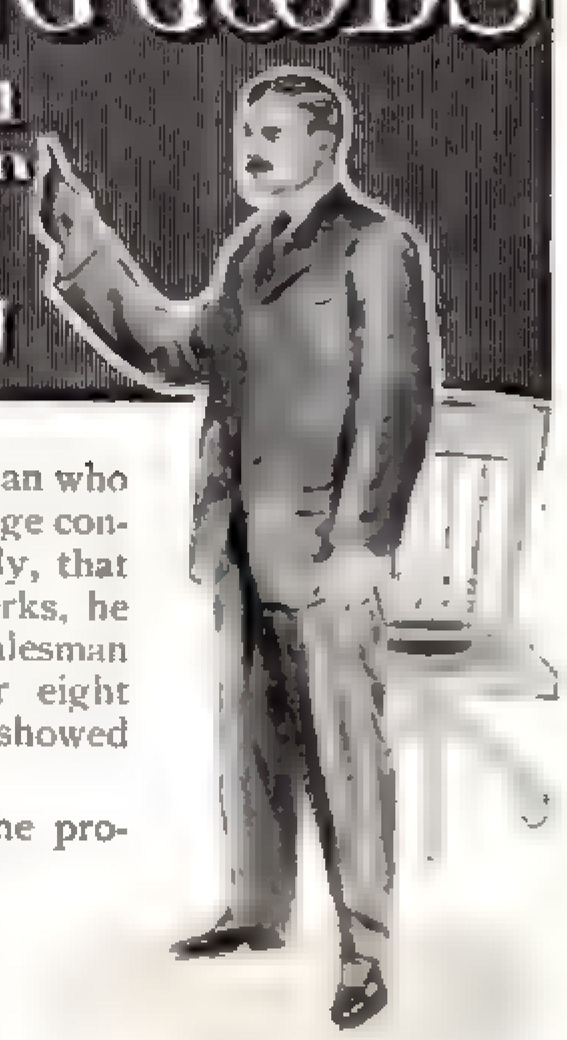
Crassingway kicked the boy beside her, more gently than it appeared, I believe; and, as Harling turned, the older man took a strip of record-tape from his pocket. But the girl, with a flush, was quicker and snatched it away.

"Tell him with your lips, then!" Crassingway grunted.

And then she told him, but the way she told it, no sound—no, not even the world's detonation and the reverberations which carried off an island and spread it for over twice its area upon the Pacific bottom and cast up from the sea two others in its place—could deaden or destroy.

"But that," Crassingway pointed, when the world ahead was black once more, and the shatter of the sound had traveled on—"that, after all, is only mere geological creation. These two love each other!"





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A Shadow Between His Shoulder-Blades

(Continued from Page 16)

out, I says, 'Ef that ain't in the Union lines you kin shoot me wi' the fust pop-gun you find in the road.'

"'That's where her cousin lives,' says Wimberly; 'that's where she went when she left Shady Dale'—an' he looked like a man in a dream.

"By that time Mary Ann had kinder cooled off—no 'oman kin keep her dander up long at a time when she gits a whiff of somethin' that looks like love, e'en ef it's no more than the ghost on it. Says Mary Ann, chokin' her errytation: 'Don't you remember, Wimberly, how you an' Margaret use to spend your Saturday holidays at my house? You know you do! Why, you an' Margaret use to be mighty fond of one another—don't deny it!'"

Mr. Sanders threw his head back with a simpering smile that convulsed the stranger and others who had gradually come forward to hear what new yarn the old Georgian was spinning.

"Wimberly didn't deny it, an' Mary Ann made a big flutter over the whole business. He didn't have much to say, an' I ruther got the idee from the way he done that thar had been some kind of a misunderstandin' betwixt um while Wimberly was at college—one of them kind of misunderstandin's that a fly couldn't light on. Arter a while we mosied off to bed, bekaze we had to make a soon start the next mornin'. The stutterin' boy called us, an' we had to eat breakfus by candlelight. Soon as it was, Mary Ann was up

"'Wimberly,' says she, 'I dremp about you last night—you an' Margaret Featherston—an' I didn't see no harm come to you in my dreams. But thar's one question I want to ast you: Ef them Yankees didn't fetch that note, how did ol' Peter git his han's on it? Now, ef you'll tell me that, I'll not pester you no more. Whar in the roun' world did ol' Peter git hold of it?'

"Wimberly shuck his head.

"Says I: 'It's as easy as a featherbed. It started wi' a nigger in Tennessee, an' it passed from han' to han' ontell it come to Peter, an' he, hearin' us say we'd likely stop at your house, got a mule, cut through by the plantation roads an' beat us.'

"We took to the road—gun, crutch, hosses an' houn'—not much of a army, but a right smart of a scoutin' party. We took our time, but thar wa'n't no jokin' done. Wimberly Driscoll was broodin' over somethin', an' I wa'n't feelin' peart enough for to laugh ef we'd a met a funer'l percession. The fust house we come to, the childern was settin' on the fence like they was watchin' for somethin', an' as soon as they seed us they tumbled off like some un had flung a stick at 'em, an' run in the house, hollerin': 'Run, Pap! Run, Ma! The Yankees is comin'!' I know'd by that that somethin' had happened, an' I felt bound for to find out what it was. My folks allers tol' me that cur'osity would be the death of me, an' I reckon it will; but that didn't cut no figger in them days. So I spurred up the rackin' roan, an' rid in for to see what the trouble could be. I went in sech a hurry that I caught sight of the 'oman runnin' to'rds a pine thicket for dear life. It was Betsey Dillard, an' I holler'd at her, callin' her name, an' she stopped, an' come back, lookin' purty hot in the neighborhood of the place whar the dewlap says howdy to the neck.

"'What in the world?' says I.

"'You may well sesso,' says she, 'ef you was in my place an' weighed three hunderd pounds. Why, I've been ready to run for the thicket any minnit sence yistiddy arternoon, when a passel of Yankees come ridin' by, an' made me give 'em some buttermilk.'

"'Yankees?' says I.

"'Yes, indeed,' says she, 'an' a whole passel on 'em at that. They was a part of Wilson's raiders. I dunno what damage they done, an' I thank the Lord that they ain't burnt us out'n house an' home!'

"Now, all that was news to me, but my mind went back to what Mary Ann Vinin' said about Bushrod Claiborne.

"Claiborne was a gentleman hoss-drover, an' he use to come to Shady Dale ever' season. He was some kin to Margaret Featherston—a long way off, I reckon—an' he made use of that fact for to kinder drap his wing at 'er, an' it got so that people said he was dead in love wi' 'er. When it come to that, purty nigh all the boys in the town was in the same fix,

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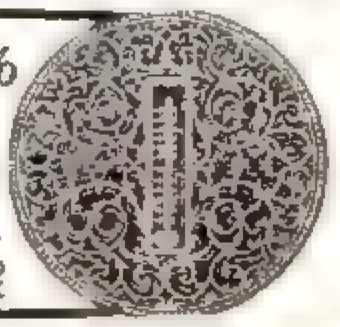

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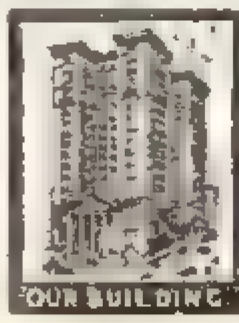

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includin' Wimberly Driscoll, Esq., an' et cetery. I reckon Bushrod was the fust man that ever got Wimberly's dander up. He bought the mammy of the mar' he was ridin' from Bushrod, an' when he come south the next season he claimed to have a sheer in the foal she'd dropped. Along about that time Wimberly wa'n't nothin' but a boy nohow, he wa'n't out'n his teens; but when Claiborne made that claim in a crowd, he jest up an' told 'im what he thought on him. He called him ever' name he could think of, an' when Claiborne said somethin' about boys—when he said he didn't fight childern—why, I jest put in an' ast 'im ef he had any objection to mixin' up wi' a man a leetle older than he was. He ain't answered me to this day. He jest growled out somethin' an' slunk off. That was jest before the war fever begun to make the fellers beller for blood, an' I don't believe I laid eyes on Bushrod ontell he come through our town on his way to Richmond, as he said, for to j'ine his fortunes wi' the fortunes of the Confederacy, an' now here he was runnin' wi' the enemy.

"Says I to Wimberly Driscoll: 'Brace up, my son; we'll have to deal wi' Bushrod Claiborne before we're done wi' this business.'

"Wimberly looked at me jest like a man wakin' up; says he: 'What I'm a-gwine to do is to offer my services to Forrest.'

"'Toobly shore!' says I; 'but all the same, you've got Memphis wrote on your manly forrerd, an' I dunno but what I'm in the same fix. I can tell you what the trouble is: the Memphis Featherston is for the Union, an' the Georgia Featherston is for the Confederacy. Olivia Featherston, who come after Margaret and her mammy, is the daughter of the man we used to call the Kentucky Featherston. He was a red an' ripe Clay man, an' had made hisself so prominent in the political lodge that he took the degree of Colonel. Olivia, his daughter, was left by herself when the Colonel died, an' that's the reason she tolled the Georgia Featherston up thar. She's twenty-eight year old, an' she'd be a ol' maid ef she wa'n't so fresh-lookin'.'

"At that, Wimberly begun for to git jealous. Says he:

"'How do you know all that?'

"Says I: 'I have come to the time of life when it'd be as easy for me to be a ol' 'oman as it is to be a man. Sech bein' the case, why ax me whar I got my information?'"

By this time Mr. Sanders had an audience of at least a dozen people.

"Well," he went on, turning to the stranger, "bimeby we come to whar we could hear gossip about Gener'l Forrest. A ol' man, a 'oman an' a whole passel of childern passed us on the road. Ever' time we'd ax a question the 'oman would bust out cryin' an' say that Gener'l Forrest was dead wi' the lockjaw on account of a wound in his foot. An' from that time on the big road an' the by-paths was constantly full of folks tryin' to git to some place whar they couldn't smell powder. That was a new side of war to me, an' I never could git used to it. The rumor that Forrest was dead didn't add nothin' to our appetites, but we made the best out'n it we could.

"At one house along the way we swapped the rumor for a drink of water. A young an' good-lookin' 'oman was settin' on the doorstep watchin' the capers of a two-year-old toddler, an' she was so mad when she heern the news that ef she'd 'a' been a man she'd 'a' cussed. She made denial of it so quick an' hard that ef I hadn't 'a' been on horseback I'd 'a' dodged. Then she made denial of it ag'in an' bust out cryin'.

"'It ain't so,' says she. 'It's a lie, I don't keer who tells it! It ain't in natur' that he's dead—he's got too much to do, too much to live for.'

"Then a man wi' gray ha'r come to the door of the cabin. Says he:

"'What ye whinin' about, honey? What's the men said to ye? The Gener'l dead! Shoo! you can't make me believe that ontell I see 'im on his coolin' board. The good Lord ain't gwine to make Bush Claiborne that happy in this world!'

"Says I: 'Then you know Bushrod Claiborne?'

"The old man snapped back at me like a rattlesnake: 'Well, I reckon we know 'im. You see that young un out thar? Well, that's how much we know 'im!'

"'But, pap,' says the gal, 'he's comin' back; he said he would; I jest know he is.'

"The ol' feller growled at 'er jest like a dog does when he's about to bite. Ef ever I seed vengeance in a man's eye I seed it then.

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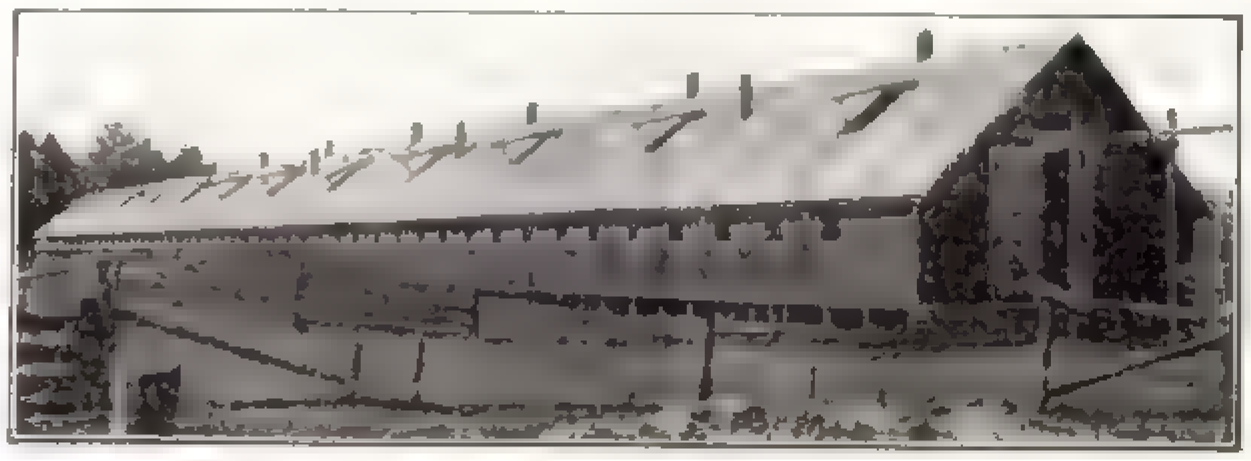

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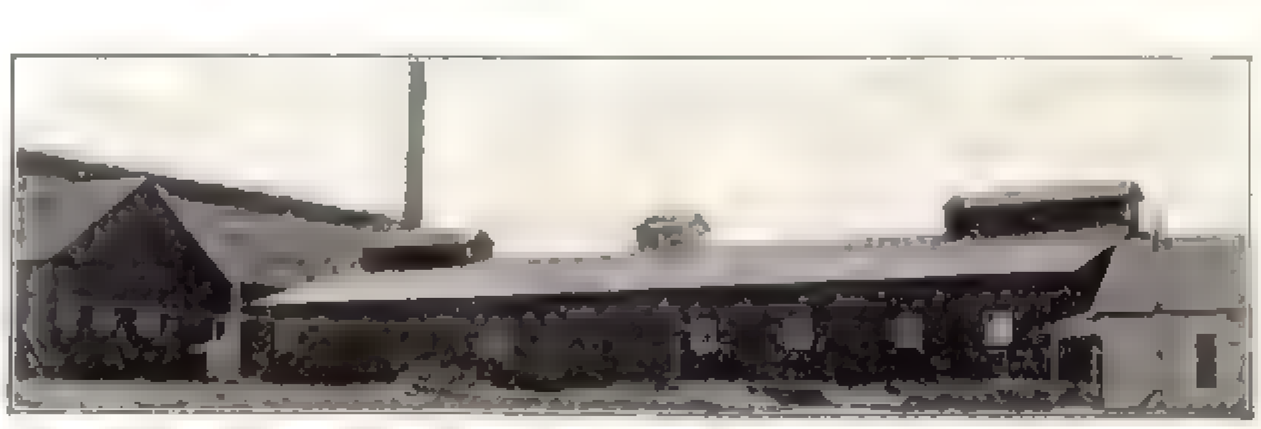

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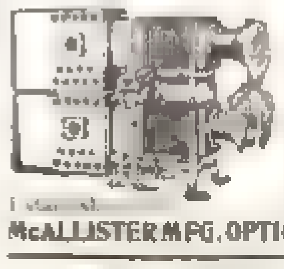

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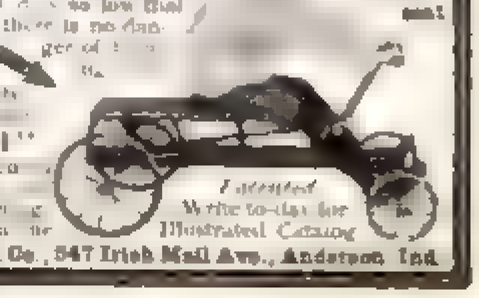

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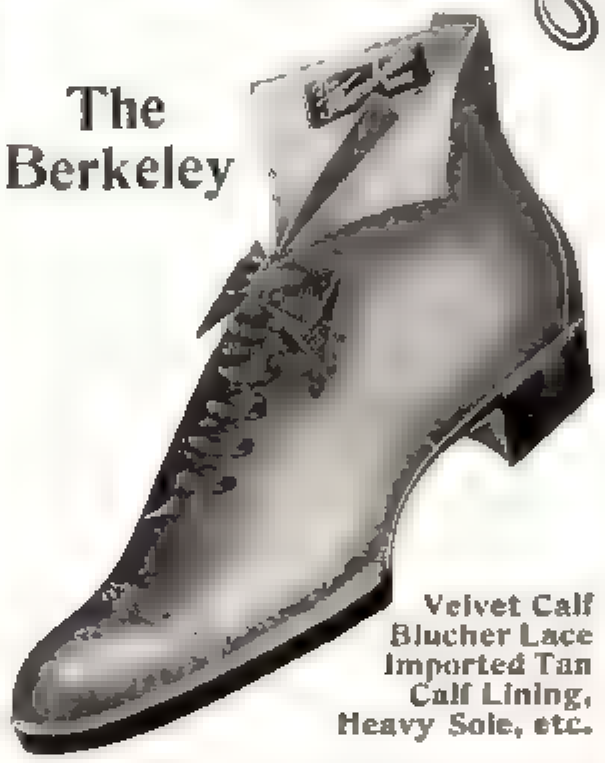

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"'Is he? Is he?' he says. 'You reckon he will? Well, jest let him! Jest let him show his filthy face whar I kin see it!'

"I tell you what, we rode away consider'bly sobered. The gal was cryin' easy like, an' we never said a word to one another for a mighty long time. The whole sorry tale had been laid out as cle'r to our understandin' as a big map of the world wi' blood-red lines printed on it. Never, sence man could make mouths at his neighbor, was a tale kivverin' such grief an' misery told in fewer words. It struck me through an' through, an' I says to myself:

"'The Lord send that Bushrod Claiborne gits his deserts in this world an' the next!'

"As we went the procession of reffagees got longer an' longer. 'Twas all mighty pitiful, but somehow or nuther I couldn't git Bushrod Claiborne out'n my min', bekaze I little expected for to find a sample of his devil's work in this fur-off country. Yit I reckon that in the eyes of the Almighty the world ain't bigger than a faulty apple, an' ever' bit as wormy.

"Now, while we was ridin' along, chawin' on sech cuds as our minds'd give up to us, I happened to raise my eyes an' right thar, in full sight, I seed a lot of boys in blue swarmin' across the road ahead of us. They swarmed across like they was preparin' for the smoky business of war, an' presently a light battery of four guns went hoppin' across arter them. The hosses stopped still of the'r own accord, an' the houn', wi' bristles raised, slunk off in the bushes, an' stood thar whinin' like he was afeard. For a long minnit—too long for me—we stood thar, waitin' for to see what was gwineter happen next. I had the feelin' that the whole thing was a part of a show that had been fixed up specially for us.

"Bimeby, the gray mar' got restless, an' she retched out one forefoot an' hit the groun' a whack that sounded like the thing the newspapers call a thud. I never seed one myself nor heern it, but that's the way it sounded. The whack woke us up an' we took to the woods on our left. The hosses didn't make so much fuss, considerin', an' Wimberly's houn' jumped ahead for all the world like 'twas gwine huntin'."

(TO BE CONTINUED)

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THE C. A. EDGARTON MFG. CO., 551 Main St., Shirley, Mass.

1908 Calendar and three Philip Boileau Panel Pictures for 25 cents

The President Calendar [illegible] being three [illegible] American [illegible] painter, Philip Boileau. Each of the three [illegible]

Now Ready

CLASS, COLLEGE AND FRATERNITY PINS AND RINGS

¶ From us direct to you, thus saving you a middleman's profit. High-grade work only, but at very moderate prices. The finest and most complete catalogue in America showing pins in gold and colors will be forwarded free of charge to any intending buyer.
BUNDE & UPMEYER CO., Mfg. Jewelers, 83 Mack Block, Milwaukee, Wis.

How to Get What You Ask For

When you decide to buy an advertised article, you want *it* and *not* something "just as good."

If the dealer has the genuine article in stock and urges a substitute, it is sure that he is after the usual larger profit on the "just as good"—but where do you come in?

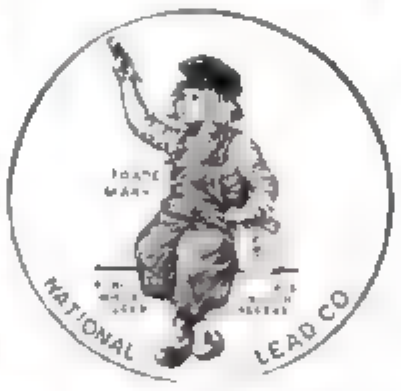
If a dealer has *not* the genuine article in stock, it is entirely natural for him to *try* to sell what he has—but, again, where do you come in?

A real merchant will *get you* what you want—if it is for sale at stores—see that he does or go elsewhere. Note carefully the claims of these standard firms listed here. A *good* dealer will not try to substitute, to mislead, to imitate. If your dealer is unwise in this respect, write us (see directions below)—we can put you on the right track.

NATIONAL LEAD COMPANY

Pure White Lead Paint

It may be said with justification that the mere words "pure white lead" on paint pail or keg in too many instances mean absolutely nothing to-day. Some mixtures containing no white lead whatever, yet marked pure white lead, have an almost universal sale, while many other brands of alleged pure white lead have only a small percentage of white lead in them.



To provide the paint-buyer with protection against this situation the **Dutch Boy Trademark** shown here was adopted as an absolute guarantee of strictly Pure White Lead manufactured by the Old Dutch Process.

Mallory

Cravenette Hats

possess all the qualities of other high-grade fashionable hats. Besides they have what no other hat can have, viz.: qualities that come from the famous cravenetting process which makes them sun proof and rain proof.

In general appearance, however, they are like any other hat that possesses style and high quality. There is only one way to be sure you are getting the genuine—the name

"Mallory" and this Trade-Mark

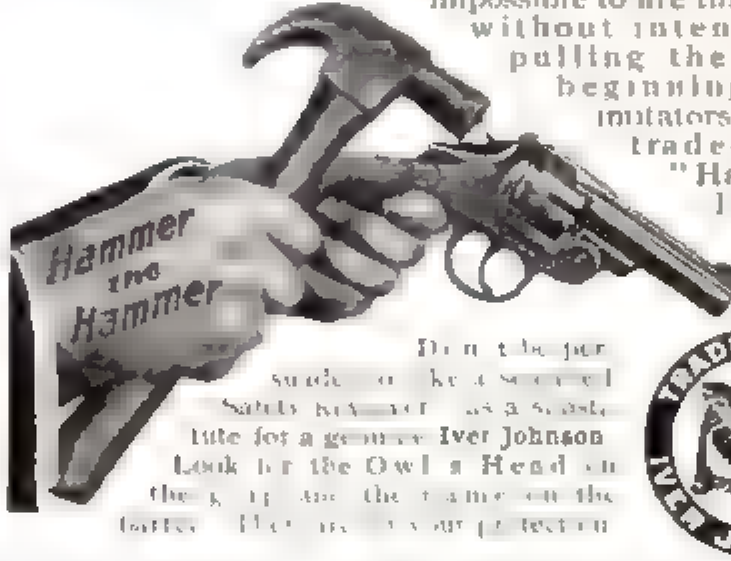
printed on the inside band. Most good dealers have this hat in stock. They will gladly show you these marks of identification unless they are trying to foist an inferior product on you. We can tell you the name of the local dealer if you write us.

Mallory
E. A. MALLORY & SONS
SOLE MAKERS

IVER JOHNSON

Safety Automatic Revolvers

Are conceded to be the best all-around revolver made. The exclusive safety principle which makes it absolutely impossible to fire this revolver without intentionally pulling the trigger is beginning to have imitators, as is the trade-marked "Hammer the Hammer" advertising.



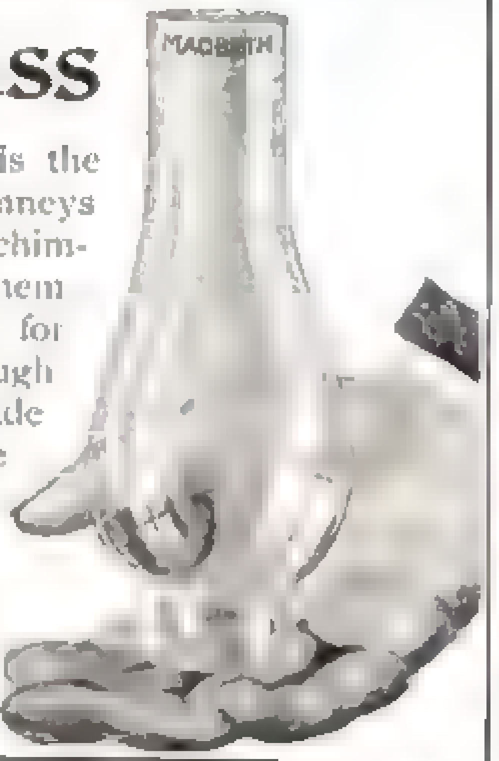
Don't be persuaded to take a so-called Safety Revolver as a substitute for a genuine Iver Johnson. Look for the Owl's Head on the grip and the name on the barrel. They are for your protection.

TRADE MARK
IVER JOHNSON

MACBETH

Pearl Glass

Macbeth, Pittsburgh, is the only maker of lamp chimneys who thinks enough of his chimneys to put his name on them.



He could not go on for twenty years telling through the newspapers that he made such goods unless there was merit in them.

The catalogue that he sends you on request enables you to get the right chimney for any lamp.

The NATIONAL CLOAK and SUIT CO.

has been doing business for nineteen years. Through its wonderful system of making fashionable and perfect fitting garments to order by mail it has brought the fashion-making advantages of New York to hundreds of thousands of ladies throughout the United States. The tremendous success of this company has resulted in [illegible] imitators, many of whom have stooped to [illegible].

[illegible] have been copied, the [illegible] and appearance of their advertisements have been closely imitated. [illegible] with that of the National Cloak and Suit Company. Even their catalogue has been copied [illegible].

Before answering an advertisement of [illegible] the National Cloak and Suit Company, West 24th Street, New York City. It will save you time, annoyance and money. Your safeguard is the correct name and address. By all means, write for their catalogue and samples sent free—you will then realize that imitators can copy the pictures but they cannot copy the goods.

The OSTERMOOR Mattress

Over fifty years ago Ostermoor & Company, of 116 Elizabeth Street, New York, began making the now famous Ostermoor Mattress. It was not until 16 years ago, however, that the makers gave it a thorough introduction to the public through advertising, since which time the sales have increased at a phenomenal rate, as people have come to realize its great advantages over the unsanitary mattress made of horse or other animal hair. The Ostermoor has to-day the largest sale of any mattress in the world.

The fact that for several years the Ostermoor Mattress [illegible] imitations [illegible] genuine Ostermoor [illegible] town of one authorized dealer whose name we will furnish on request.

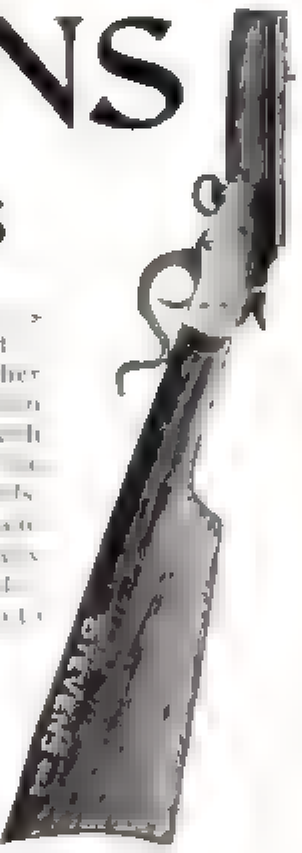
The label here illustrated is sewn on the end of every genuine Ostermoor; take no mattress without it.

STEVENS

Firearms

The desire for wholesome outdoor sport is born in every healthy boy. Don't fear it, don't curb it. Let the boy or girl with father and mother learn to love the woods [illegible] by the trained use of a reliable firearm. The J. Stevens Arms & Tool Company, Chicopee Falls, Mass., make such dependable yet inexpensive firearms that they have developed into the largest business of the kind in the world and in consequence imitators have grown up to trade on their reputation.

Above all things don't [illegible] firearm [illegible] the *name* Stevens [illegible] Stevens. See that it appears before you purchase. Absolutely the best at popular prices.



The Scissors and Shears

made by J. Wiss & Sons Co., Newark, N. J., are without doubt the best in this or any other country. This statement is also proven by the fact that Wiss Shears have for years been exported to Sheffield, England, formerly the home of shears, and are preferred by the dressmakers and tailors there.

Wiss Steelweld Shears are made by welding a tool-steel cutting edge to forged break-resisting frames, which produces a [illegible]. They are positively guaranteed by the makers [illegible].

The dealer who tries to sell you the "just as good" kind may be trying to deceive you, or he may see a larger profit, or he may be merely ignorant, but he is not right.

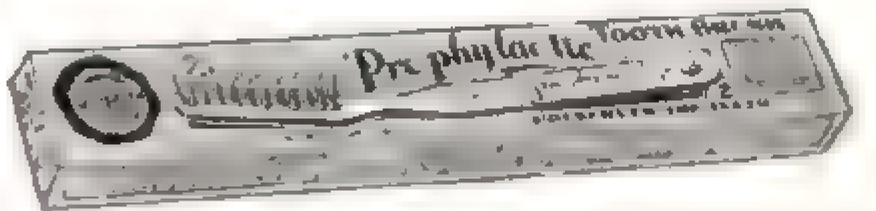
WISS

SCISSORS and SHEARS

Every pair of WISS Scissors and Shears bears the name stamped on the blade beside the Screw.

LOOK FOR THAT

J. WISS & SONS
NEWARK N.J.
U.S.A.



Through the enterprise of the makers of this brush it became possible to buy a tooth-brush of correct dental principles, made by American hands in a clean factory in the pure atmosphere of a New England country town, and sold in an individual *yellow* box, unhandled. Contrast the

Pro-phy-lac-tic

TOOTH-BRUSH

with the unscientific common tooth-brush sold in bulk and indiscriminately handled.

The Florence Manufacturing Co., of Florence, Mass., originated also the [illegible] handle idea, the plan of marking the [illegible] symbols to avoid confusion in the household. Some of these ideas are now imitated, but in efficiency and quality the Prophylactic remains unique. Brushes that may *look* like the Prophylactic are not genuine without the *yellow box* and should be refused.

WRITE TO US We invite every reader of this publication to write to us for full information regarding any or all of the above mentioned goods, *how* they may be positively identified, and *where* they may be safely purchased. We would regard it as a favor if you will write us also, any instances of attempted substitution that may have come to your notice on any of these goods particularly, or other well-known trade-marked articles of high grade.

We shall give other examples in later advertisements

THE ANTI-SUBSTITUTION LEAGUE, 15 East 24th Street, New York

An organization for the mutual protection of the consumer, the honest dealer and the honest manufacturer

When you root for the winning team, wear their colors in your hat. You can get the color combinations of every college, school or club in the

Wick Fancy Hat Band

The *make* all the college men wear

The band with hooks. Over a thousand different patterns—new browns, tans, grays and color combinations. Easily adjusted to any hat—over the old band if you like. Stays flat and smooth; never slips out of place.

Buy From Your Dealer or Send Us 25c. or 50c. for a New Band

Name the colors you wish, or leave it to our selection. We will send with it our booklet telling all about hat bands and giving color combinations.

WICK NARROW FABRIC COMPANY
724 Market Street, Philadelphia

Inside information

Through and Through

From Tip to End

Only the cleanest leaf tobacco, of the finest, tangiest smoking quality, is found in my

Draknel Minor Stogies

A Genuine Old Wheeling Product

Rolled by hand into elegant panatela 5-inch cigar shape, of pure **undoctored** tobacco, my **DRAKNEL MINORS** hold the fire and the ash, have perfect, dustless draught, and give you a rattling good smoke at moderate cost. Sold only in cedar boxes of 100 each, $2.50 the box. Expressage paid anywhere in U. S. on receipt of price. Money returned if you are not entirely pleased. Address Posting Department

EARLE A. LENKARD, Wheeling, West Virginia
Booklet describing my various brands mailed free

THE KADY Suspender
THE KADY

THE Patent Double Crown Roller in the sliding back of The Kady Suspender makes its easy adjustment so easy that no matter what position the shoulders or body may assume, the only possible pressure is the trifling weight of the trousers.

Accept no suspender without this feature. None other can give perfect freedom of motion.

The Kady is the most fashionable and excellent suspender produced.

RETAILS 50 AND [illegible] CENTS THE PAIR

If your dealer happens not to have The Kady, send your order direct to us, with price, mentioning his name.

Interesting Booklet mailed Free

THE OHIO SUSPENDER COMPANY, Mansfield, Ohio

Black Belt Finance

(Continued from Page 11)

Blinky took him aside. "It is really worth five dollars, net, all discounts off; but you can have it for three. That watch is too fine for our trade; these ignorant niggers around here don't know nothing about a real, good watch. They can't tell a chronometer from a cyclopedia."

"Well, I speck I'll have to take it, Mr. Wilson. I can't 'tend to my business no longer without a watch."

Jim studied his ten-dollar bill for quite a while, trying to calculate how much money he would have left; then he slowly pushed it across the counter.

"Please, suh, gimme change for dat."

"Now, Jim!"—Maria tugged at his coat-sleeve; she could scarcely wait until her turn came—"Now, Jim, I wants dat ban'come, an' a bottle o' dat medicine what takes kinks outen yo' hair—like dat." Maria pointed to the seductive picture of a negro woman who was combing out a flowing suit of hair. "You promised it last week, Jim, an' you'se done bought yo'self a watch, an'——"

Blinky stood ready with the celluloid bandcomb and laid out a bottle of the medicine with that wonderful picture on the wrapper.

"Wrop 'em up," Jim announced splendidly.

"Please, suh, don't wrop up de com'." Maria grabbed that and stuck it among her wool. Then she strutted away, among the other women, and took no more notice of Jim. Jim refired his cigar and swelled with importance.

While Maria was gone, in a burst of generosity, Jim bought a string of blue beads for Jinny. This sent the child rushing away to show her mother. In quick succession he bought the watch-chain for $2.75, plug tobacco fifty cents, a dime's worth of snuff, twenty-five cents' worth of chewing-gum in pink wrappers, drank two glasses of cider, purchased a pair of gloves for fifty cents and a huge bag of gingersnaps for fifty cents.

"Lemme see one o' dem mouth harps."

Blinky handed it to him; he played a few snatches, grinned and acquired that for fifty cents. Maria and Jinny returned just as he ordered, "Six o' dem dime boxes o' sardines."

Blinky tied up the sardines and held out his hand for the money, while Jim dug deep into all his pockets. Time and again he searched his pockets, shook himself and felt in his shoes. Every cent he could resurrect was that lonesome and solitary silver dime. Jim stared at Maria and Maria stared at Jim.

"Look a heah, Jim, is you done gone an' spent all o' dat money?"

"No, Maria, I ain't spent 'cept two or three dollars. I musser drapped it on de floor." He got down on his knees and began to peer among the boxes, being very careful not to turn his face in the direction of Maria. Maria took a broom, poked in and out, and swept—to no effect. Blinky footed up his sales memorandum.

"This makes $9.95 without the sardines—you ought to have ten cents left."

Jim arose: "Dat's all right den ef I ain't lost none of it. Come along, Maria; less go home." Jim started in the lead of his procession, playing furiously on the harp.

Maria picked up the molasses jug. "Lawdy, Jim, dis jeg feels mighty light?"

"Never bought no molasses," he returned, and went on playing.

"Whar's de meat an' de meal?" Maria demanded.

"Never bought none."

"An' de coal oil, an' de coffee, an' de ——" Maria dropped the empty can and jug with a rattle, then caught firm hold of Jim's coat tail.

Jim stopped, shuffled his feet, and came back slowly.

"D'ain't a dust o' meal in de house, or a bite o' meat, or a drop o' molasses, or a grain o' coffee," Maria persisted desperately. "You ain't bought *no* rations—an'—an' I'm hongry."

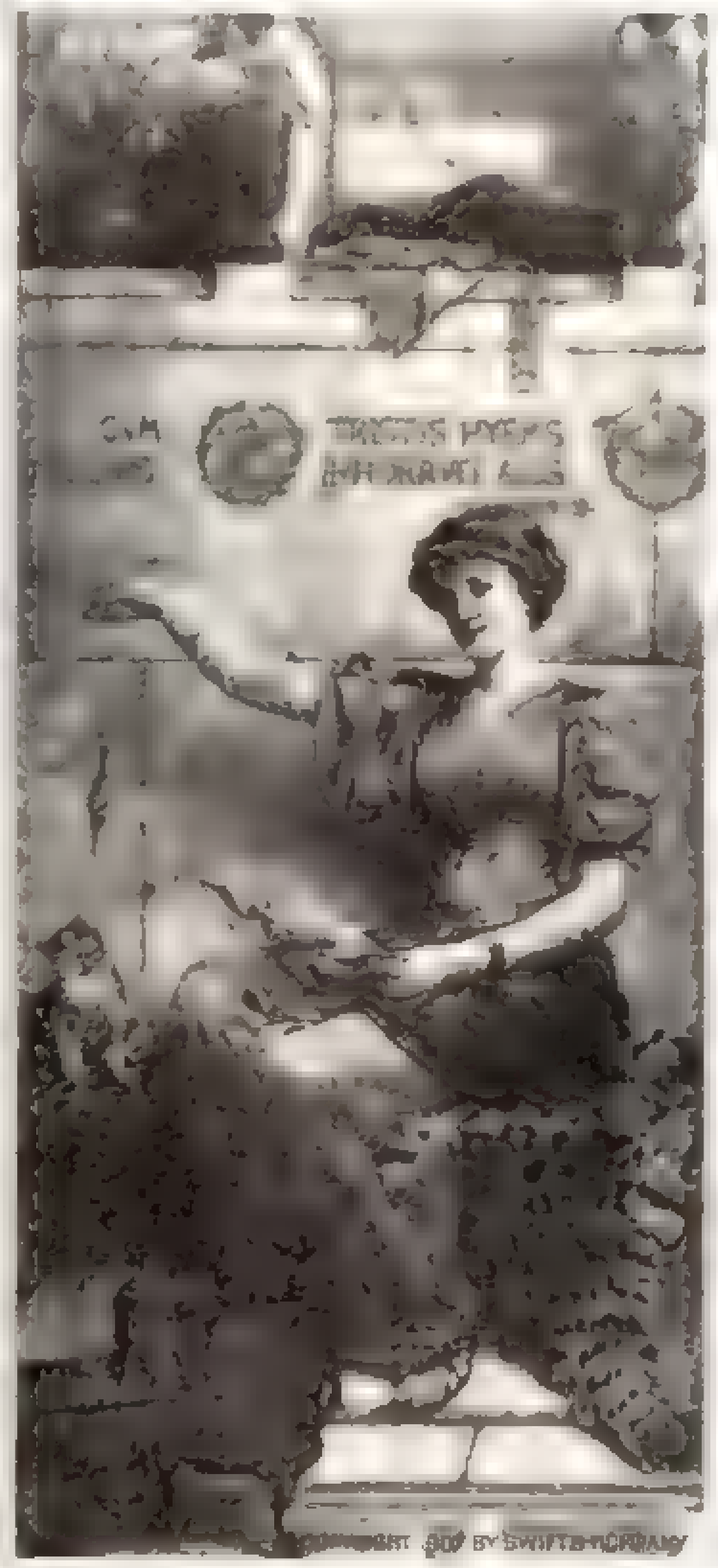
Then Jim suddenly remembered that he, too, was hungry.

They sat down on a box side by side. "All de money's gone," said Jim.

"Tell me, Jim, what is you bought?"

Jim exhibited his purchases without enthusiasm. Maria sprang up and confronted him, her arms akimbo. "Jim Fields, dem chillun ——"

Swift's Premium Calendar 1908



Is unique in shape and subjects and unusual in artistic treatment. It consists of three large panels, each 8½ x 17½ inches, richly lithographed in twelve colors and gold, rarely beautiful fac-similes of three magnificent paintings.

THE first panel is a beautiful head of an ideal American girl's head—painted by [illegible] Eggleston. Miss Eggleston [illegible] Brooklyn, and she has made a fine reputation in her own chosen field of art. The Eggleston picture is bordered with *a dainty gold frame*, the whole having the appearance of being *mounted upon watered silk* of a silvery sheen. It is very artistic and decorative.

The second and third panels are reproductions of two paintings by the famous Russian artist, *Lisman Se[illegible]*. He has his studio in Paris, where he makes a specialty of figures and [illegible] subjects. He has exhibited at the Paris Salon, the Royal Academy of London and other important exhibitions, and his pictures are popular with wealthy American art connoisseurs. The figures painted by [illegible] are classic without being severe and they have a warmth of tone and purity of technique that will make them highly appreciated by those who admire advanced art.

The picture here shown is the second panel. The scene represents a young Roman matron [illegible] stopping in the midst of her day's work to play with one of her household pets. The color of this panel is soft and pleasing.

The S[illegible]ki panels contain no advertising matter of any kind, and will make beautiful art subjects for permanent framing.

We will mail this calendar, postpaid, to any address for 10 Wool Soap Wrappers, 1 metal cap from jar of Swift's Beef Extract, or for 10 cents in stamps or coin.

Swift's Premium Hams and Bacon
Each Piece Branded on the Rind

All Dealers Sell Swift's Products

Swift's Silver Leaf Lard
3, 5 and 10 pound airtight pails

Swift & Company Department 18 Stock Yards Station Chicago

Chiclets

OF course Chiclets are popular! The delicious chewing gum in its dainty candy covering and six drops of pungent peppermint which flavor it, are the very good reasons why you will be benefited no less than you will be pleased if you buy a 5c or 10c packet of CHICLETS today. Should your druggist or confectioner not sell Chiclets now send us a dime for a sample and a booklet.

FRANK H. FLEER & CO., INC., 514 No. 24th St., Philadelphia, U. S. A.

Burns' Adjustable Telephone Bracket

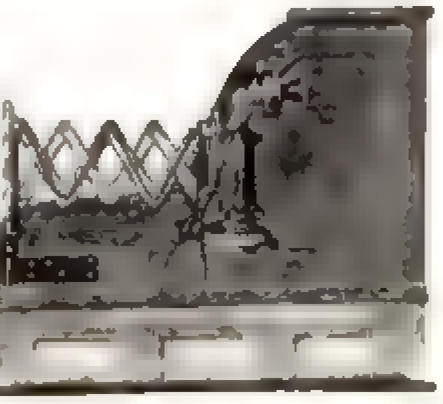
It holds your desk 'phone within easy reach—yet *out of your way* when not in use. It's a great *time saver*—Will hold any style [illegible] to flat or roll top desk. Costs you $3.00—and after a week [illegible] part with it *at any price*. (West of the Rocky Mountains price is $3.50.)

Sold by leading stationers and office supply dealers. If you can't get one from *your dealer* send us his name and address and we'll see that you are supplied.

Telephones Manufacturers of Complete Telephone Exchanges, also private, inter or Telephone Systems. We invite [illegible]. On request will send *free*, a handsome Booklet (18 R) giving [illegible]

American Electric Telephone Co., 6402-6400 STATE ST. CHICAGO, ILL.

Largest Exclusive Manufacturers of Telephones [illegible]



Viking Sectional Bookcase

The "Edition de Luxe" for the Home

The "Viking" Bookcases are not mere business furniture in which beauty has been sacrificed to utility, but are designed on artistic lines and handsomely finished. They lend distinction and elegance to the home library.

The "Viking" has patented devices which overcome every known disadvantage of the ordinary sectional bookcase. One fault which renders [illegible] designs impracticable is the [illegible] binding rasping door.

The "Viking" Disappearing Doors travel smoothly and noiselessly on steel guides. [illegible] cushioned [illegible] noiseless. All **"Viking" Sectional Bookcases are absolutely Dust Proof.** Rabbitted edges on the doors and [illegible] Top seal the interior against dust. Doors easily removed without taking down the section or taking out books. Interlocking Device builds the stacks in perfect alignment, as firm and solid as "built in" cases.

"Viking" Bookcases possess every desirable feature for the home library. Furnished in Plain or Quarter-sawed Oak in Golden Oak or Mission Finish — Mahogany or imitation Mahogany, Plain or Leaded Glass Doors.

Sold by Leading Dealers Everywhere. [illegible] the one nearest you to show the perfect working of the [illegible] "Viking" [illegible] FREE CATALOG [illegible] The "Viking" Sectional Bookcases, [illegible] direct from factory on approval. Money refunded if not satisfactory. Address

Skandia Furniture Co. 32 N. Second St. Rockford, Ill.

SMOKERS ENJOY

Cigars, Pipe or Cigarette best [illegible]

Jewett Humidor

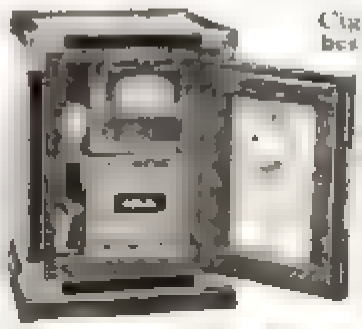
Handsome, durable, [illegible] **Just the thing for Christmas.**

15 inches high, 12 inches deep, [illegible] Wrought iron [illegible] Body of non-porous [illegible] white opaque. Door and back [illegible] out, lock, [illegible] Mexican brick moistener.

The Humidor complete with hygrometer [illegible] sent express prepaid east of the [illegible] $15.00

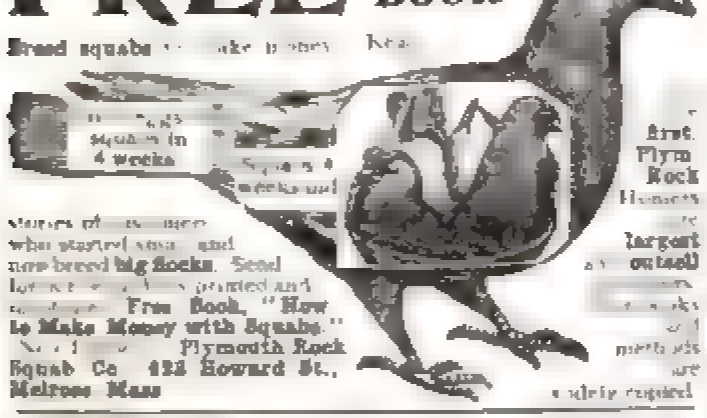
Complete satisfaction guaranteed or money cheerfully refunded. **Send for pamphlet S.**

THE JOHN C. JEWETT MFG. CO.
Established 1849. BUFFALO, N. Y.



FREE SQUAB BOOK

Breed squabs [illegible] make money. [illegible]



[illegible] who started small and now breed **big flocks.** Send [illegible] printed and [illegible] **Free Book, "How to Make Money with Squabs."** [illegible] Plymouth Rock Squab Co. 422 Howard St., Melrose, Mass.

CHINESE JADE

DIRECT FROM THE ORIENT. [illegible] Write for **Beautiful Souvenir Booklet B "Jade."** An interesting history of jade and many illustrations in colors. Large Diamond, Watch and Jewelry Catalog [illegible] free.

BROCK & FEAGANS Importing Jewelers
437-439-441 Broadway, Los Angeles, California

15 CENTS for trial 13 weeks. In this illustrated national weekly [illegible] world is stated clearly, fairly and briefly [illegible] Many special [illegible] $1 year, takes place of $2 to $4 [illegible]

The Pathfinder $1 A YEAR
EVERY WEEK
THE NATIONAL NEWS REVIEW

PATHFINDER Wash. D. C.

Jim waited for no more; he got up sheepishly, called Blinky Wilson into the back part of the store and held a whispered consultation.

"I'll ask Mr. Gordon about it," the clerk agreed finally. In a few moments Blinky came back. "All right, Jim; it's strictly against rules, you know, but we'll exchange the things for you. How much provisions do you want?"

Maria stepped into the breach and took charge of the trading; she called off the list of regulation rations. Blinky added up the items. "That's four eighty-five; now what do you want to trade back?"

Jim scratched his head and looked at Maria's comb; Maria glanced furtively at Jim's watch-chain. Each looked away from the other, then both looked down at little Jinny hanging by her chin from the edge of the counter. Jim and Maria simultaneously reached for Jinny's beads and handed them back to the clerk. Jinny howled. Jim cuffed her on one side and Maria on the other. "Shet up! A string o' beads ain't no 'count anyhow."

By the time Blinky had wrapped the packages, filled the molasses jug and oil can, they had only decided upon Jinny's beads as a sacrifice to necessity. Blinky piled up the provisions and tossed the beads into the case. "These were thirty cents. That leaves four fifty-five. What else do you want to trade?"

Jim eyed Maria's comb, and Maria eyed Jim's watch-chain.

"Dat watch an' chain jes' makes it," she suggested.

Jim laid the comb on the altar, with the gingersnaps and gloves beside it.

"Leaves two-eighty," said Blinky. "What else?"

Jim followed the clerk's eye, but the chain glittered too brilliantly to be parted with; so he took Blinky into a far corner where none of the negroes could see him, and, after another consultation, slipped the watch into his hand.

"This leaves you twenty cents to the good," the clerk remarked, as they came back.

Jim swaggered back to wife and child, flipping his watch-chain triumphantly. "Gimme one box o' sardines, a can o' simon-fish an' a dime's wuth o' gingersnaps."

Maria packed their possessions away in the biggest basket, putting the sardines, the salmon and chewing-gum on top. Jim stood in the full glare of light, so that his new watch-chain might dazzle the other negroes. But it hurt him to think of the empty pocket and missing watch, and he wanted to go home before it was discovered.

"Jinny, you tote de oil can," he said, and took up the molasses jug himself.

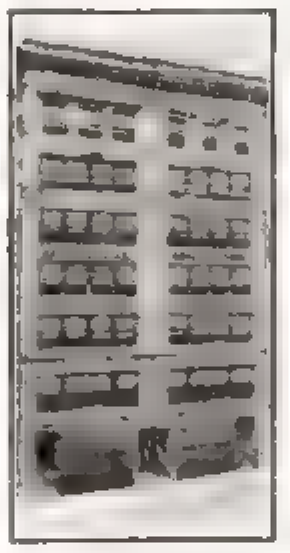
Then they departed. With a mouth full of gingersnaps Jinny forgot her beads, and Jim was playing Old Aunt Jemima on the harp.

ELECTRICITY

is the most wonderful power of the present day. Master it, and you have mastered the best paying calling of this "live-wire" century.

We teach Electricity practically in our seven story school building, the most completely and expensively equipped of its kind in the world. Booklet "E" FREE. Write for it TO-DAY. Eighty pages that are richly illustrated and deeply interesting.

New York Electrical Trade School
39 West 17th St., New York.



DO YOU LOVE MUSIC?
DO YOU SING OR PLAY?

You should know all about

THE CREST MUSIC LOVERS' CLUB

We will send full particulars together with complete thematics, words and music of 50 of the most popular songs [illegible]

The Crest Trading Co., 153 Witmark Building, New York

Army Auction Bargains

Tents - $1.90 up; Old Pistols - - $ .50 up
[illegible] Swords, new $1.50
ARMY [illegible] .50
[illegible] UNIFORMS [illegible]
" Leggins pr. .15 " 7 shot Carbine. " 3.50

1907 MILITARY ENCYCLOPEDIC CATALOGUE [illegible]

GOVERNMENT AUCTION SALE GOODS

Francis Bannerman 501 Broadway New York

Have You a Sense of Humor?

Library of the World's Wit and Humor

15 Volumes, 369 Authors, of 15 Different Countries

To select for you whatever is brightest and most entertaining in the best writing the world has provided, — from Aristophanes and Homer to Mark Twain and Mr. Dooley, — the Library of the World's Wit and Humor has been compiled by Joel Chandler Harris, Andrew Lang, Professor Brander Matthews and Dr. William Hayes Ward as Editors.

These fifteen beautiful octavo volumes are not only full of wit and wisdom, — they represent some of the greatest literature ever written from a thousand years before Christ to the present time, — in America, England, France, Germany, Spain, Russia, Italy, Holland, Greece, Sweden, Denmark, China, Japan, New Zealand. Much of the material is copyrighted; a great deal of it was translated specially for the Library of the World's Wit and Humor.

Are There Any Other 15 Volumes in the World With as Much and as Varied Entertainment?

Can you ever make an investment that will give more solid joy, and at the same time furnish the greatest literature, the literature that is not only appetizing, *but an education in the reading?*

Our Offer. Sent for $1.00 These fifteen handsome books bound in green and gold with their beautiful and artistic photogravure frontispieces are such as ordinarily sell for $2 per volume. The Review of Reviews has, after years in the editing, published them primarily to extend its name and circulation, and it does not need to make a profit out of selling the books.

Special Free Offer

To the first [illegible] we will send FREE [illegible] Rare Shakespeare Prints [illegible] portfolio [illegible] prints [illegible] coupon [illegible] library adornment

Send only $1, and the entire set will be shipped express prepaid. If you like them, keep them and remit $2 a month for only 9 months. You will also receive the Review of Reviews for a year. If you do not like them, send them back at our expense.

So you take no risk.

The Review of Reviews Co.
13 Astor Place
NEW YORK

FILL OUT AND MAIL THIS COUPON

[illegible] World's Wit and Humor for my approval. If I like it I will make payments [illegible] your special offer.

EDUCATOR SHOE RH

The Educator way comfort — room for five toes

Registered trade-mark stamped on the soles

The wrong way discomfort pinched toes

"LETS THE FOOT GROW AS IT SHOULD."

You cannot be too careful in the selection of shoes for the children. The "Educator" is made on a last giving plenty of room for the five toes, allowing the bones and muscles to grow and develop as nature intended.

Educators are made for men and women as well. In Dull Calf, Patent Colt and Kid. None genuine unless stamped "Educator" on the sole.

Sizes—Infants', 5 to 8, $1.50 | Boys', 1 to 5, $2.50
Child's, 8½ to 11, $1.75 | Women's, 2½ to 7, $4.00
Misses', 11½ to 2, $2.25 | Men's 6 to 11, $4 and $5
Girls', 2½ to 6, $2.50

By mail 25 cents extra
Before ordering direct, ask your dealer.
Write to-day for our Family Footwear Catalog.

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THE POLTROON

(Continued from Page 7)

hungry for a fight. When we got there the skirmish was over. We had to march most of the way back in the afternoon sun. The reaction came over us. It rained all night—floods! I never knew what rain was before. I couldn't sleep for the noise of it. I had to be awake and think.

"The next day there was pretty sure to be a fight. I tried to remember the principles of strategy. But we don't learn much of that in the Guard, and I couldn't remember anything that seemed to fit the situation. It was going to be just a case of driving my regiment at the other fellow. Only he would be in trenches, and he knew the country, and he had smokeless powder. And I didn't know where to find him or anything about the country. I'd just have to muddle through the jungle while he picked off my men. It's one thing to fire at a target at a known distance, but it's another thing to be shot at, mother, and not be able to see who's shooting at you, or even to shoot back with any idea of what you're doing. That takes the grit out of a soldier quicker than anything else. A man hates to die like a fool without hitting back.

"I didn't even know the name of the colonel I was up against, or how many men he had, or where he was; and he didn't know any more about me. But he'd have time to find out while I was crossing his zone of fire. The one thing necessary was that I shouldn't be afraid. That was the trouble, mother. I began to be afraid that I'd be afraid.

"It's like seasickness, fear is. If you can only keep your mind off the rolling motion, or if you have no imagination, you're all right. But I couldn't keep from thinking about courage. It began to run through my head like 'Punch, brothers, punch with care, punch in the presence of the passenjaire.' I found myself humming all the time:

> Charge, brothers, don't you care:
> Don't let the bullets give you a scare.

"I couldn't get it out of my head. My imagination began to work. I saw myself wounded, cut all to pieces. I had a feeling that one of my ears would be shot off and my nose. I felt the pain, saw the blow—felt the dirt in the raw flesh. I felt every jolt of the litter as the men stumbled along. I felt the surgeon probe into my skull. Then I was laid on the hard boards—I felt them under me—I couldn't shift my position. Then I saw myself dead—I could hear your scream when you read it in the paper. I remembered how you suffered for your first lover—how afraid you were for me. And there I was, about to give your poor heart one more awful stab."

This made her smile a little. "It was sweet of you to think of me," she murmured, bending over and putting her dripping cheek on his hand.

He went on, as if thinking aloud: "I realized what it means to be dead. You're not even a good soldier when you're dead. When you're dead you're just a corpse, and that's all. The night was gone before I fell asleep. I was as tired as if I had been wrestling for hours. It was only a few minutes before reveille sounded. I'd have given my life almost for more sleep. But I got up and hustled about, and my spunk came back.

"I'd have been all right if we could have fought then. But there was no battle that day—just a lot of reconnoitering and feeling around for the enemy, and trying to arrange the meals. What food we had was horrible—wet, messy, filthy. Then the insects! The creeping things in the grass—under the blankets—in the coffee—dead bugs in the beans—live bugs on the shoulder-blades.

"That night I didn't sleep much better, dog-tired as I was. You see I couldn't quit thinking. Oh, if I could only have quit thinking! Then there was something else to keep me awake and weaken me. The water down there was so bad that—well, you know what that man—your first love—died of. Well, I had that. It weakens a man so. It just takes the life out of you. Talk about heart and brain—it's a man's bowels that are the most important part of him, after all.

"The third night we got an order to march before daybreak. It was pitch black when I had to get up. If I could have had three minutes more of sleep I'd have been as brave as a lion, but I was so

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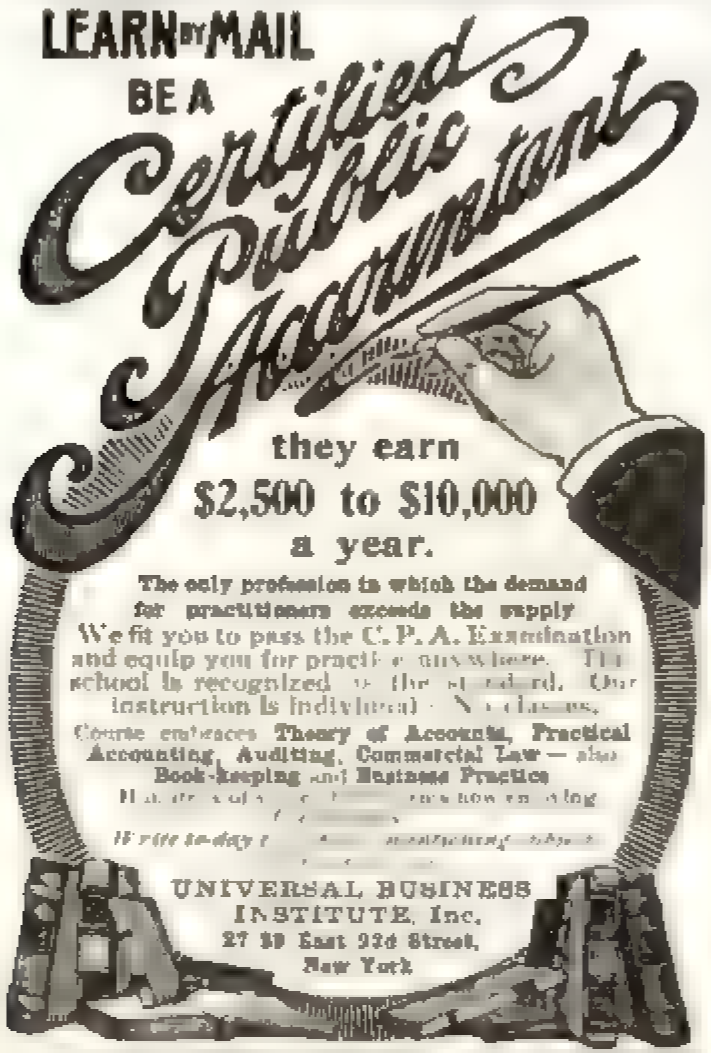

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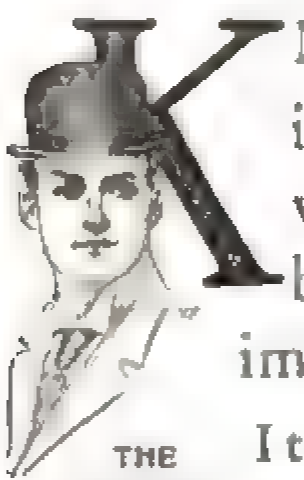
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drowsy I could hardly get my shoes on. My head was simply splitting for sleep. I felt that sleep was more important than the whole United States, more beautiful than the flag itself.

"At four o'clock we filed out of camp in column. We could hardly see our hands before us. I felt as if I were a ghost leading a lot of ghosts. Then the sun came up with a jump. We had been shivering a minute before; now we were marching through the hot room of a Turkish bath. We were in such a jungle we couldn't see much more than in the dark.

"First thing I knew something smashed through the branches and struck the ground like a club. 'Who threw that?' I started to say. Then I saw that it was a shell. It made toothpicks of the trees round it. The dirt rattled over my hat and got into my eyes. I couldn't get it out, and it bothered me till I was nearly distracted.

"Shell after shell went splitting through the trees, yelping like wildcats. Then, all of a sudden, there was a little zip and a plunk, and a man in the front squad went down on his knees and then on his face. I turned and caught his eyes. He looked like a prize-fighter who has been hit in the pit of the stomach and is sure to take the count. It was Jim Miller. You remember him?"

"I know his mother. He was her only son."

"That's so. I wish I hadn't seen Jim drop. Pretty soon a shell struck the rear of our column. It ripped a couple of men to pieces. Finally, we came to a more open place. We couldn't see anything but hills; no smoke, no sign of the enemy except that, now and then, somebody would grunt and keel over. I felt stronger then and I was fighting mad from seeing my men knocked down.

"But then we got an order to halt. If only we hadn't halted! We waited there for an hour. I thought the sun would fry my heart right out of me. I gave the order for the men to lie down, but, even there, some of them were killed. A shell would strike and rip up the turf, and then we'd find some of our fellows — or pieces of them. It was awful the way they were mangled and the way they wriggled and twisted.

"That hour did for me. When a lieutenant came along with orders to move forward again I gave the commands. But I was gone — all in. I just stumbled along. After a while I passed the general of our brigade; he leaned out from his horse and called to me:

"Turn out to the right, colonel, and go on till you come to a little creek, then deploy."

I tried to answer, but my voice stuck and I simply saluted with my sword, and went on. In a minute we lost sight of the rest of the brigade. We couldn't see a soul but ourselves and not many of us at a time. Our regiment was like a child lost in the woods — and such woods! — fallen trees, with slimy moss; shrubs and plants that looked poisonous; big vines like boa-constrictors; dead soil that gave way under you and puffed out a cloud of dust like yellow smoke. And the woods were full of live things, birds disappearing in every direction with wild noises, hideous land-crabs shuffling away like cripples and hunchbacks. And, every now and then, a bullet from nowhere or a shell that went past like a whistling locomotive.

"Somehow I had remembered to throw out an advance guard, with Major Guernsey in command. I waited for it to get its distance. Then I went on with the first battalion. At last we came to the creek — an ugly little snaky stream, with a scum over it. It made me sick. I found Major Guernsey sitting by the side of the trail. I asked him why he didn't go on. His lips moved and he coughed, and that was all. I despised him, but understood. I ordered the majors to deploy the battalions and they did. You could only see as much of the line as was right at hand

"Pretty soon another regiment came along the trail and went by, everybody staring at us.

"I knew I ought to have gone forward, but somehow I couldn't find the way to give the order. My will power seemed to be cut off from my brain, as if the wires were down. I just sat back under a tree and waited. What was I waiting for? I don't know. But I couldn't move. I didn't even have the courage to get up and run.

"I had had no definite command to advance. I was told just to deploy. I knew

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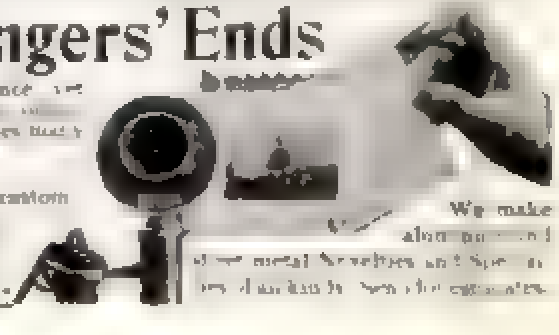

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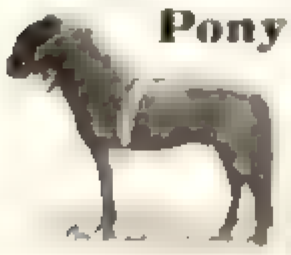

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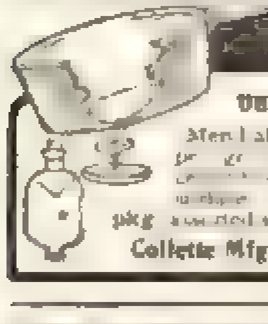
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it meant to deploy and go forward, but I took refuge in a word—at a time when a battle was going on all around me! Think of it! I can't understand how I came to be like that.

"Another regiment came by. The men were half-naked; they were laughing and guffawing and singing, 'There'll be a hot time in the old town to-night.' They were going to their death as if they were in a barroom scrimmage.

"They saw my boys lying around, pale and uneasy and panicky. They called them names, jabbed them with their muskets, kicked them, spit on them. And I couldn't move! I kept my poor boys there, and more of them were killed. They died like cowards, because their commander was a—coward."

The mother shivered. "Don't say that, my boy, don't say that."

But Blanchard answered grimly: "That's the word, mother. And everybody will be saying it soon. By and by another regiment went by, and one of the officers said to our men—he couldn't see me:

"'What are you men waiting for? If you're a pack of damned cowards, give your ammunition to us. We need it.'

"He was a West Pointer and was used to fighting Indians in rough country. It was his trade. Another officer took a different tone. He was as cool as if he were on a parade-ground, but he felt sorry for us. He said:

"'For God's sake, boys, don't disgrace the American uniform by staying here.'

"And one of my sergeants spoke up:

"'We want to go to the front, but our officers won't take us.'

"Then the officer said: 'No! You don't mean it! Then go to the front without officers. Come along with us.'

"And a lot of our boys got up and scrambled after them. But others turned over and buried their faces in their hands. One or two of the captains took the hint and got their companies together and went on into the battle. One or two of the other officers shuffled to the rear to get out of the way. But I couldn't move. I was like the automaton that plays chess in the museum when the man who belongs inside is away or asleep. Finally, an officer brought me a definite order to take my regiment forward at once. I rose and saluted him, but when he hurried on, my knees gave out again, and I sank behind a pile of blankets.

"Another regiment came along and went on through, knocking my men aside or taking along such as would go. One of my corporals went with them. He was laughing as he passed me. I heard him say:

"'I feel as safe with you regulars as if I was in church!'

"And just then a shell took off his head. A man with his head shot off isn't a pretty sight, mother. It didn't encourage me much. We were no safer there than at the front. That's the worst of it. I let my men get killed in shame, when they could have gone on to glory without any more danger. And so could I. Look at the officers who went right in the thick of it and never got a scratch! Oh, it was horrible. But I was as helpless as if I had taken some drug. I didn't shiver. My teeth didn't chatter. I was just a rag. My chest was all caved in, I couldn't get any air in my lungs, and my bowels were water. I was sick—a sick old man, that didn't want to do anything but vomit. I was sick, I tell you—sick."

He quivered and gagged with the nausea of the remembrance. His hands grew clammy with cold sweat; he got up to pace the floor, but collapsed in a chair. Then he pushed the wet hair back from his forehead and went on:

"After a while the firing stopped. The battle was over. The whole war was over in a few hours! Think of it!—a war of one battle! I could have redeemed myself if there had been another. I know I could. For, when I came out of my trance, I was on fire with rage and shame. I could have charged a battery alone. But there was nothing to do. The other regiments were making friends with the enemy—trading tobacco and crackers. They could afford to, for they had acted like men. Our regiment was ordered to move up and occupy a trench left empty by the enemy. I had no right there! We hadn't earned a trench. But there was so much detail work for a while that nobody thought of us. My own men, though, looked at me with contempt when they passed and saluted me. But I looked back at them sternly, and when I talked I always insisted that I had had orders to remain. I kept up the bluff

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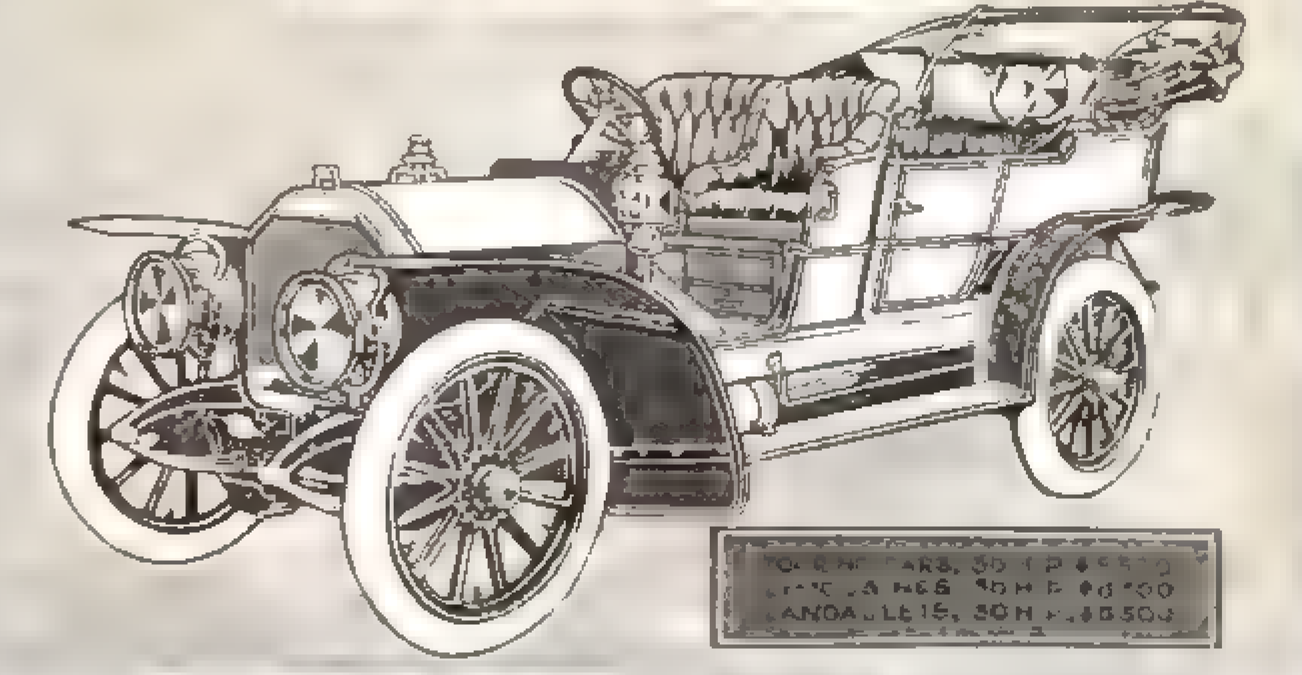
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G 1028. [illegible] velvety tone. Sold on [illegible] $35.00

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may be diverting but busy men haven't time for it. No special skill is required to use the RAZAC. No waiting your turn and no tips.

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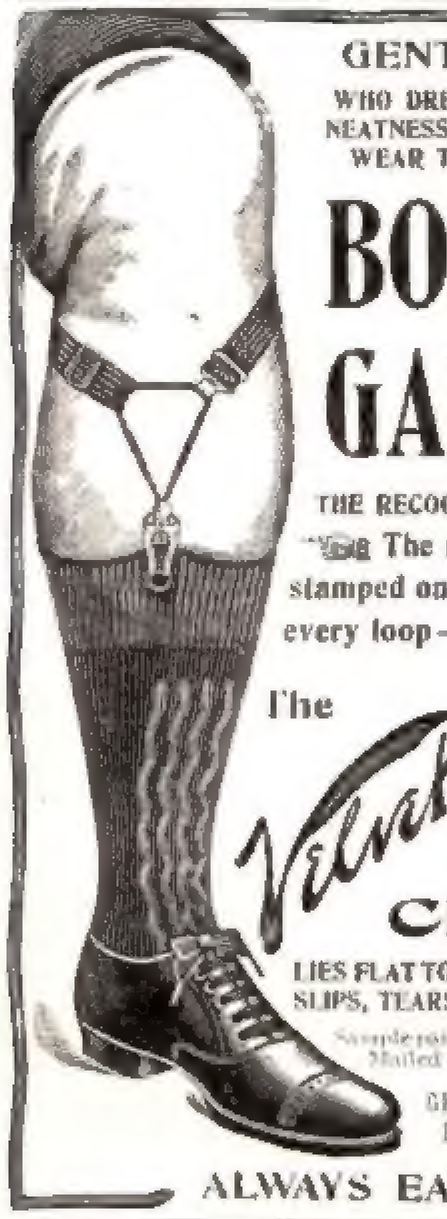

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Fun for the Whole Family

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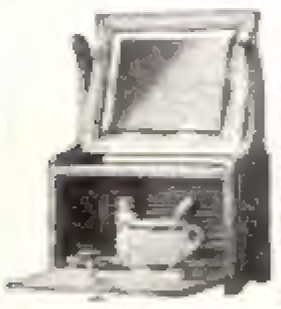

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always before people, but, when I was alone in my tent, I flushed with shame until I thought my face would shrivel.

"We heard about the home paper that published the true story of our disgrace. We heard about the denials. And we joined in. There were plenty of officers who had behaved as badly as I had. But I was most to blame. For if I had led they would all have followed me; the worst cowards are brave if their leaders are brave.

"All these years I've been training for that one day, waiting my chance. And when my chance came I let it go. I was afraid—afraid!"

He hid his twisted features in the crook of his elbow in such agony that his mother did not dare even to reach out and touch him. After a while, he went on:

"I thought I could never face this town again. I wanted to jump overboard from the transport. But I couldn't do that, either. That march up the street was my crucifixion. I endured it as partial atonement. But, through all the cheers that greeted me, I seemed to hear my men back of me saying: 'Don't cheer that man on the horse; he is a coward, a cur—a living lie—a bluffer. Just wait till we get a chance to speak!' Did you see that woman run out and kiss my hand? Think of it!

"In one window I saw Mabel Denison and her husband. She looked at me in the old way. Her husband sat by her, jealous and ashamed. He hadn't dared to go to war. But to-morrow he'll know of my behavior, and he'll be my bitterest critic. All the stay-at-homes will despise me. But to-day they treated me like a hero and their cheers drove me nearly crazy. I felt like Judas before he killed himself. I had betrayed my country and I was taking their praise. They were cheering me—me—me! I am a Judas, that's what I am, and I ought to go and do what Judas did—afterward."

This wrenched from his mother's heart one moan: "Oh, my God!"

Blanchard went on: "But suicide would only prove me a coward. It's too easy a way out. The only decent thing left for me to do is to face my life, shame and all. It's going to be hard—oh, but it's going to be hard. If there only would be another war, I'd be all right. Oh, I'd show them, if the chance could ever come again. But it won't. I'm an old man and there's no hope for me.

"Anyway, I've resigned. That letter was my resignation. They can't court-martial me. I couldn't live through that. And, besides, I've no right to my shoulder-straps, for I'm a coward, and everybody will call me that in a few days!"

This roused the mother to the fanaticism of defense that always flared up in her when her young were threatened. She was shrill and fiery as an old sibyl as she cried: "Let those who judge you beware of that Last Day when they shall be judged with what judgment they have meted out to you!"

Blanchard looked at her in amazement. Even she could be brave when her crisis came. He felt more alone in his shame than ever—unique in his guilt. He rose to his feet in a wild spasm of regret for the irrevocable opportunity.

"Oh, if I had only done my duty; if I had only done my duty!"

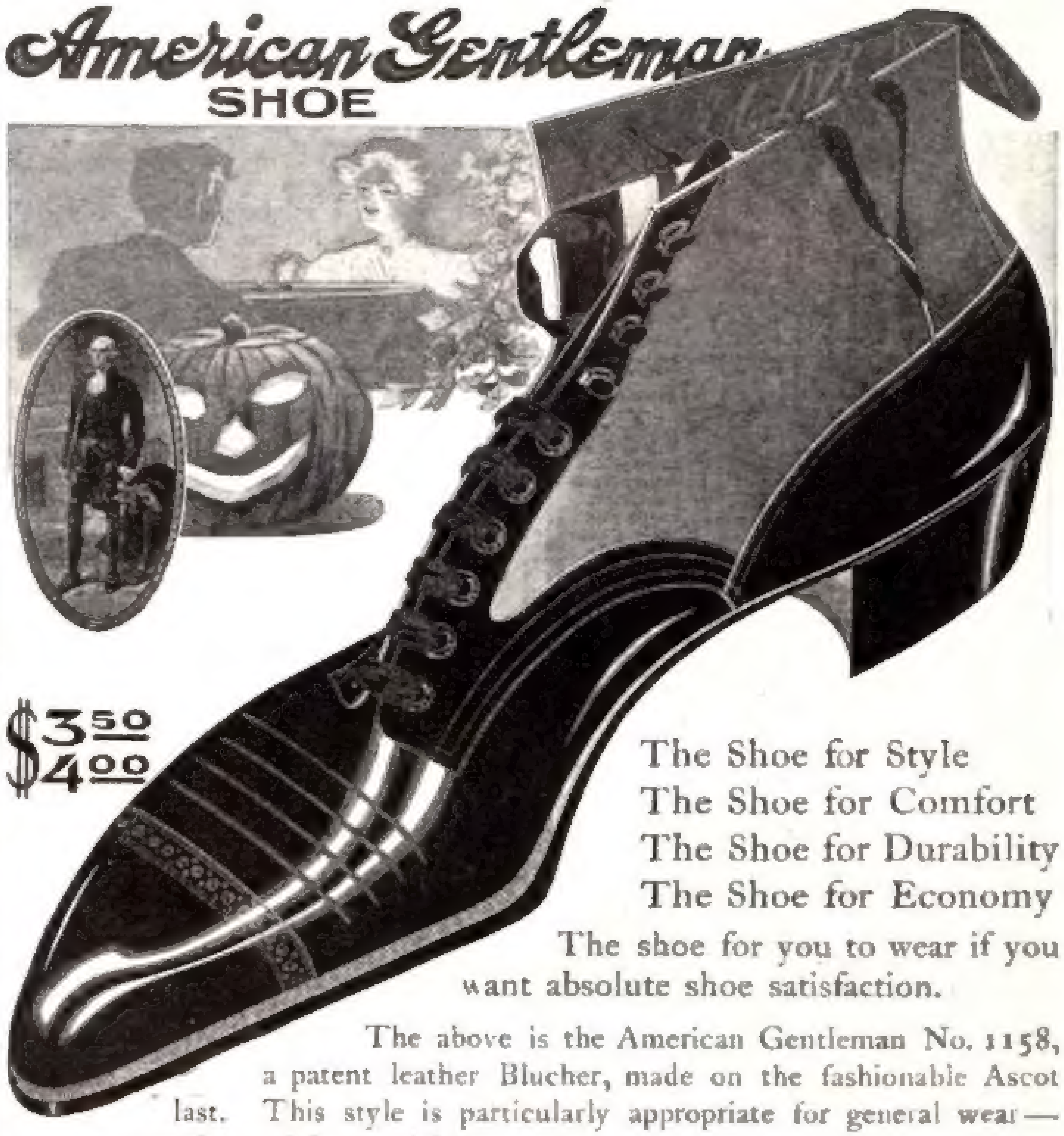
"No," the mother whispered, reaching up and tugging at his arm. "Let the Lord's will be done, my boy. He gave you the soul and body you had to carry through life. He will understand. He will take the blame. That's what Christ came to earth to do. So let us thank Him, after all."

"Thank God for what has happened to me?" he gasped. And she answered devoutly:

"Yes, my son, my dear, dear son; for if you had gone into that battle you would have been killed or you would have come back a hero and belonged to your country. Either way I should have lost you. But, now, you belong to me—just to me. The world is against you, but we have each other as we used to when you were a little baby in my lap. I am your mother and you need me. I thought you had outgrown needing me, but you haven't. Oh, thank God, my child still needs his mother!"

He suddenly realized how much more precious is the strength of these pale little wisps of womanhood than all the bayonets and shell of all the armies. It is what the armies fight for—family, home, love. He laid his head on her lap and clasped her hands in his so hard that he would have hurt her if in that hour she could have felt any pain at all.

American Gentleman
SHOE



$3.50
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The Shoe for Style
The Shoe for Comfort
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The shoe for you to wear if you want absolute shoe satisfaction.

The above is the American Gentleman No. 1158, a patent leather Blucher, made on the fashionable Ascot last. This style is particularly appropriate for general wear—every day and for special occasions.

Send for a free copy of Shoelight—an interesting guide to correct shoe style.

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POSTAL Typewriter

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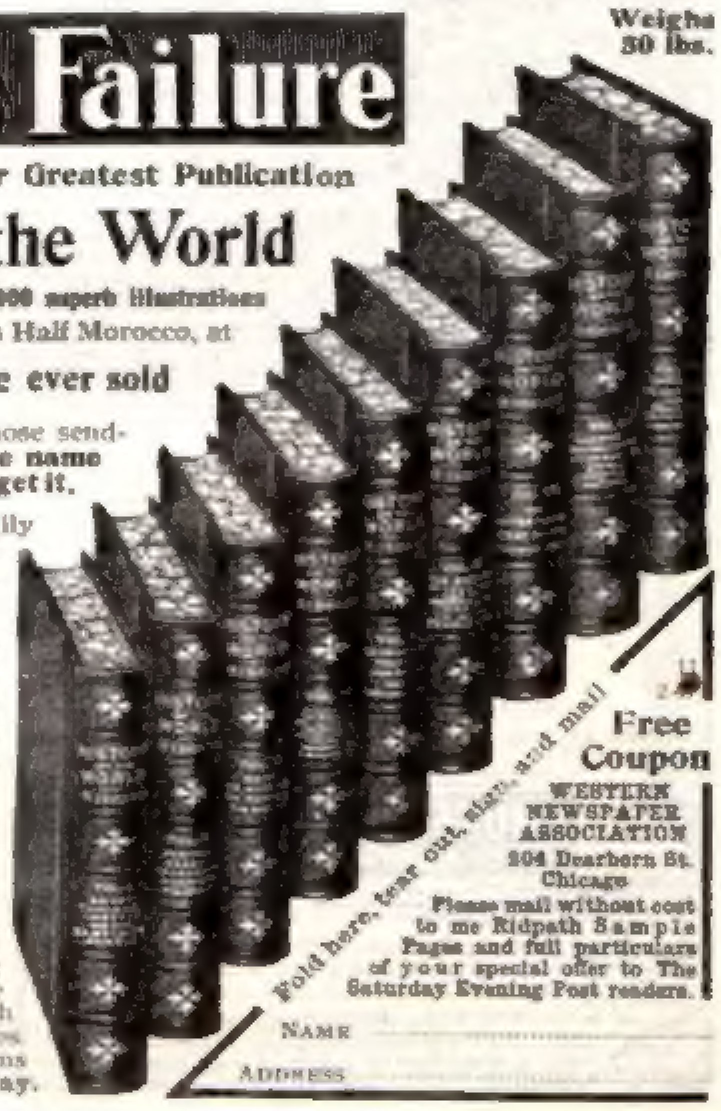

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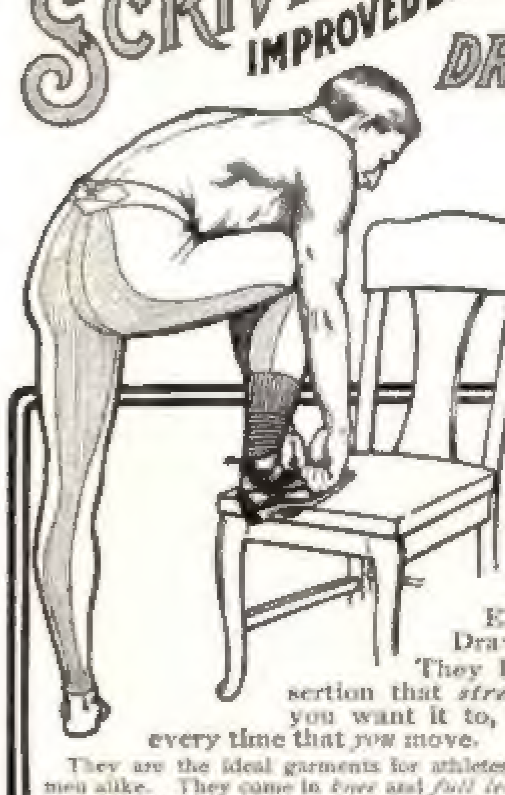

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They have an insertion that *stretches* when you want it to, that *moves* every time that *you* move.

They are the ideal garments for athletes and business men alike. They come in *knee* and *full lengths*, in light or heavy weight winter fabrics with *Shirts to match.*

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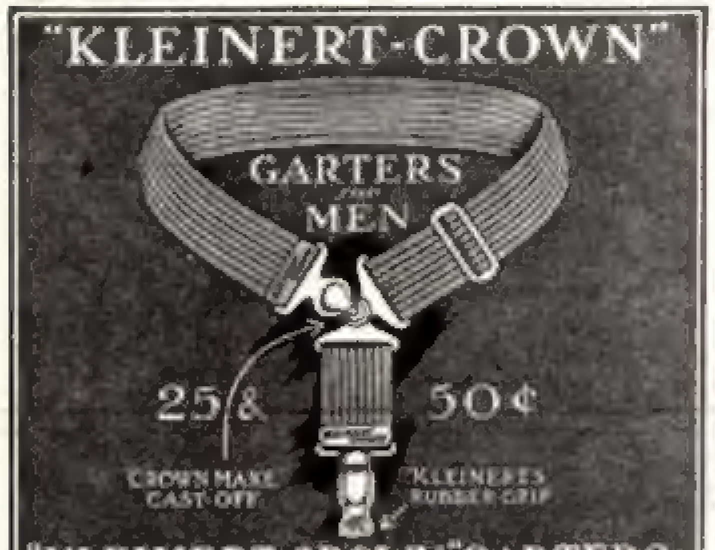

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These cards, in script, are as good as they can be made—rich, distinguished, finest grade. Send a dollar, with your name (one line), or ask for a sample if you are skeptical. HOSKINS ENGRAVING leaves a lasting impression of tone and dignity—an exclusiveness such as you seek.

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SMOKE THE "KLEAN" PIPE
ENJOY A SMOKE WITHOUT NICOTINE

$1 Postpaid

Push up bottom with finger to keep fire always at top—thus giving a full, clean smoke and making the last puff cool and fragrant as the first. Remove bottom and stem to clean with cloth. *Booklet FREE upon request.*

E. D. GATES, 313 N. East Ave., Oak Park, Ill.

Slumming Among the Four Hundred

(Concluded from Page 10)

same with what human nature was in the days of Anne."

There was a mighty clatter; the clubman hurriedly bid me return to the ballroom.

"What's the excitement?" I asked.

"Snobling and Gosling," said the clubman, "are to have a cock-fight. We mustn't miss it."

Assuredly no! I rushed to the ballroom, mindful of shawl-necks and drop-socket gaffs. I found that my imagination had been too headlong. There were no shawl-necks, no gaffs; Snobling and Gosling were to do the fighting as cocks by courtesy.

When I arrived in the ballroom their "handlers" were making them ready for the combat. The preparations were these: Each cock had his heels tied tightly together with a handkerchief. Seated on his heels, his arms embracing his knees, his wrists were then tied together with a second handkerchief. Thus tightly bound, Snobling and Gosling were left to hop about on their toes.

Chin on knees, wrists bound, arms embracing legs, ankles tightly held by confining handkerchiefs, Gosling and Snobling were in their respective corners, crowing defiantly. At the word they were released, and the battle was on. They hopped about on their toes, approaching one another, each alert to seize an opening. Meanwhile, wagers in hundreds of dollars—Snobling against Gosling—were being made.

Of a sudden Gosling, jumping sidewise, precipitated himself upon Snobling, shoulder to the fore. But Snobling, the wary, met him full tilt. The shoulders collided in mid-air; the two cocks were jolted yards apart, but were so fortunate as to alight on their toes and maintain their original upright positions. The clubman informed my ignorance that the one first knocked over and sent rolling would be the defeated one.

There followed a dozen of these shoulder-tilting "buckles"; for Snobling and Gosling were game-cocks of much experience and many battles. In the thirteenth "buckle" Snobling, by leaping high, fell heavily on the unfortunate Gosling, and over that latter game-cock toppled. Snobling, however, failed in his recovery and went rolling by the side of his foe. The battle was declared a draw.

Downstairs a gipsy fortune-teller had been installed. She said she was a gipsy queen; that her mother was of the noble blood of the Coopers, and her father a scion of the equally noble Stanleys. No one cared for her hedgerow genealogy; but, the moment she was announced, all the females of the Four Hundred then and there present rushed away as one woman to have a look into the hereafter. Even the war-horse decided to take a peep into her own personal future, of which, from her years, I cannot think she needed binoculars to see the end.

It was getting late, or rather early. The young official in the elevator, so recently a pretty page of the days of the Grand Monarch, had degenerated into a very tired East Side Irish lad. He had had enough of the Four Hundred; his coat was wrinkled, his wig over one ear, his eyes more than half closed. The noble supers in the hall still posed, but they were plainly leg-weary.

As a crowning glory to what was declared upon all sides to be a tremendous social triumph, the hostess, at the moment of departure, presented to every female a white cat, and to every male a white rat. The unhappy animals were hived in wicker cages, and, therefore, safe; but much squealing and squeaking among the females were induced by a facetious proposal on the part of some one to turn his rat loose upon the premises.

And so we came away. I can't say what disposition the others made of those beasts of prey with which the humorous kindness of our hostess had endowed them; as to the clubman and myself, we gave our rats to a sleepy policeman, assuring him mendaciously that we had found them in the street.

A Lesson In FURNACE Economy

9 ROOMS · 9 TONS · $2.60 per TON

COST OF LIVING comes under the head of FIXED CHARGES.

A warm house in cold weather is as essential to good health as a full stomach. There is one sure way—the UNDERFEED way—of *reducing* the fixed charges for heat. The

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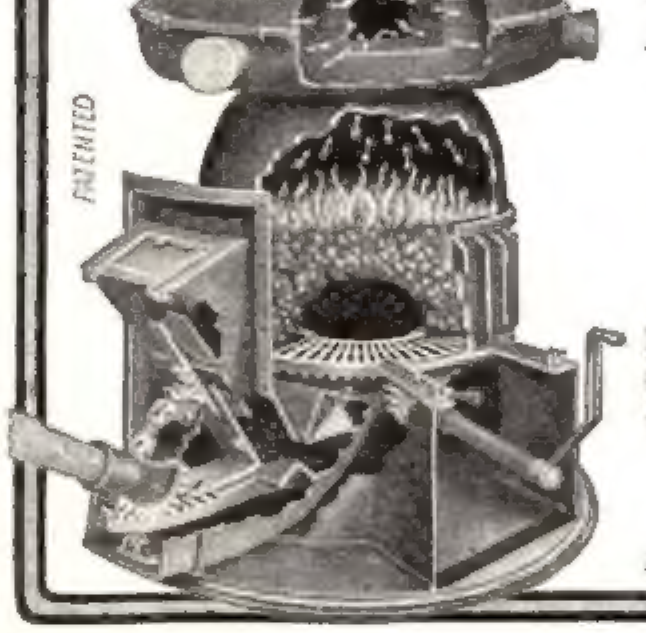
Saves 1-2 to 2-3 on Coal Bills

There's no guess work about this. A child can figure it out. *Cheapest* slack burned in the Underfeed yields as much clean, even heat as the *highest* grade anthracite. The difference in cost is yours. In the Underfeed all the fire is on top and gases and smoke, which are *wasted* in all other furnaces, *must* pass thru the flame and are not only consumed but converted into heat units.

Illustration shows furnace with casting cut out, to show how coal is forced up under fire—which burns on top.



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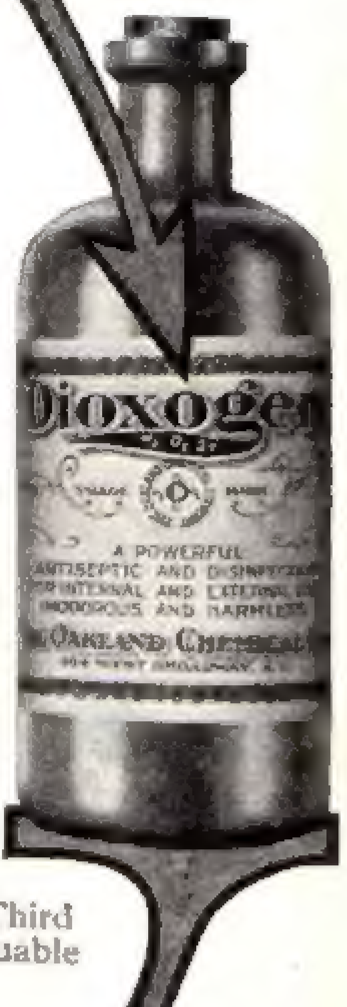
You can see Dioxogen work. It bubbles when it is cleansing. It cleanses injuries and abrasions. It removes the source of infection. It is safe with children, hence far preferable to poisonous antiseptics like carbolic, bichloride or formaldehyde.



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Be sure to read the interesting circular entitled "The Third Kind of Cleanliness" in each package. It contains valuable information about cleansing injuries, etc.

The Oakland Chemical Company, New York

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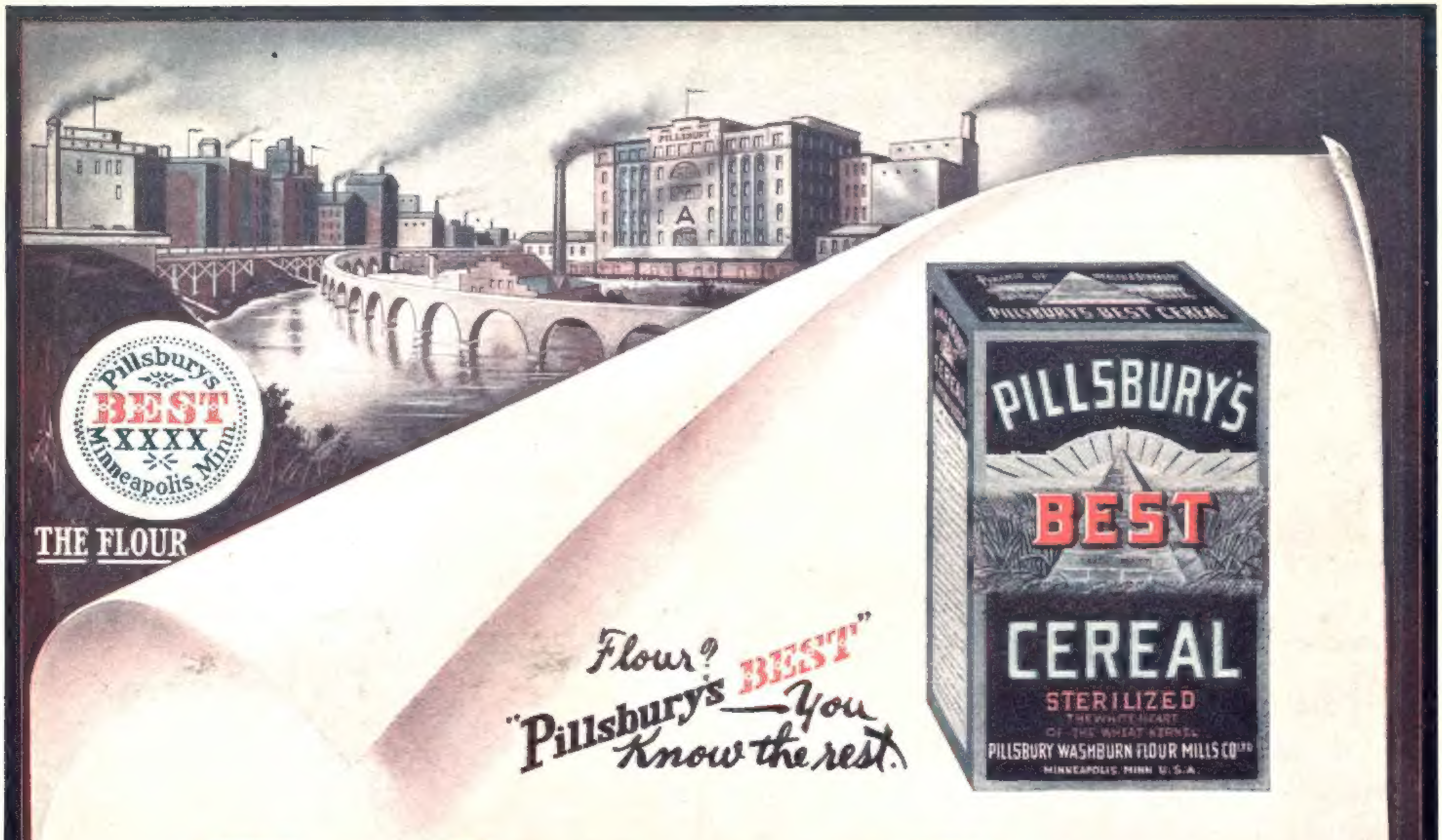
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One 15 cent package makes 12 pounds of creamy white delicious food—the best you ever tasted—never sticky or lumpy. Good not only for breakfast but can be served in numberless dainty ways for luncheon and dinner desserts.

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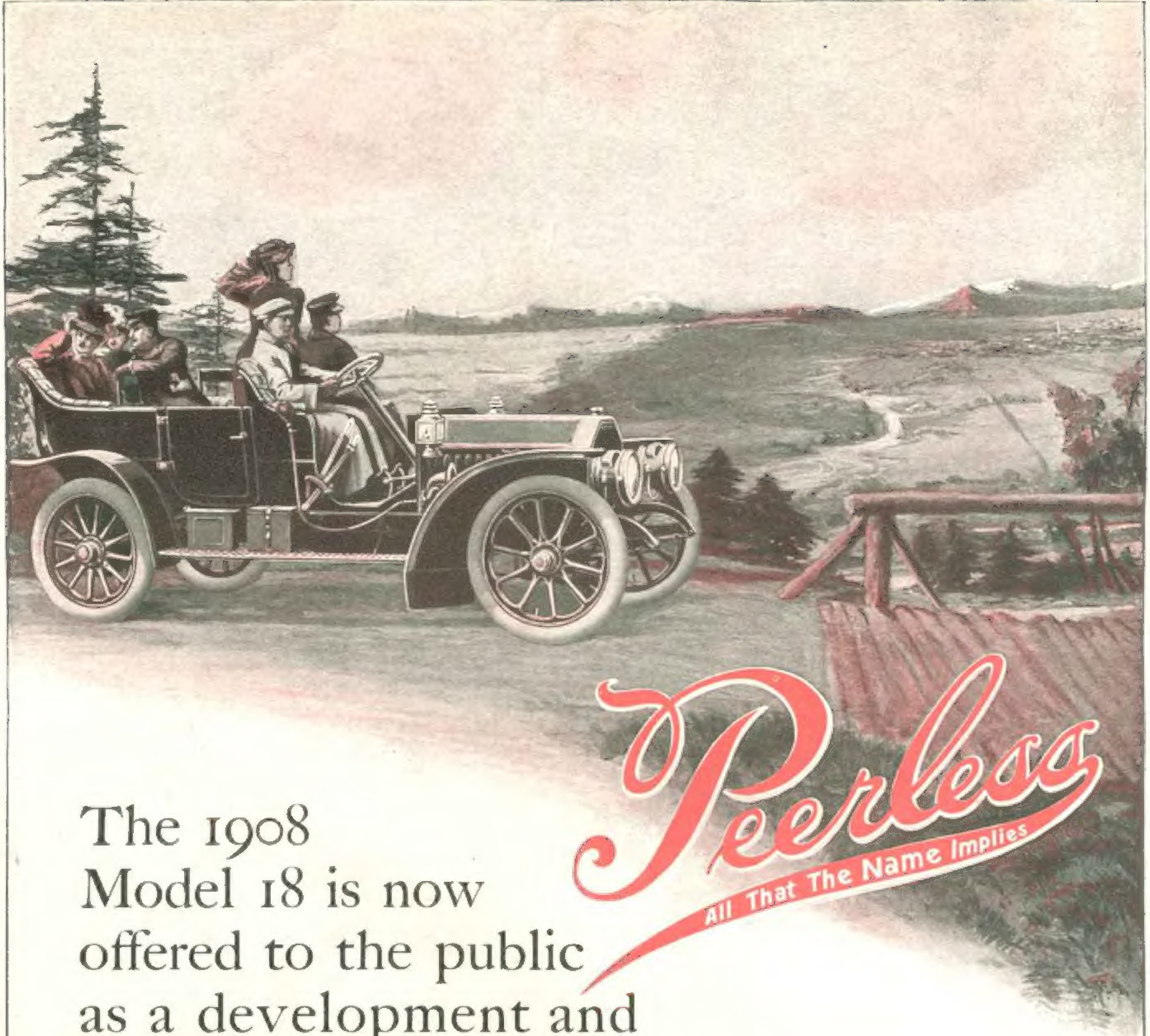
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